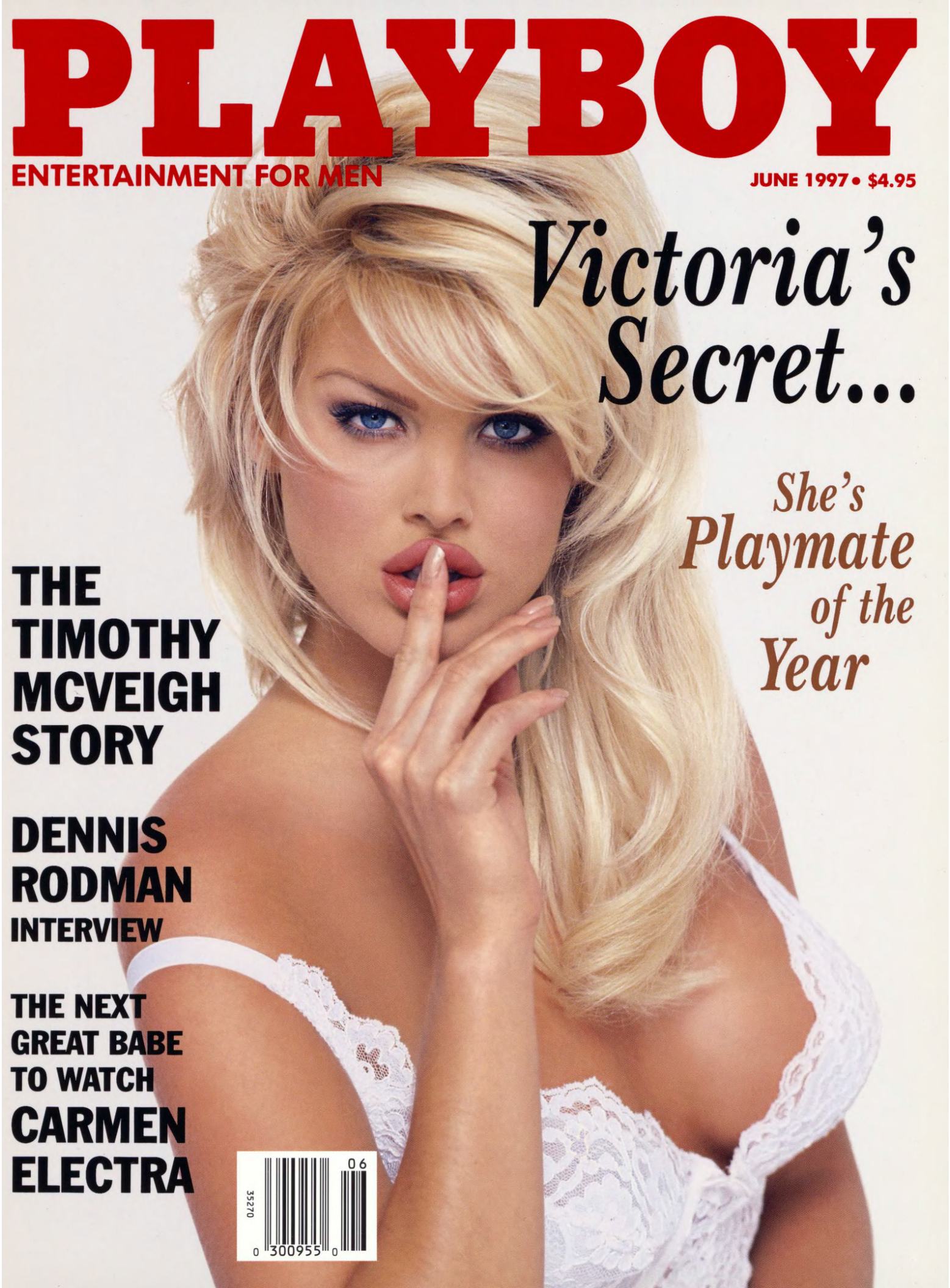
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DENNIS RODMAN INTERVIEW
THE NEXT GREAT BABE TO WATCH
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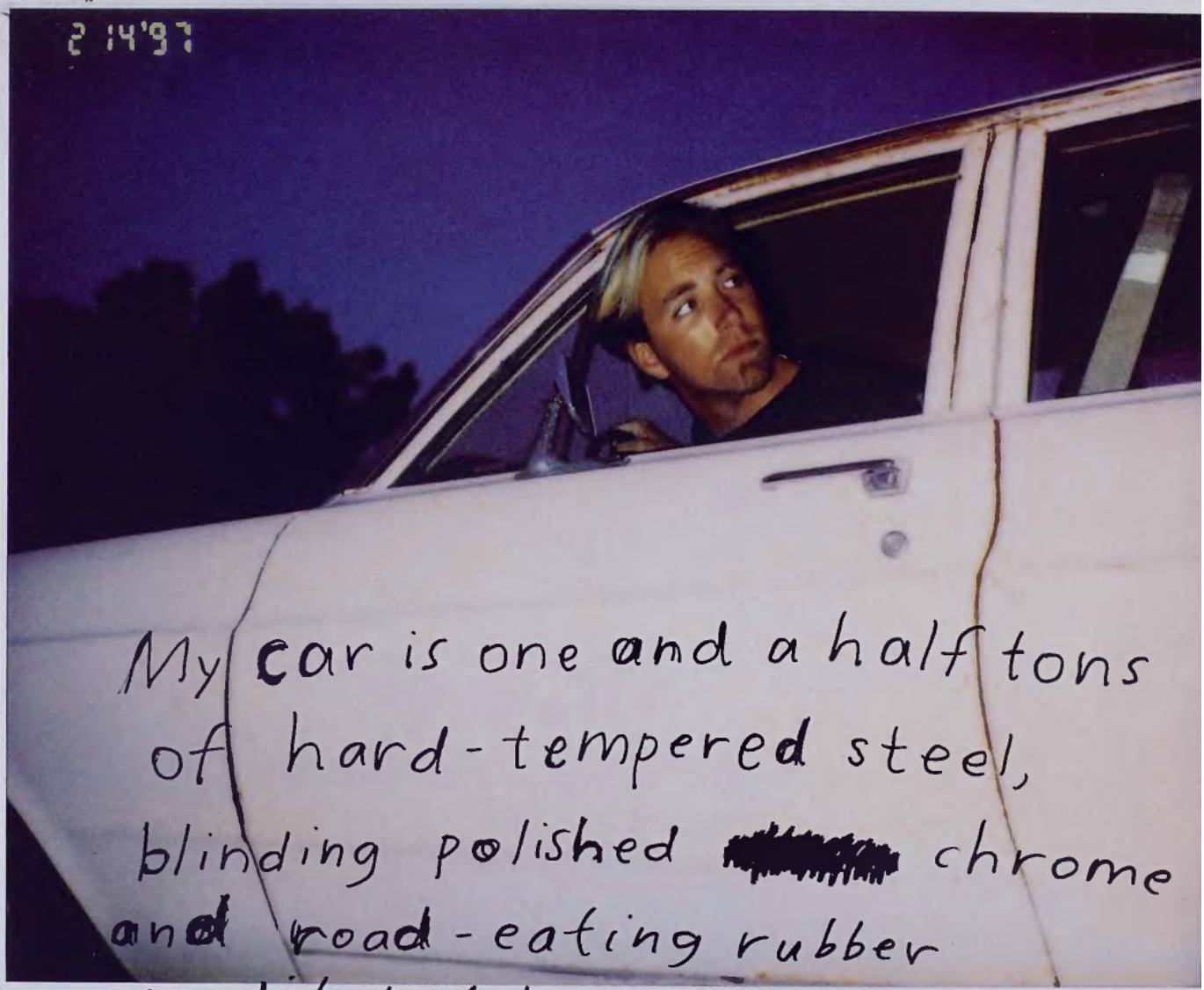

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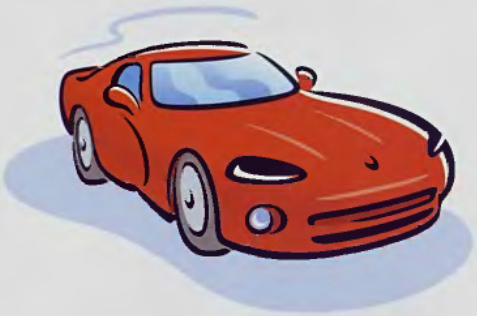

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PLAYBILL

EVERY SO OFTEN a story comes along that cannot be contained—a story that's relevant, timely and fast-breaking. Such is the case of *The Road to Oklahoma City*, a riveting account of Timothy McVeigh's bombing of the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. It was written by reporter **Ben Fenwick,** who based the article on lawfully obtained documents prepared for McVeigh's defense team. If some of the article sounds familiar, maybe you caught it on PLAYBOY's Web site in March. Now you can read our complete story—from McVeigh's emergence to the point of no return when he yanked the fuse.

We like to say that our future lies in the stars. In the Nineties alone, we've seen Pammy and Jenny shoot heavenward. This month two more ascendant beauties are lighting up the constellation known as the Great Hare (*Magnus Lepus*): Playmate of the Year **Victoria Silvstedt** and MTV's hard charger **Carmen Electra.** New Guess jeans queen Victoria dons her crown and little else in a white-hot pictorial shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda.** Cable-ready Carmen returns to our pages after her appearance in the May 1996 issue that helped her land gigs on *Singled Out* and *Baywatch*.

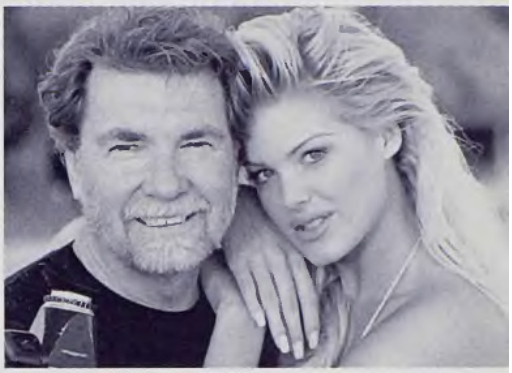
Celebrity author, NBA bullyboy, bride of Funkenstein: Each year **Dennis Rodman** makes the running of the Bulls a bit more dangerous. What did he do during his NBA-mandated 11-game vacation? He went to Vegas, of course. Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** trailed the hieroglyph in high-tops through casinos and dance clubs for some late-night badinage, and the result is a head-butting *Playboy Interview*.

Back on earth, many men are dealing with the painful issue of sexual dysfunction. Consider the numbers: As many as 20 million American men may suffer from impotence, and for perhaps 85 percent of those guys the ailment is physical and not—as was long believed—mental. **Michael Parrish's** *Up, Up & Away* (illustrated by **David Wilcox**) explains the treatments, from $15,000 penile implants to prostaglandin injections to an experimental magic pill. It may be the most vital article you'll read all year. The problem with good plumbing is that it often lands men in hot water. In *The Perils of Adultery*, New York's king of clubs, **A.J. Benza,** examines the eternal male dilemma of infidelity and addresses its allied predicament: getting caught.

The Reverend Al Sharpton has been perceived as a mass of contradictions, an oversize, swaggering loudmouth and a race activist. Recently trimmed down and mellowed out, he has emerged as a major civic force in the tradition of his mentor Jesse Jackson and Adam Clayton Powell. Read *Al Sharpton Has a Dream*, by **Touré,** and see him run for mayor.

In **Michael Chabon's** acclaimed novel *Wonder Boys*, he created the character August Van Zorn, a literary disciple of horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. This month's story, *In the Black Mill*, was written by Chabon writing as Van Zorn. It's a macabre tale of a town whose inhabitants suffer gruesome accidents on the job. The artwork is by **David Hodges.** To the twisted mind of **George Carlin,** a true replica is an oxymoron. He's equally obsessed with such words as douche (a female duke). He has collected his favorite linguistic oddities in *Brain Droppings* (Hyperion), and our excerpt from this new book is no anticlimax—that would be something Carlin's uncle was good at. Call 911. *ER*'s heavenly nurse **Julianna Margulies** pounds away on our hearts in a *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane.** She can't tango but can make a mean piece of toast. Check out our fashion feature *Tight Squeeze* for the skinny on today's ne plus ultra look. Our summer special also has a tasty centerfold of Playmate **Carrie Stevens.** She was once a Kiss groupie—so get ready to rock and roll all night and party every day.

FENWICK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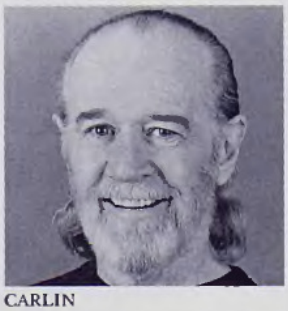
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vol. 44, no. 6—june 1997

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	17
VIDEO		21
STYLE		22
MUSIC		24
WIRED		30
TRAVEL		36
BOOKS		37
HEALTH & FITNESS		38
MEN	ASA BABER	40
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	42
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		45
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENNIS RODMAN—candid conversation		59
THE ROAD TO OKLAHOMA CITY—article	BEN FENWICK	70
ELECTRA MAGNETISM—pictorial		74
IN THE BLACK MILL—fiction	MICHAEL CHABON	80
TIGHT SQUEEZE—foshion	HOLLIS WAYNE	84
UP, UP & AWAY—article	MICHAEL PARRISH	92
PLAYBOY GALLERY: HELMUT'S ANGELS		95
CARRIE'S NEW LIFE—playboy's playmate of the month		98
PARTY JOKES—humor		110
THE PERILS OF ADULTERY—article	A.J. BENZA	112
DADS & GRADS—gifts		114
PLAYMATE REVISITED: LISA BAKER		121
AL SHARPTON HAS A DREAM—playboy profile	TOURÉ	124
BRAIN DROPPINGS—humor	GEORGE CARLIN	128
QUEEN VICTORIA—playmate of the year		130
20 QUESTIONS: JULIANNA MARGULIES		144
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		170
PLAYMATE NEWS		179
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		183

PMOY P. 130

Erection Rescue P. 92

Miss June P. 98

Carlin's Brain P. 128

COVER STORY

Victoria Silvstedt, PLAYBOY's Miss December 1996, makes her encore appearance this month. As we proudly crown her 1997 Playmate of the Year, she says, "This is what can happen to a girl in America." You bet this is a great country! West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski produced our cover and Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot it. Thanks to cover stylist Jennifer Tutor and to Alexis Vogel for styling Victoria's hair and makeup. Our retiring Rabbit plays peekaboo.

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FAYE'S DAY

Faye Resnick (March) is an intelligent, beautiful woman. I'm glad that PLAYBOY didn't give up on her when she first said no to posing.

Mathew Williams
Glendale, California

I can't believe PLAYBOY would waste a pictorial on Faye Resnick, Nicole Brown Simpson's self-appointed best friend. I thought only Kato Kaelin was low enough to stretch his 15 minutes of fame into an hour.

Nelson Merren
Allston, Massachusetts

Kudos to Faye and Vincent Bugliosi. Resnick has the courage to communicate her beliefs regardless of what anyone may say about her. This is one of PLAYBOY's best pictorials.

Lawrence Newell
Minneapolis, Minnesota

If Faye Resnick wanted justice served, why couldn't she testify on the witness stand rather than the newsstand?

Fred Greenberg
fmgreenberg@juno.com
West Covina, California

The best thing to come out of the O.J. mess is your pictorial on Faye Resnick. I'll keep this issue around and try to forget about the rest of the garbage.

Bill Cook
Los Angeles, California

When Faye Resnick wrote her first book in response to the breaking O.J. story, she said she "wrote it for Nicole." Has she now posed for PLAYBOY for the same reason?

John Elari
New York, New York

THE FINAL ODYSSEY

I'll never understand the world's obsession with the works of Arthur C. Clarke (*3001: The Final Odyssey*, March), who is a wonderful visionary but one of the most remarkably untalented science fiction writers of all time. Everything I've ever read of his is so bland. Where are the details? Where's the emotion? We'll never know anything more about what goes on around Frank Poole than what we discover in a *Dick and Jane* book: "See Frank in a hospital bed. Wake up, Frank, wake up."

Rolf Hawkins
Burke, Virginia

Arthur C. Clarke, the best science fiction author of our time, has done it again. Thanks for a fascinating preview of *3001*.

Pierre Brachet
PierrotLaGamelle@BigFoot.com
Portland, Oregon

GAME FOR EMU

I was quite pleased to see the item on emu and ostrich meat in your *Health & Fitness* column (March). I'm one of many emu ranchers in this country who is trying to spread the good word about ratite meats and other products. What many people don't realize is that emus and rheas also yield an amazing natural oil that is a wonderful skin-care and first-aid treatment.

Don Housh
poplars@juno.com
Pleasanton, Texas

WOMEN

For years, Cynthia Heimel has made me laugh, and I always look forward to her column and to everything else she writes. Her moving eulogy for her father ("My Dad," March) makes me hope she'll write forever. My father also died recently. Even though he didn't die alone, as did Heimel's, I can't begin to fathom the pain that he went through just before the end.

Michael Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

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How refreshingly distinctive.

"My Dad" could have been my story. About the only difference between Heimel's life experience and mine is that my parents were separated by my mother's untimely death. Thank you, Cynthia, for a good, hard, much-needed cry. My dad also died alone, and I still can't stand it.

Mikki Barnes
Indianapolis, Indiana

HEAVYWEIGHT HUCKSTER

Over the past six years, Jack Newfield (*Vulture on the Ring Post*, March) has been rehashing his tirades against boxing promoter Don King in countless newspaper columns, magazine articles, a documentary, a book and, finally, a PLAYBOY profile. It's starting to get a tad boring.

Roberto Santiago
Brooklyn, New York

I've never been much of a fan of professional boxing, but, like millions of women, I always thought of Don King as a harmless, funny-looking guy with big hair. After reading Jack Newfield's piece about King's shameful business practices, I'm skeptical of any boxing events he sponsors. Thanks for dispelling the myths about this man.

Kari Kolbjornsen
Denver, Colorado

MAKE HIS DAY

Thanks for the fantastic interview with Clint Eastwood (March). I've been a fan for most of my life, and your interview deepened my admiration of the man and his work. Here's hoping his creative artistry will last a few more decades. Eastwood is truly an American original.

Karl Turner
East Syracuse, New York

The prologue to the interview states that Clint Eastwood's *Dirty Harry* launched three sequels. In fact, it launched four: 1973's *Magnum Force*, 1976's *The Enforcer*, 1983's *Sudden Impact* and 1988's *The Dead Pool*.

James Ryan Gilfoil
Hanover, New Hampshire

PIN-UP MECCA

I enjoyed Kevin Cook's *Glamourcon* (March) and especially liked seeing November 1966 Playmate Lisa Baker. I had the good fortune to meet Lisa at a party for the Air Force Academy class of 1970. She made everyone in the room feel like they were her "one and only." Her photo still livens up my den wall.

Bill McCullough
Colorado Springs, Colorado

MAID MIRIAM

Jennifer Miriam (March) is a beauty. The tattoos on her wrist and ankle are eye-catching accents to her allure, but why is the tattoo on her hip so carefully hidden from view? Is it a naughty word or a boyfriend's name, or does it say MOTHER? What are you hiding from your curious readers?

Patrick Purcell
Crofton, Maryland

Why do I get the impression that you were trying to hide Jennifer's tattoos? Her three tattoos are small and sexy. Next time you photograph a Playmate with a tattoo, don't distract us from it.

Zara Brumana
Ventura, California

Years ago, you'd never see a Playmate with a tattoo. Now, trashy tattoos seem de rigueur for PLAYBOY.

M. Tucker Brawner
Savannah, Georgia

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Sharry Konopski (March) has always been my favorite Playmate. When I

bought *The Playmate Book*, I searched enthusiastically for her story. My eyes filled with tears when I found the page with her pictured in a wheelchair. But *Playmate Revisited* showed us a new side of Sharry. She's a determined woman, and her daily fight with paralysis makes me admire her even more. She's as beautiful as ever.

Roch Vaillancourt
Fleurimont, Quebec

As a psychologist in a hospital rehabilitation setting, I helped teach a course in sexuality to patients who had spinal cord injuries. The teachers stressed that a spinal cord injury doesn't necessarily put an end to one's sex life. People with SCI do marry, are sexually active and have children. Sharry Konopski is a great example of how disabled people can live without giving up one of life's great pleasures.

Aharon Shulimson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sharry holds a special place in my heart. When I first joined the Air Force, I was stationed at Osan Air Base in Korea and marked each passing day on my 1989 PLAYBOY calendar. I vividly remember marking off April 7, 1989 because it was my 19th birthday and the Playmate that month was Sharry. She made my 19th birthday brighter, and now my heart goes out to her.

Senior Airman Tom Petty
Tucson, Arizona

GOODBYE, GAIL

Thank you for your tribute to June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton in *Playmate News* (March). I had the pleasure of knowing her during the last few months of her too-short life. She was a kind, generous and beautiful person. If God had blessed me with a daughter, I would have wanted her to be just like Gail.

Michael Brester
Memphis, Tennessee

FOPS, DWEEBS AND MEN

The only display of male attire that rivals Hollis Wayne's foppery (*All Dressed Up*, March) for abysmal taste is the bowling dweeb who is wearing polyester checked pants, three rings and a two-inch-wide leather watchband in the Jim Beam advertisement. There are just three well-dressed men depicted in this issue: Clint Eastwood, Vincent Bugliosi and Hugh Hefner.

M. Dillon
MDillon355@aol.com
Friendsville, Pennsylvania

AIR FRESHENER

Is there anything left for Michael Jordan to accomplish or advertise (*20 Questions*, March)? The best thing about him is that he does it with class. He must smell really good now, too.

Jay Black
San Francisco, California

Michael Jordan is a man who excels at what he does—namely, putting a ball in a hoop. PLAYBOY doesn't need to add to the absurd idolization of an athlete whose other major accomplishments include hawking sneakers, burgers and cologne.

Alan Katz
Middlebury, Vermont

I've been a diehard MJ fan for 15 years now. It was during a 1982 NCAA championship game that I first took notice of his talent. Initially, I was just fascinated because I share his last name, but I grew to respect him as a consummate professional and outstanding role model. I'm proud to say that Michael Jordan is my hero.

Larry Jordan
Glasgow, Kentucky

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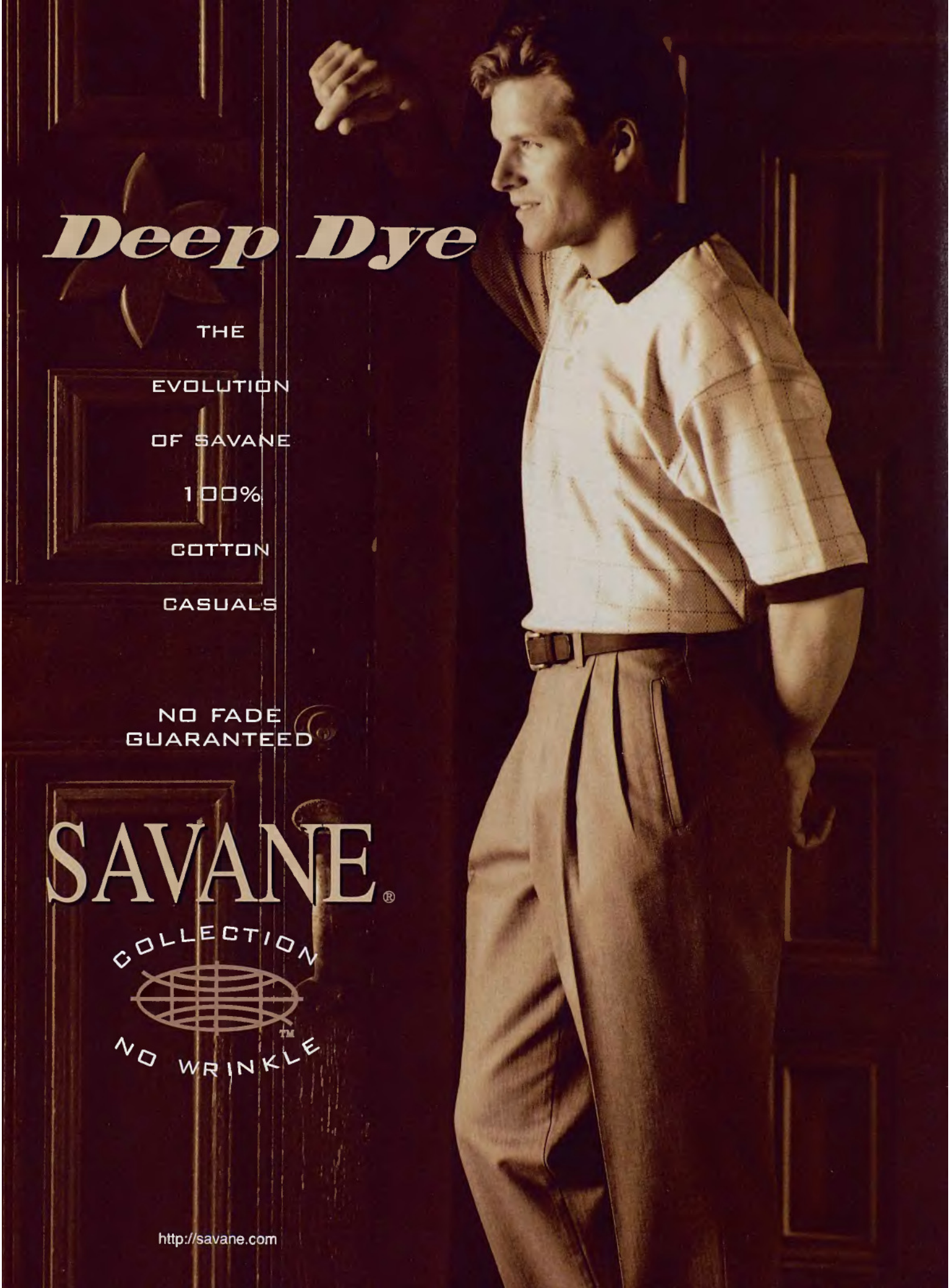
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

U2 CALLING HEF

Over time, U2 has achieved the chart-topping success other bands can only dream of. Now it appears they have also developed a refined sense of social commentary. For their latest CD, *Pop*, the lads, who in the past have cavorted with such supergroupies as Christy Turlington and Naomi Campbell, recorded a tune called *The Playboy Mansion*. In it, lead singer and lyricist Bono wonders, "Have I got the gift to get me through/The gates of the Mansion?" and "We'll go diving in their pool/It's who you know that gets you through/The gates in the Playboy Mansion." Bono should know that he's welcome any time—with or without his bathing suit. On second thought, maybe he should call first.

PLUG AND PLAY

Assuming that online Lotharios are acquainted with some actual women, we got a kick out of the following bit of chain e-mail: "Last year my friend upgraded his Girlfriend 3.1 to Girlfriend-plus 1.0 (marketing name: Fiancée 1.0). Recently, he upgraded Fiancée 1.0 to Wife 1.0. It's a memory hogger, and it has taken all his space. Wife 1.0 must be running before he can do anything. Although he did not ask for them, Wife 1.0 came with plug-ins such as Motherinlaw and Brotherinlaw. BUG WARNING: Wife 1.0 has an undocumented bug. If you try to install Mistress 1.1 before uninstalling Wife 1.0, Wife 1.0 will delete MSMoney files before doing the uninstall itself. Then Mistress 1.1 will refuse to install, claiming insufficient resources." We also hear that if you're not careful, Mistress 1.1 can give your hard drive a virus.

AMUSEMENT RIDE

Around the same time that Disneyland announced it was retooling its Pirates of the Caribbean ride to eliminate suggestive animatronic behavior (no more pirates chasing bar wenches), a new source of embarrassment surfaced. On the Splash Mountain flume ride, a camera takes souvenir photos of passengers during the waterfall plunge. So many women have taken to baring their breasts for the snapshot that the attraction has gained the nickname Flash Mountain.

TROJAN BARBIE

We're not surprised that Barbie and Ken dolls have been banned in Iran as the embodiment of devil-inspired, imperialistic impurity. But even children of the Koran yearn for dolls, so Iranians have trotted out the chaste sister-and-brother doll duo Sara and Dara. She is swathed in long, flowing robes, and he is clad in traditional Islamic clerical garb. We can't help but think the Iranians have missed the dhow—they could have adapted the true spirit of Barbie to their own culture. To help them grasp the fundamentals of marketing, we suggest they work on a new line of Barbies that would include Desert Barbie, Weeping and Wailing Barbie, Shoulder-Rocket Barbie and, for the cosmopolitan crowd, the stone-throwing Tehran Barbie.

KILLER APPS

The misfit applicants cited in a recent survey of personnel directors at 100 large corporations confirm that there's nothing more debasing than a job interview. The job-seeker who caught our eye was the well-adjusted guy who asked, "Would it be a problem if I'm angry most of the time?" No, butt munch—now shut the fuck up and get to the back of the line.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

TIP TEASE

Bruce Willis earns $15 million a picture, and his wife isn't far behind. Even so, reported the *New York Observer*, he handed out Christmas checks of $15 to $25 to the staff of his co-op building in New York City, where he owns a triplex. The minimum tip in that neighborhood apparently never dips below $50, and the insulted staff returned all 28 checks. Willis' business manager, Joe McAllister, defended the former bartender, saying he was extremely generous. He claimed that there had been a "simple misunderstanding."

VENUS FLYTRAPS

Seems fishermen's luck is changing on the other side of the big pond. English anglers report in *The Field*, an outdoors magazine, that they've had great success catching salmon with fishing flies made from women's pubic hair.

SEAT OF POWER

Given the mean-spirited tenor of partisan politics these days, it's remarkable that little has been made of the fact that for six years, a California manufacturer of toilets has been selling a popular model called the Clinton. According to a spokesman for Western Pottery, customers react to this oddity according to party affiliation. Democrats emphasize the "takes a lot of crap but keeps on working" analogy, while Republicans mutter something like "another shithead named Clinton." The president, flush with victory, hasn't commented.

YO DEL MAMA

Bureaucracy's capacity for irony never fails to impress us. For example, the

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If you want to turn on your boyfriend, get naked and strap on an accordion."—SHERYL CROW IN A RECENT CONCERT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

MONEY SHOT

According to *Adult Video News*, number of hard-core-video rentals in 1985: 75 million. Number in 1996: 665 million. The number of new hard-core-video titles that were released in 1995: 8000.

CHIPS AHOY

Percentage of this country's $15 billion snack food industry devoted to potato chips: 30.

SEARS MO' BUCKS

Percentage of Americans with a net worth of more than $1 million who hold an American Express Platinum card: 6. Percentage of millionaires who hold a Sears charge card: 43.

EVIAN, EVIAN EVERYWHERE

According to the International Bottled Water Association, estimated number of gallons of bottled water Americans drink each year: 2.7 billion. Percentage increase in bottled water consumption in the U.S. since 1985: 151.

UNCIVIL SUITS

Percentage of Americans who think lawyers are rude: 35.

CLUB SLUGS

Number of Americans who were members of a health club last year: 19 million. Amount spent on health club memberships: $6 billion. Number of club members who never made it to the club: 1.3 million.

IT TOLLS FOR THEE

Number of crypts under construction in California's Sunset Mission Mausoleum, the nation's largest, to meet the needs of baby boomers: 30,000.

PETER DAVIES

FACT OF THE MONTH

In the course of an average lifetime, a person walks far enough to circumambulate the globe three times.

PARTY ON

Amount President Clinton raised during his 1992 primary election campaign: $25 million. Amount spent on Clinton's 1997 inauguration: $32 million.

CHOKE HOLD

The average number of peanut butter sandwiches the typical child wolfs down by the time he or she graduates from high school: 1500.

HIGH OVERHEAD

Annual cost of a Cannabis and Controlled Substances Dealer's License in Arizona: $100.

SLIDING SCALE

During physical exams, percentage of women who say they want to lose weight to improve their looks: 96. Percentage of men who say the same: 11. Percentage of men who say they want to lose weight for health reasons: 51. Percentage of women who cite health as a factor in weight loss: 9.

WHINE DECANTERS

Percentage of Americans who say that depressed people would improve their condition if only they adopted a positive attitude: 75.

PEST PANIC

According to a survey by Orkin Pest Control, percentage of Americans who would rather clean the bathroom, go to the dentist or visit their in-laws than kill a bug with their bare hands: 71.

THE BIG BANG

Cost of a Methuselah of 1990 vintage Cristal champagne that will be sold for ringing in the millennium: $2000.

—LAURA BILLINGS

creation of a Child Support Enforcement Task Force in Nevada was recently announced by Attorney General Frankie Sue Del Papa.

BEHIND SINGLES BARS

Vincent Tudisca filed suit against the dating service Together of New Hampshire, seeking a refund of $1195 in membership fees, plus damages. He accused the company of failing to advise its members that they might be canceled (as he was) if they're in prison (ditto). Vincent, if you can't get a date in prison, you need more than a dating service.

SANTA FEY

Another reason why New Mexico is the land of enchantment: A group of massage therapists in Santa Fe formed the Massage Emergency Response Team to give firefighters, paramedics and police officers a much-kneaded break at emergency sites. To underscore the seriousness of the response team, organizer Christine Bodman pointed out that she's worked with MERTs in such gritty locales as Sedona, Boulder and San Francisco. That certainly wipes the smirks off our faces.

OIL OF OLEO

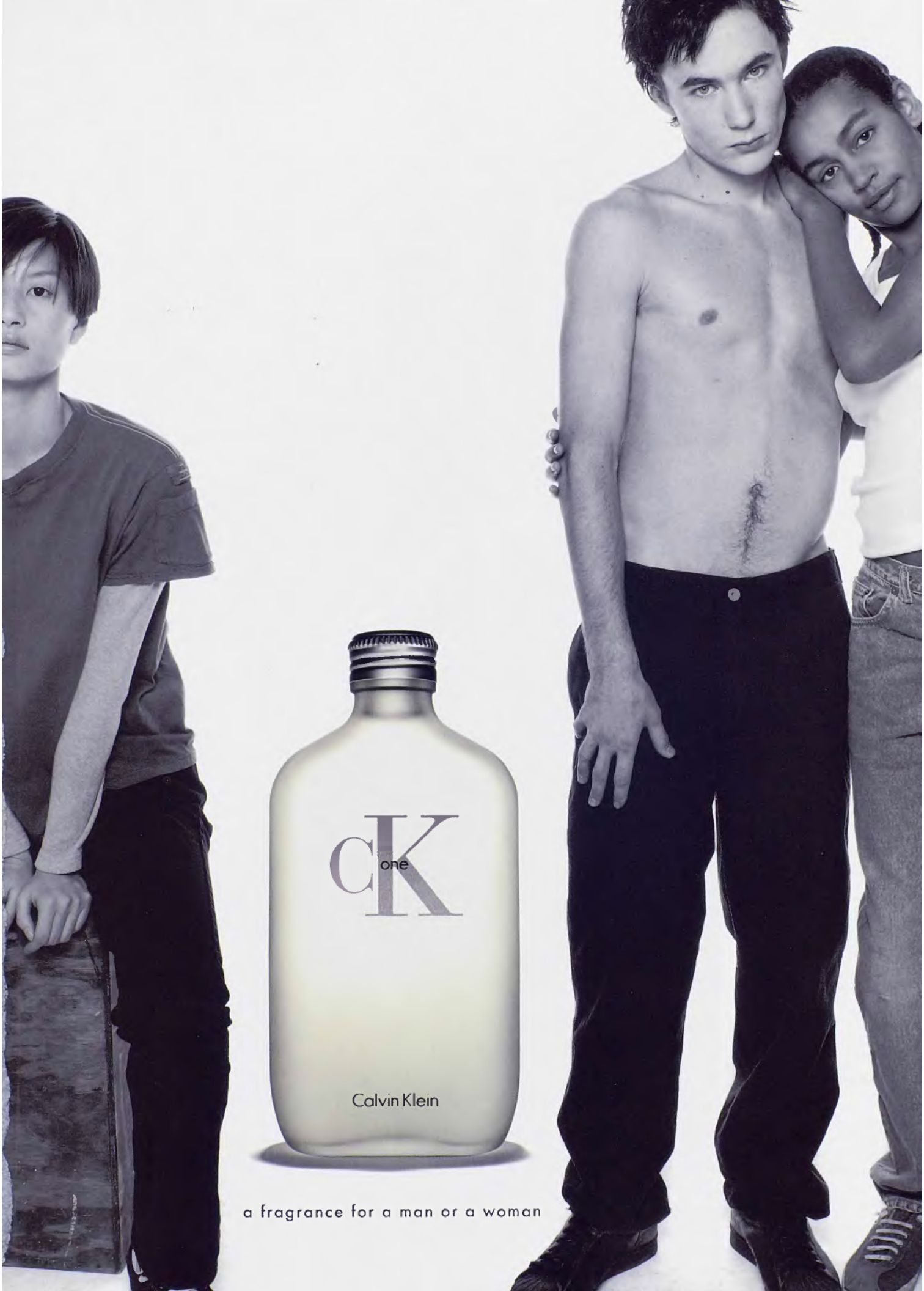
Watch out for a new wave of oil slicks to hit beaches this year. According to Dr. Joaquin Breva, a clinical dermatologist at the University of Illinois, the best over-the-counter treatment for dry skin is Crisco.

PARCHED FOR THE COURSE

The world's toughest round of golf? It's probably on the 90-acre Death Valley Golf Course, which boasts the lowest elevation—and some of the highest scores—on earth. Among the features designed to fluff up your handicap are 120-degree days, coyotes that run off with rolling balls, dead bighorn sheep on the greens, a cattle herd or two, rat holes that swallow errant drives, a family of bobcats that lives near the fifth hole and, perhaps most perverse, the six water hazards on the front nine. Par is 70, not counting heat strokes.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE

Daily Variety reports that film translators in Egypt have been warned by the Ministry of Culture to work on their English, or they will be fired. When *The Deer Hunter* was aired on TV, "Go fuck yourself" was interpreted in subtitles as "You're not nice." In another film, the term "the computer is down" was translated as "the computer is in the basement"—even though it was clearly on an upper floor of an office tower. The biggest stink was caused when a quip about W.C. Fields was turned into a reference to "toilet pastures."


cK
one
Calvin Klein
a fragrance for a man or a woman

eau de toilette

for a man or a woman

open fold for *cK one*

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WRITER-DIRECTOR Kevin Smith, whose flashy debut with *Clerks* was followed by the disappointing *Mallrats*, gets back on track with ***Chasing Amy*** (Miramax). Wry, wise and sexually ambiguous, the movie dramatizes the plight of Holden and Banky (Ben Affleck and Jason Lee), two comic-book artists whose relationship begins to unravel when Holden falls for Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams). Trouble is, she's a professed lesbian as well as another comic-book artist. "I'm fucking gay," she tells Holden, but then succumbs to his passion despite her female friends' disapproval. Holden doesn't mind how many women she's had, but he can't handle hearing about her earlier heterosexual exploits. Like the hero of *Clerks*, who is horrified to learn that his steady girl gave blow jobs to his best friends, Holden fumes over Alyssa's lurid past. He also suspects that he may be the target of Banky's homoerotic fantasies. Holden's solution: "We've all got to have sex together." *Chasing Amy* makes lots of cheeky, unexpected moves, with deft performances from everyone, especially Adams. Smith gets all things about right in a young-at-heart comedy that's both trendy and poignant. ¥¥¥

•

A fatal attraction is the bedrock of ***Intimate Relations*** (Fox Searchlight), set in a provincial English town during the Fifties. Based on a chilling true story, it's a lethal triangle involving a lusty middle-aged housewife, her sexually precocious daughter and the young ex-sailor who rents their spare room. Mrs. Beasley (played with her usual flair by Julie Walters) makes the first overtures to the lodger (Rupert Graves), but has to share his bed with her rebellious 14-year-old (Laura Sadler) in order to keep the brat from telling her father. The woman's reckless obsession finally results in a bloodbath, but not in any usual way. It would be wrong to reveal what happens and how. Just brace yourself. ¥¥¥

•

Siblings on opposite sides of the law stir up tension in ***A Brother's Kiss*** (First Look) by writer-director Seth Zvi Rosenfeld. Not unlike an old James Cagney movie—where Cagney emerges as the bad seed—*Kiss* emerges as a showcase for actor Nick Chinlund. Chinlund puts in a solid performance as Lex, the slumbred New York kid who gets out of jail and dribbles away his hopes of basketball stardom by drifting into early marriage, petty crime and drugs. The movie covers familiar turf, with Michael Raynor as Nick's straight-arrow cop brother, Cathy Moriarty as their alcoholic single mom and Rosie Perez as Lex' sadly neglected wife. Even in such good company, Chinlund makes it virtually a one-man show with his definitive portrayal of a drug addict driven from hoop dreams to a living hell. ¥¥½

Affleck and Adams: In the chase.

Women with an agenda, men on a collision course and sex and splendor in China.

•

Breathtakingly beautiful Gong Li turns out to be the main attraction in ***Temptress Moon*** (Miramax), despite the elegant production surrounding her. Director Chen Kaige (whose *Farewell, My Concubine* was an Oscar nominee and garnered top honors at Cannes in 1993) plunges his heroine into a maelstrom of opium, sex and splendor. It's the saga of the Pangs, a rich and decadent Chinese family that is totally unprepared for the new China taking shape in the years after 1911. Gong Li plays the Pangs' willful daughter, hooked on smoking dope while making out with her poor cousin Duanwu (Kevin Lin) and the ambitious Zhongliang (Leslie Cheung), a former servant who becomes a blackmailing gigolo with underworld connections. Banned in China, *Temptress Moon* is a heady display of deteriorating family values. ¥¥½

•

The Australian-made political comedy ***Children of the Revolution*** (Miramax) earns points for outrageous originality. Judy Davis was named 1996's best actress by Australia's Film Institute for her portrayal of a communist named Joan, whose dreams of world revolution—along with adoring letters to Joseph Stalin—win her an invitation to the Kremlin in 1949. Once there, she conceives a child either by the famed Soviet dictator (played with panache by F. Murray Abraham) or by a mysterious Russian known as Nine (Sam Neill). We never know for sure. But decades later, baby Joe has grown into a Stalin look-alike (Richard Roxburgh) and a reluctant revolutionary leader who loves spending time in prison. Director Peter Duncan, while negotiating some rocky comic terrain, hits some slow spots as well as moments of hilarity. Duncan's helpful supporting cast includes Oscar winner Geoffrey Rush (of *Shine*) as Joan's husband and Rachel Griffiths as Joe's wife. Duncan's droll take on political fanaticism is for viewers who are looking for something completely different. ¥¥

•

Julian and Jeremy, the twins at large in ***Twin Town*** (Gramercy), are a pair of wicked Welsh car thieves with a shocking flair for extracurricular violence. In the course of this lawless tragicomedy by co-author and director Kevin Allen, the lads (played by Llyr Evans and Rhys Ifans) behead a dog, pour urine over a pretty singer midway through a karaoke contest and turn an automatic garage door into a murder weapon. All this takes place in Swansea, Wales, described by one bent cop as "a pretty shitty city." The reasons why are made clear in Allen's raw, blackly comic depiction of local choler. ¥¥

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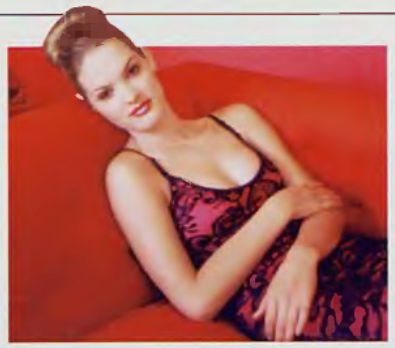
Half a dozen exceptional women add to the impact of ***Paradise Road*** (Fox Searchlight), written and directed by Bruce Beresford. Glenn Close, Frances McDormand, Pauline Collins and Julianna Margulies head the cast, with Australia's Cate Blanchett and England's Jennifer Ehle as new faces to remember. All portray nurses, wives or privileged darlings from Singapore in a Japanese prison camp on the island of Sumatra, where they are sweating out World War Two—some hanging on, some dying, some selling their souls to the enemy. Others form a choir, and their vocal orchestra sings the classics, sans instruments, in a life-affirming gesture that even their brutal captors come to respect. The movie was inspired by the actual experiences of English and Dutch women held prisoner in wartime. Its one unavoidable drawback, as usual, is its failure to make us accept fine-looking actors as gaunt, starving POWs. Quibbles



Wilson: She's a big girl now.

OFF CAMERA

At 23, Miss Teen USA 1990, **Bridgette Wilson,** has left her title behind. "I can't get away with that teen thing anymore," she says. She left her hometown of Gold Beach, Oregon for Los Angeles, did a Saturday morning TV "kid show," then a stint on the soap opera *Santa Barbara* as a blonde bitch named Lisa. Next came her first film role, as Arnold Schwarzenegger's daughter in *Last Action Hero*. "Arnold was wonderful. I did all my own stunts. After that, I was offered a regular job as a stunt girl."

Turns out she didn't need it. Wilson did more stunts in *Mortal Kombat*. But it was her top role as Adam Sandler's teacher in *Billy Madison* that gave her a career boost and led *USA Today* to dub her a best bet for stardom. She went on strutting her stuff with a sexy featured role in *Nixon*. "I had one scene with Anthony Hopkins. I played a sort-of call girl. The script called for me to loosen Nixon up; I was trying to get him into a back room." Offscreen, Wilson lives on the beach in Santa Monica with her actress sister Tracy. While she values privacy, she doesn't mind her sultry image. "If someone thinks I'm sexy, right on."

Decide for yourself. Wilson is soon to be seen in *Nevada*, with Gabrielle Anwar and Amy Brenneman. "I'm one of seven women in a desert town, and our men are working on a dam miles away. I give birth, and the baby is not my husband's, so I'm never sure he won't leave me. This is not a glamorous role." She'll be more fetching in *The Real Blonde*, playing a model, with Daryl Hannah as her rival for Maxwell Caulfield's affections. Wilson would one day like to work with Ron Howard or Mel Gibson. She'd also like to get back to the singing she used to do in local shows. "Either in movies or on the New York stage, I'd definitely say yes to a musical. I would love it."

aside, *Paradise Road* is a grueling and brilliant movie. ¥¥¥½

•

A serial killer with a penchant for necrophilia figures prominently in ***Nightwatch*** (Dimension Films), an eerie shocker directed by Ole Bornedal. This Americanized remake of Bornedal's Danish whodunit stars Nick Nolte as a police investigator, along with Ewan McGregor, Josh Brolin and Patricia Arquette. McGregor plays a law student whose night job lands him, alone and spooked, in a bleak medical facility that includes the city morgue. Thrill seekers will be scared stiff even before the killer starts desecrating corpses in a diabolical spree. ¥¥¥

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Speaking of necrophilia, ***Kissed*** (Goldwyn) concerns a young woman named Sandra (Molly Parker) who works in a funeral parlor so she can secretly have sex by mounting the erect members of corpses. Her predilection attracts a medical student, Matt (Peter Outerbridge), with dire results. As co-author, co-producer and director, Lynne Stopkewich is clearly plugged into the kinky sensibility that has produced such recent attention grabbers as *Lost Highway* and *Crash*. Thinner-skinned moviegoers may prefer yet another adaptation of Jane Austen. ¥

•

Two Irish American grifters who scam everyone they meet are on the go in ***Traveller*** (October Films). Bill Paxton leads the way, accompanied by Mark Wahlberg as a sort of apprentice con man. Their various rackets—fake roofing jobs or retarred driveways that last until the next rain—slow down a lot when Paxton falls for a single mom (Julianna Margulies) and tries a big swindle he can't quite swing. Director Jack Green sets the action of *Traveller* to a lively country music score that supports the movie's easy air. ¥¥½

•

The disarmingly light-footed Japanese film ***Shall We Dance*** (Miramax) begins with Shohei (Koji Yakusyo), a bored, married businessman and father who feels he's missing something. Heading home from work by train every night, he watches a fetching woman at the window of a second-floor dance studio. One day he decides to meet her and winds up becoming a friend and student of the lovely Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari). To the astonishment of his family, Shohei even enters a dance competition. Writer-director Masayuki Suo has no fear of predictability or corny sentimentality. Even so, *Shall We Dance* is an appealing cross-cultural comedy about today's Japan, where ballroom dancing embodies shameless Western frivolity. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bliss (Reviewed 5/97) Young marrieds undertake a sexual crash course. ¥¥¥

Brassed Off (5/97) Musical banding together of British coal miners. ¥¥¥

A Brother's Kiss (See review) Bad son's sibling is a police officer. ¥¥½

Chasing Amy (See review) Boys meet girl, and genders get confused. ¥¥¥

Childhood's End (5/97) Real life gets under way for a group of high school grads. ¥¥½

Children of the Revolution (See review) A rebel's baby sired by Stalin, maybe. ¥¥

A Chorus of Disapproval (4/97) British thespians find themselves seduced by Jeremy Irons. ¥¥½

Crash (4/97) Souped-up auto erotica directed by David Cronenberg. ¥¥½

Good Luck (4/97) An Oregon white-water raft race with two physically challenged guys. ¥¥½

Intimate Relations (See review) British mom and daughter share a sexy lodger. ¥¥¥

Inventing the Abbotts (5/97) Making out with some girls from the tony side of town. ¥¥¥

Kama Sutra (4/97) Not the sex manual, but still elegantly erotic. ¥¥¥

Kissed (See review) She has a passion for stiffs in more ways than one. ¥

Kolya (3/97) In this Czech Oscar winner, a Russian tyke transforms a swinging middle-aged cellist. ¥¥¥½

Love Jones (5/97) Chicago-based romance with a nice ethnic edge. ¥¥¥

Mandela (5/97) The man himself—and plenty of talking heads pay tribute. ¥¥

Nightwatch (See review) Unnerving deeds of a serial killer who digs dead bodies. ¥¥¥

Paradise Road (See review) Women sing out in a wartime Japanese prison camp. ¥¥¥½

Private Parts (Listed only) Outrageous self-aggrandizement by shock jock Howard Stern. ¥¥¥

Roseanna's Grave (5/97) Italianate comedy, but in English, with Mercedes Ruehl. ¥¥

Shall We Dance (See review) Deft ballroom footwork—in Japan, of all places. ¥¥¥

Smilla's Sense of Snow (5/97) Ormond is chilly in an intriguing thriller. ¥¥½

Temptress Moon (See review) A dynasty, opium dens and breathtakingly beautiful Gong Li. ¥¥½

Traveller (See review) Irish American con men hit the low road. ¥¥½

Twin Town (See review) A Welsh city torn up by incorrigible siblings. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Dick Van Dyke fans can clearly see the influence of Stan Laurel in his physical comedy—so it's no surprise that Laurel and Hardy films top Van Dyke's regular replay list. "My favorite is *Way Out West*," he says. "It's a classic example of their relationship, and it has a wonderful song-and-dance number." Van Dyke also gets laughs from Monty Python's *Life of Brian* and *The Holy Greil* ("I really miss that bunch") and always has time for Arnold Schwarzenegger (he recreates *Terminator*-type graphics on his computer and calls *True Lies* "a masterpiece"). But does Rob Petrie's alter ego ever watch those timeless reruns of *The Oick Van Dyke Show*? "Nickelodeon once gave me the entire collection," he says, "but I can't say I sit around looking at them." That's OK—we do. —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

Long before Nicolas Cage bottomed up and bottomed out in Las Vegas, visitors went to Sin City for one reason: to have fun. A&E captures that magic in its four-tape ***The Real Las Vegas*** ($59.95), a history of the gambling oasis from its Mormon roots and Mafia midlife to the eccentric rule of Howard Hughes and its modern-day resurrection. Interviews include Milton Berle and author Nicholas Pileggi. . . . It's been 25 years since Francis Coppola's ***The Godfather*** first hit moviegoers with more guts and gunpowder than the entire Jimmy Cagney collection. To honor the occasion, Paramount has issued a *25th Anniversary Limited Edition* ($149.95) that includes all three installments in wide-screen format with THX sound, a commemorative book, interviews with the stars, a certificate of authenticity and a numbered gold plaque on the packaging.

CULT CLASSICS

Not every movie can play the midnight show for decades on end. It takes a special film to do that—one with a warped sense of reality, an oddball cast and a really weird fan club.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show (1975): The kinky, cross-dressing granddaddy of them all. Tim Curry ain't half bad in black lingerie, but Susan Sarandon in a plain white bra gets our vote. So far the movie has pulled in $135 million—mostly at midnight.

Eraserhead (1978): David Lynch's bleak postindustrial nightmare induced a million pounding headaches. Anyone know what it's about yet?

Harold and Maude (1972): Bud Cort is a 20-year-old obsessed with death and in lust with 79-year-old Ruth Gordon. This is to dark comedy what espresso is to decaf. Music by Cat Stevens.

Pink Flamingos (1972): In John Waters' gross-out fest, 300-pound Divine eats dog doo, retaining the title "filthiest person in the world." *Variety* called it "one of the most vile, stupid, repulsive films ever made." You'll love it too.

Peeping Tom (1960): Suppressed for nearly 20 years, Michael Powell's chilling study of a serial killer who films the faces of his victims is finally on video—thanks in part to fan Martin Scorsese.

Repo Man (1984): Punker Emilio Estevez takes to a life of legitimized crime repossessing cars—including a Malibu with dead space aliens in the trunk.

Blade Runner (1982): There's a galaxy of Web sites devoted exclusively to Ridley Scott's 21st century thriller about an ex-cop chasing down androids. And still no one can settle on the best ending.

Dawn of the Dead (1978): His *Night of the Living Dead* may be scarier, but George Romero's *Dawn* offers up the ultimate lampoon of consumerism: The zombies take over a shopping mall. Chew on that.

Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (1966): In the hands of high-camp director Russ Meyer, boobs are weapons as hot-rodding supervixens kidnap, murder and raise hell in the desert. Don't wait for midnight—rent it now. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO

COMEBACK OF THE MONTH

Over the years, Jacques Demy's 1964 musical, ***The Umbrellas of Cherbourg,*** took some bad knocks—the negatives faded to pink and the sound clouded up. The good news? Fox Lorber's new restoration returns the French port to all its vibrant colors, while Michel Legrand's memorable score has been digitally remixed—bit by beautiful bit. Oh, yeah: Catherine Deneuve remains a knockout, too.

LASER FARE

Keep an ear to the ground for the remastered platter of ***Apocalypse Now*** (Pioneer, $50). The Digital Dolby AC-3 sound allows an even crisper playback of the helicopter assault scene that ingrained Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* into the mass musical lexicon. . . . Turned on by trouble at sea but turned off by *Titanic* hype? Check out Twentieth Century Fox's gussied-up ***The Poseidon Adventure*** (1972). Best feature? Shelley Winters' buoyant performance. Can the girl swim or what? —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Ransom*** (rich exec Gibson loses son to kidnappers, converts ransom bucks to bounty; tense ride from Ron Howard), ***Star Trek: First Contact*** (Stewart and company battle the dreaded Borg; Shatner's crew was never this tough).
DRAMA	***The English Patient*** (disfigured mystery man Fiennes woxes poetic for lost love in Oscar's favorite; gorgeous visuals), ***Shine*** (hard-ossed father and Rachmaninoff's Third send Aussie pianist David Helfgott over the edge in masterful biopic).
LITERARY	***The Crucible*** (Day-Lewis and Ryder are willful victims of Salem witch-hunts; Miller's play finely crafted for screen), ***Mother Night*** (vigorous spin on Vonnegut novel finds Nolte lacing Nazi radio rants with Resistance code).
CRIME	***Set It Off*** (Queen Latifah leads sisters in bank-robbing spree; great music, Jada Pinkett dazzles), ***The Funeral*** (Christopher Walken and Penn are mobsters avenging brother's murder; rough stuff from *Bad Lieutenant*'s Abel Ferrara).
COMEDY	***Twelfth Night*** (Helena Bonham Carter and friends put Shakespeare through the gender blender; a bloody blast), ***Love Is All There Is*** (Paul Sorvino gets yucks in harmless romance a *famiglia*; *Moonstruck* meets *Romeo and Juliet*).

FOOT NOTES

Leather sandals aren't just for hippie types. The classic summer look in woven leather has been around for decades, but designers have created dressier versions this season that are slick enough to be worn with a linen suit or sports jacket. One of our favorites is DKNY's Fisherman Slide, a slip-on sandal in dark brown or black calfskin featuring three wide horizontal straps and one vertical strap ($175). Equally suitable to wear with a suit is DKNY's City Slide, a sandal made of sleek pressed leather with a single wide band, a side buckle and a rubber sole ($175).

Joseph Abboud's variation in brown calfskin has two wide bands, a leather back and a lightweight bottom ($125). Designer Adam Derrick offers a classic black velour leather fisherman's sandal ($190) as well as a high-shine two-band model ($180), both with gum-rubber soles and cushioned sock beds that keep your feet anchored. Bally's offers a contemporary fisherman-style sandal with a woven and braided calfskin upper ($140, in brown or black), and a classic nubuck look in bone, cognac, black or brown ($215). Cole-Haan's sandal is made of tan bridle leather ($145). Designer Kenneth Cole's English-style monk-strap version in brown (pictured bottom left) or black calfskin has a woven upper and triangle cutouts ($118). Nicole Farhi offers a sleek brown leather double-strapped version ($110, pictured bottom right). And Bruno Magli has a couple of sandal options: One combines PVC and black leather with a pewter buckle and thick Vibram sole ($225, pictured top right); the other is a slip-on mule with a horse bit ($215, pictured top left). In case you're wondering, all of the styles mentioned here are meant to be worn without socks.

HOT SHOPPING: BERKELEY

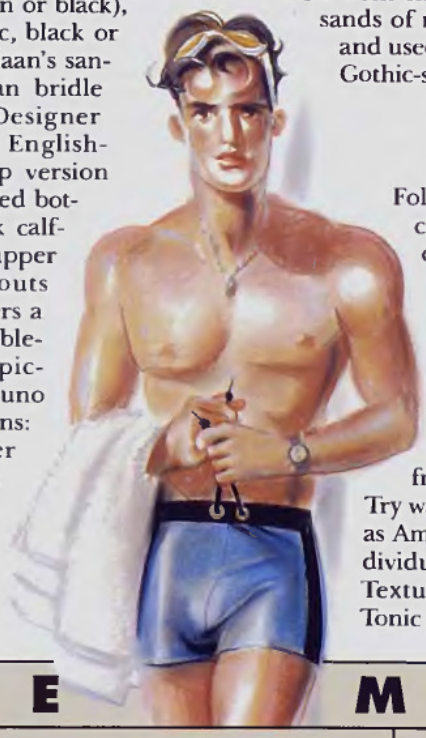
Summer solstice (June 21) in San Francisco means Making Waves, a daylong festival with 1200 local musicians playing on 25 stages along Market Street. In Berkeley, a few cool stores are making waves of their own. Dish (2981 College Ave.): Stylish men's and women's sportswear by young designers. • Wicked (2431 Telegraph Ave.): Hip-hop shirts and jackets, clubwear and skateboards commingle with tattooing and piercing services. • Amoeba Music (2455 Telegraph Ave.): Tough-to-find new and used CD imports, collector albums and Fillmore-era Sixties band posters. • Moe's Books (2476 Telegraph Ave.): A Berkeley institution with thousands of new and used reads. • Jupiter (2181 Shattuck Ave.): This Gothic-style beer church has 30 microbrews on tap.

CLOTHES LINE

Kevin Dobson, star of CBS' *Knots Landing* reunion miniseries, is as dapper as his character, Mack MacKenzie. For high stepping, Dobson mixes a traditional Brioni tuxedo with a Calvin Klein flat-front pleated shirt. For casual occasions, he favors his Baumler tweed jacket because "it's so versatile and comfortable." Dobson recently started wearing dark Hugo Boss turtlenecks with jackets. But when he dons a tie, it's an animal print from the World Wildlife Fund. As for slacks, "I'd rather wear chinos than anything else." His favorite accessories are his Swiss and American railroad pocket watches, which remind him of his days working for the Long Island Railroad.

SHORT CUTS

Follicularly challenged Hollywood types are cutting their hair short because it looks masculine—and camouflages their hair loss. "They accept that their hair is thinning and they work with it," says stylist Michael diCesare, who grooms the guests (but not the star) of *The Late Show With David Letterman*. Caesar cuts and crops that taper in the back are two great ways to go. And a neat goatee or sculpted sideburns will divert attention from the hair toward the face. Other advice: Try washing every day with a gentle shampoo such as American Crew's Daily Shampoo, and boost individual hair strands by brushing American Crew's Texture Creme or Michael diCesare's Amplifying Tonic through your hair with a boar-bristle brush.



MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SWIMWEAR	IN	OUT
STYLE	Athletic close-to-the-body fits, belted square cuts, slimmed-down boxer shorts	Knee-length board shorts, sloppy oversize jams, thongs or skintight briefs
COLORS AND FABRICS	Bold color-blocking, neon, logo prints, nylon with subtle stretch spandex	Washed-out pastels, Hawaiian and polka-dot prints, see-through white briefs, denim cutoffs
HOW TO WEAR IT	With a mesh T-shirt, a dive watch, wrap sunglasses, flip-flops or slide sandals	With fluorescent zinc sunblock, hotel terry bathrobe, gold jewelry, sun visor or high-tops

Where & How to Buy on page 170.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Happy Harry's Diamond Basement.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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MUSIC

ROCK

MOST BANDS begin with teen angst and work toward resolution and hope. But U2 started out as Christian idealists and spent the Nineties backtracking to cover the dark stuff. The group's 1991 release, *Achtung Baby*, acknowledged the slippery surfaces of modern life. U2's latest, ***Pop*** (Island), continues in much the same vein, with a few stylistic adjustments. The warped, ambient textures of *Achtung* have been replaced on *Pop* by techno's throbbing dance beat. The Edge's guitar chimes and blurs are now closer to Pearl Jam's crunch and roar. But what keeps *Pop* just an interesting album rather than a compelling one is that U2 does sincerity much better than it does irony. *Discothèque* and *Miami* capture some of electronic dance music's exhilaration, but the techno pulse is generally neither mesmerizing nor mind-numbing. And there's nothing off-base about a band known for hanging out with supermodels writing *The Playboy Mansion*, a song describing a secular heaven. But do we detect just a bit of irony? —VIC GARBARINI

Don't be fooled: Techno isn't everything. Bands with good songs will never go out of fashion, and Nerf Herder, a pop-punk trio out of Santa Barbara, has lots of good songs on ***Nerf Herder*** (Arista). In fact, the songs are not only good, they're also funny and accessible. So there's no reason not to like these guys, unless you happen to be in Van Halen, which takes it on the chin in the song *Van Halen*. Years ago, I said in these pages that Sammy Hagar sucked the mop and was a disastrous replacement for David Lee Roth. Nerf Herder confirms my sentiments: "Dave lost his hairline, but you lost your cool, buddy/Can't drive 55/I'll never buy your lousy records again." Other subject matter includes trying to convince your girlfriend you're cool even though you wear a golf shirt, and giving up meat to impress a girl with a nose ring.

Frank Zappa's work ranges from obscure avant-garde compositions to raunchy novelty singles. He could be arrogant and bitter, but he could also be hilarious and fearless in addressing topics that no one else would touch. ***Have I Offended Someone?*** (Rykodisc) collects 15 of Zappa's more offensive tunes, and most of them are exhilarating.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Punk has helped unschooled talents shape their feelings and ideas. No one's done more with punk recently than Corin Tucker, first with the duo Heavens to Betsy and now with the trio Sleater-Kinney. On Sleater-Kinney's third CD,

U2's *Pop* disc moves the group into new territory: It even features a tune about the Playboy Mansion. Can you find the hidden Rabbit Head on the cover? Hint: It's an eyeful.

Dig Me Out (Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Avenue, #418, Olympia, Washington 98501), Tucker's enormous voice is powered by riffs that seem unstoppable. Tucker's music, supported by Carrie Brownstein's equally passionate high harmonies, makes the lyrics seem new and meaningful.

My vote for the catchiest young pros to pretend they're alternative: ***Fountains of Wayne*** (Atlantic). On their debut, they sing the kind of words every shy guy who didn't get the girl thinks of.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Morcheeba is the latest U.K. import to be tagged a trip-hop band. On the 12 atmospheric tracks of Morcheeba's U.S. debut, ***Who Can You Trust?*** (China/Discovery), singer Skye Edwards croons over seductive sonic textures provided by brothers Ross and Paul Godfrey. Their formula invites comparisons to Portishead and Tricky. But where Portishead can sound sinister and Tricky can sound deranged, Morcheeba has a blissed-out hippie vibe that makes it both less abrasive and less compelling. *Moog Island*, the sitar textures of *Trigger Hippie* and the title track are all apt examples of Morcheeba's atmospheric approach. Trip-hop, with its roots in hip-hop sampling and ambient, may not be the best new direction in music. But its international appeal marks it as one of this decade's most distinctive musical hybrids. —NELSON GEORGE

RAP

DJ Muggs, the demonic genius behind Cypress Hill's odes to marijuana and crime, has come up with an all-star collection that may be the year's best hip-hop offering. ***Muggs Presents the Soul Assassins*** (Columbia) features performances by rap stars from the East Coast (KRS-One, Mobb Deep, RZA, GZA/Genius) and the West (Dr. Dre, MC Eiht, LA the Darkman). Muggs shows that his minor-chord samples and dry beats work. This is a rare posse record that shows all the attitude of a well-developed album.

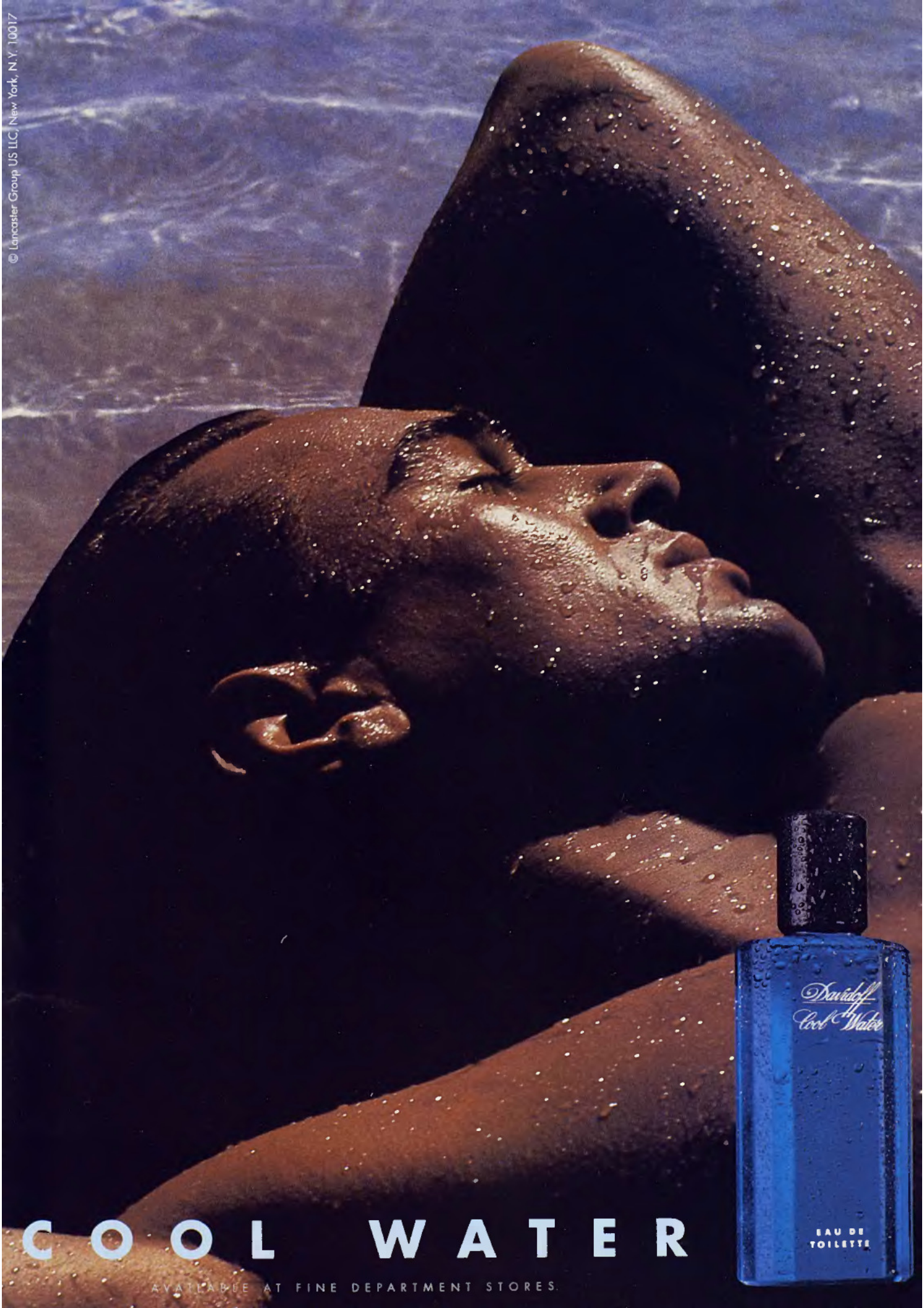
—NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

Anita Cochran has the looks, vocal chops and songwriting skills to be Nashville's next mainstream sweetheart. So why do some Music City good old boys consider her subversive? Because on ***Back to You*** (Warner Bros.) she proves she's one of the best electric guitar pickers in town. In fact, she plays all guitar leads and mandolin and dobro parts on the album. Half the songs on her debut are standard tearjerkers and odes to big hats and fast cars. But the rest, especially the title cut, is a daring exploration of a modern woman's turmoil. An even larger helping of her dazzling fret work would be welcome next time. Try to catch her live. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

There has never been a better introduction for novices to jazz' vast middle ground than ***Roots of Jazz Funk: Volume One*** (MVP, c/o React Recordings, 9157 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 210, West Hollywood, CA 90069). After the bebop revolution of the Forties, bebop's more accessible soul jazz offshoot produced a small-group scene dominated by Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Cannonball Adderley, Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard. Each is represented here by a justly renowned turn. So are the geniuses (John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins and Charles Mingus) and the crossover kings (Herbie Hancock, Wes Montgomery and Jimmy Smith). —ROBERT CHRISTGAU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Trombonist Steve Turre uses seashells as miniature horns; they have a balmy tone that fits perfectly with his keen interest in Caribbean rhythms and idioms. ***Steve Turre*** (Verve) offers a panoramic picture of the African diaspora. He gives a jazz-bossa charge to Ellington's *In a Sentimental Mood*—with a jolt supplied by guest vocalist Cassandra Wilson—and an all-star cast of U.S. and Latin American jazzmen do the rest.

Leading all-star musicians in a repertoire of stone bebop, Chick Corea made big waves on last year's concert circuit. You'll hear why on ***Remembering Bud Powell*** (Stretch), which stars trumpeter Wallace Roney, saxophonist Joshua Redman and the music of Powell himself—the bop piano great and Corea's idol.

—NEIL TESSER

FOLK

As Texas troubadors whose art is suspended somewhere between outlaw country and post-Dylan folk, Guy Clark and the late Townes Van Zandt would seem to have a lot in common. Their lyrical gifts are as great as their talents for misbehavior. Neither is interested in writing conventions, nor has much of a voice. Nor have Clark or Van Zandt written many hits or sold many records. Yet each belongs on any list of the best contemporary songwriters. With the near-simultaneous release of live albums, the contrasts between Clark and Van Zandt become more apparent. On ***Rear View Mirror*** (Sugar Hill), Townes Van Zandt is an abstractionist. Narrative and character are subordinated to the grand overview. *Pancho and Lefty*, his most famous song and the one that opens up this set, is saturated with the poetic fatalism and doomed romanticism that animates less specific numbers such as *To Live Is to Fly*.

Characters and narrative are lifeblood for Guy Clark. ***Keepers*** (Sugar Hill) spins so many yarns and digs up so many quirky folks that it's tempting to listen to it in sections. But don't, because Clark's performances are essential to his meaning. The best way to appreciate *Keepers* is to pick up ***The Essential Guy Clark*** (RCA), and hear the young Clark sing *Desperados Waiting for a Train*, *Texas 1947* and *L.A. Freeway*. Clark's smoky voice has matured like brandy, which doubles the intensity of his own ironic fatalism. *Keepers* is dedicated to Van Zandt, who died this past New Year's Day.

The much younger singer Jimmy LaFave draws on both Townes Van Zandt and Guy Clark as well as heartland rockers such as Bruce Springsteen and Lynyrd Skynyrd's Ronnie Van Zant. But more than anything else, ***Road Novel*** (Rounder) is dominated by the yearning sounds of LaFave's great high-tenor voice.

—DAVE MARSH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Guy Clark *Keepers*	7	7	7	8	6
Nerf Herder	6	6	7	6	7
Morcheeba *Who Can You Trust?*	8	6	8	6	6
Various artists *Roots of Jozz Funk*	10	9	7	9	8
U2 *Pop*	6	8	8	6	6

NO GRAFFITI IN THE BATHROOM DEPARTMENT: Former **Talking Head David Byrne** has been decorating the new pay-toilet kiosks in San Francisco. A series of photo murals titled *Stairway to Heaven* features images of weapons and money. Slightly unsettling if you're trying to pee.

REELING AND ROCKING: Dick Clark and **Danny DeVito** are teaming up to make a movie based on **American Bandstand.** It will be about four generations of kids who become instant stars and how they are affected by their fame. . . . The still divine **Bette Midler** is making a film based on the TV show *Green Acres*. Bette would be perfect as **Eva Gabor**'s character, Lisa Douglas.

NEWSBREAKS: Butthole Surfers drummer **King Coffey** has produced and hosts an Internet show called *Brainwash* on the band's Web site (www.buttholesurfers.com, Brain page www.monsterbit.com/brainwash). The show features music and commentary, as well as posted playlists so listeners can identify the obscure artists. . . . **Metallica's** *Enter Sandman* has been recorded by **Pat Boone,** and now you'll be able to hear it played by four cellos. Members of the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki call themselves **Apocalyptica,** and they aren't far from wrong. . . . **Everclear's** next album will be out this fall. Meanwhile, singer and lyricist **Art Alexakis** has been on a solo acoustic tour. . . . The **Box Tops,** known for *The Letter* and *Cry Like a Baby*, have reunited for an album and a tour. . . . Visit the **Fugees** at their Web site and play the Internet game based on the single *Ready or Not*. The Web site also features a chance for users to remix a Fugees song. Check out www.mediadome.com/webisodes/fugees. . . . Look for **INXS** to tour this summer. . . . **Chaka Khan** is hosting a new radio request show on Los Angeles' B100.3 called *Romance After Hours*. You'll be able to dedicate songs to your loved ones Mondays through Thursdays after ten P.M. . . . RCA is launching *The Bluebird Blues & Heritage Series*, an ambitious release of rare archival prewar and postwar blues. Artists include **Sonny Boy Williamson, Tampa Red, Blind Willie McTell, Memphis Minnie** and **Big Maceo.** RCA will release these CDs a few at a time until the vault is cleared. . . . You'll want to get yourself to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum between now and February 1998 for *I Want to Take You Higher: The Psychedelic Era 1965–1969*. It features all the good stuff—sex, drugs and rock and roll. . . . **Green Day** has postponed recordings until its longtime producer is available, but **Billie Joe Armstrong** has produced a song for **Demi Moore's** movie *In Pursuit of Honor*, performed by **Exene Cervenkova's** new band, **Auntie Christ.** . . . After turning up his nose at Lollapalooza, **Neil Young** has confirmed that he will be headlining H.O.R.D.E. this summer. . . . **Ani DiFranco** has just released her first live album, to be followed by a studio album in the fall. The live CD includes four songs that haven't previously been recorded. . . . A new book of photos of homeless children, *The Invisible Homeless*, is accompanied by a CD that features **Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell, Cher** and **Me'Shell Ndegéocello.** The CD is sold only with the book. . . . The **Beatles** memorabilia auction this past March in Tokyo allowed Europeans to bid via phone, fax and the Internet. Items included **Paul McCartney's** birth certificate, which sold for $84,146. . . . Speaking of auctions, a pillowcase that **Michael Jackson** slept on when he was in India was auctioned off for $10,000, which will go to charity. What's next? How about soap on a rope?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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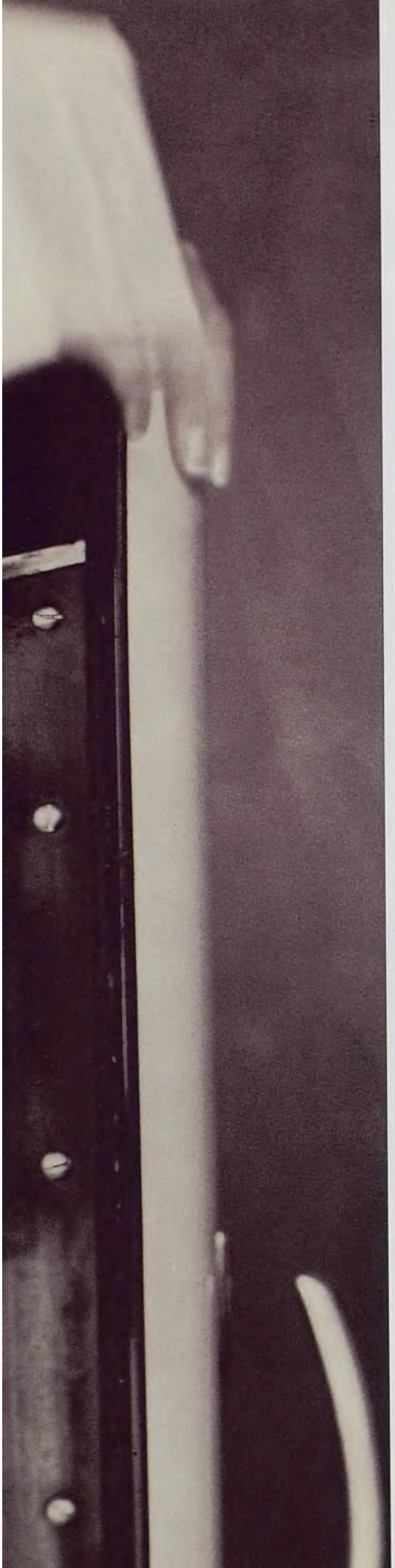
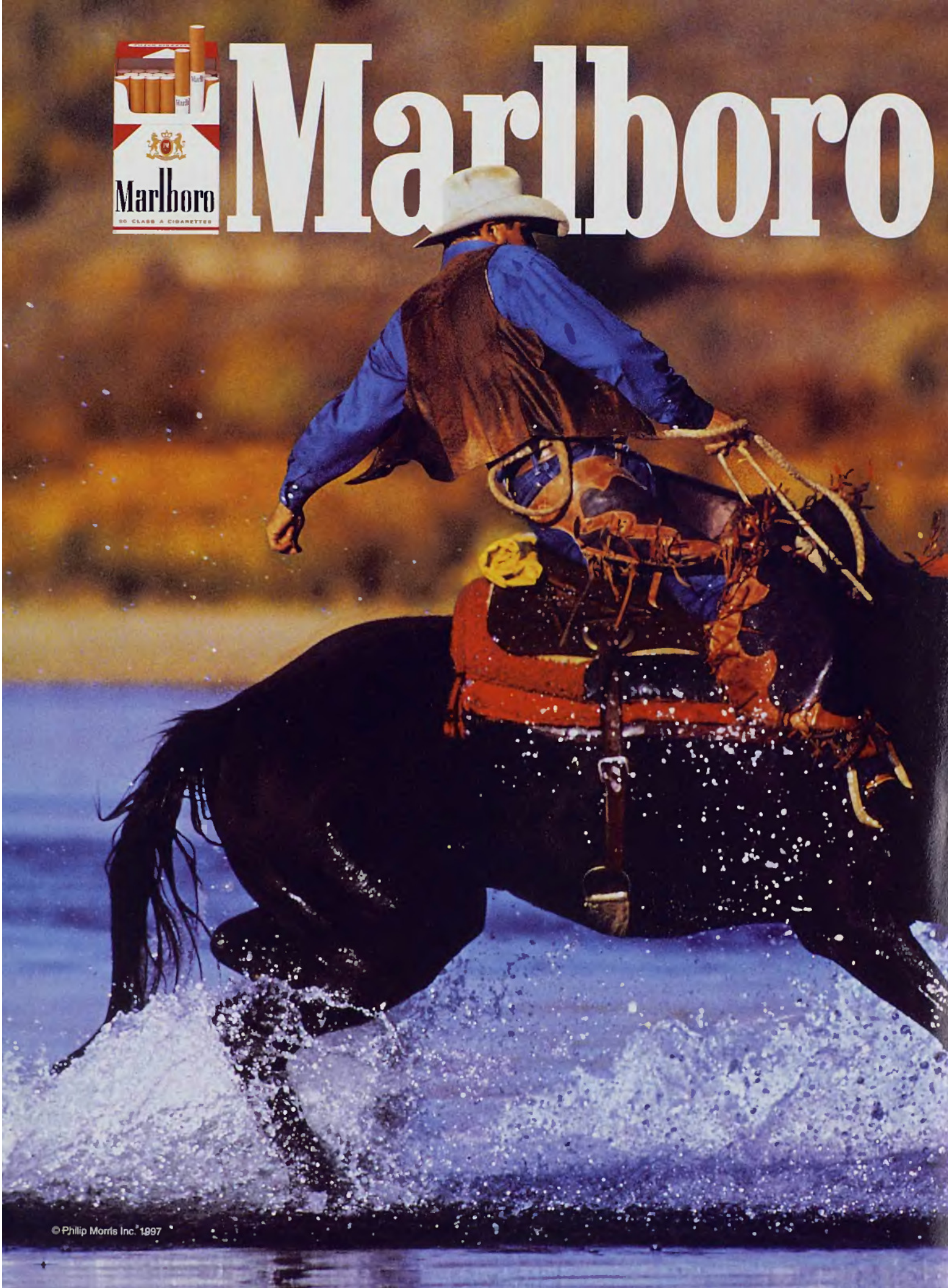


Get in touch with your masculine side.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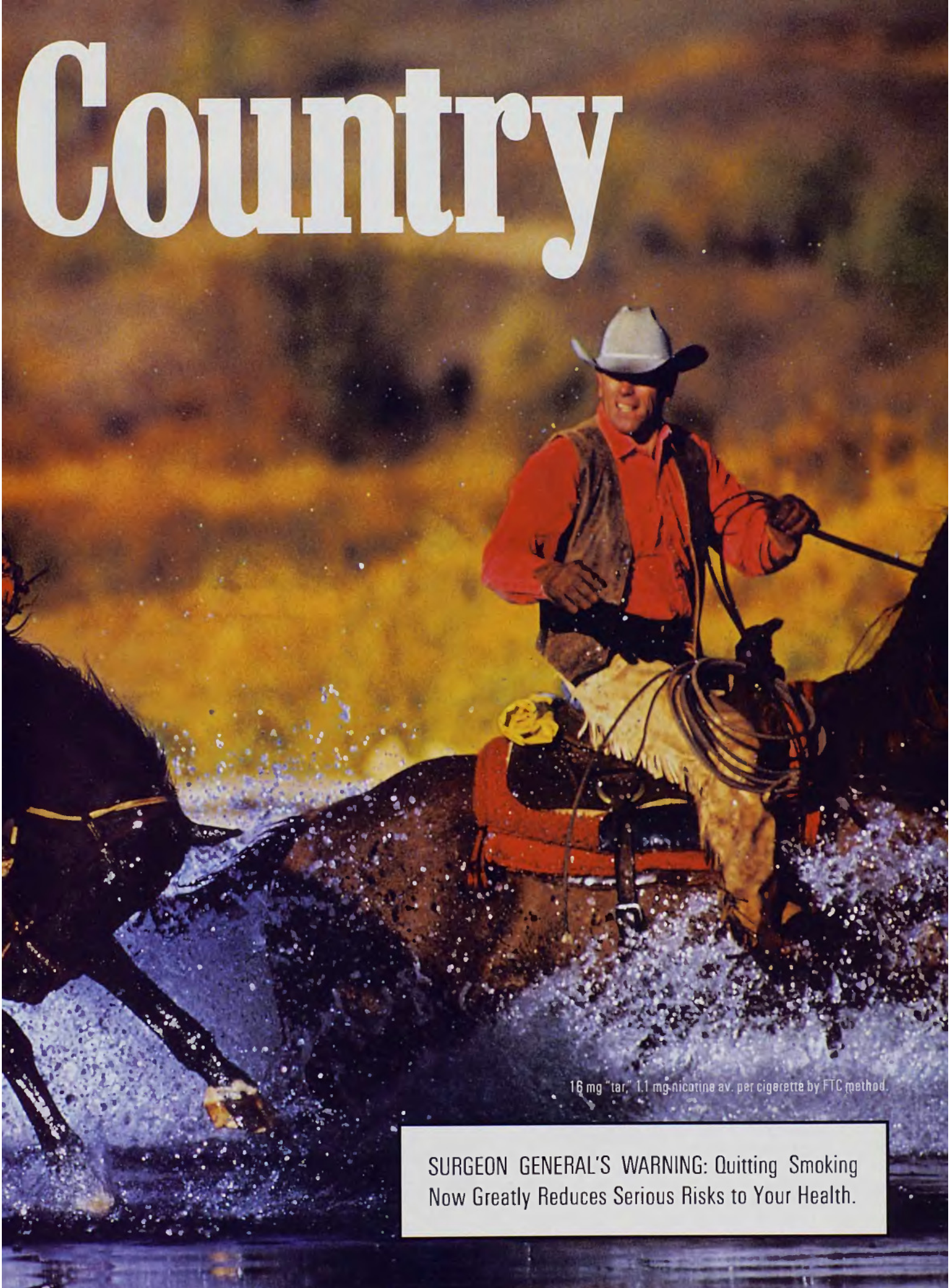
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ENTERTAINMENT TO ORDER

It happens all the time. You drive to the video store intent on renting a specific movie, only to find that all 20 copies are out. Well, get ready to save yourself a trip. Thanks to an emerging technology called Electronic Digital Delivery, you'll soon be able to order movies, music and video games and have your selections immediately downloaded to a television, videocassette recorder or PC. The material is digitally compressed in a way that allows a feature film to be transferred in as little as five minutes via satellite, modem or phone line. EDD improves on pay-per-view by allowing you to determine when you want to play your selection, since the data actually reside in a chip in your VCR or computer until activated. Once the chip is decoded, the EDD-equipped machine delivers digital-quality images and sound for the price of a standard video rental. The catch: You can enjoy the selected item only twice before it's removed from memory. To buy (or tape) it, you'll have to pay a higher price. New-generation digital VCRs with the EDD feature are expected from 15 manufacturers, including JVC, Sony and Pioneer, early next year. Television sets are in the works, too, but there are no prices yet.

JOHN O'BRIEN

BRAIN SAVERS?

There's still debate over the danger of electromagnetic radiation emitted by cellular phones. Reed Hundt, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, assured us there's no problem: "We're confident the phones' emission levels are in the safe zone." Even so, it doesn't hurt to be cautious when it comes to your brain—a fact that has prompted two companies to develop low-cost cell phone accessories that reduce exposure to electromagnetic radiation. Kelser Ltd.'s Rad Gap is one variation. It's a plastic-and-rubber extender that snaps onto a cell phone's earpiece to put some distance between you and the "near field" radiation that's strongest an inch or two from the antenna. Codem Retail's Phone Shield, which straps around the earpiece and top of the phone (similar to a car bra), deploys a metal plate to reflect the movement of radio waves away from your head. "The message we're sending is not one of fear," says Codem's John Gargasz, "but of providing a level of insurance until studies are conclusive." The price for this insurance: $30 for either device.

DAN YACCARINO

CB REVIVAL

With Lava lamps and Seventies fashions all the rage, it would be easy to pass off the return of the citizens-band radio as another retro fad. But CB sales are at their highest point in 20 years for three reasons—the radios sound better, look better and are a smart alternative to cell phones. Besides featuring technology that virtually eliminates noise and static, new-model CBs are smaller and sleeker than their clunky predecessors, allowing them to blend well with today's car audio systems. Another cool CB tech advantage: multiple weather-service channels that offer 24-hour local forecasts and highway info. And handheld CBs, the fastest-growing segment of the market, fit into a briefcase, providing the road-safety assurance of a cellular phone without the hefty fees. If you're ready to "breaker, breaker" onto the scene, we suggest starting with a portable. Among the best is Cobra's shirt pocket–size HH-45WX ($150). Currently the smallest handheld CB radio available, it features the company's Sound Tracker noise-reduction technology (patent pending). Midland's slightly larger 75-400 ($200) lets you conserve juice with a battery-saving power switch. And for big spenders, Uniden's Trunk Tracker BC235 XLT ($500) features a scanner that can lock onto a conversation and follow it through channel changes.

WILD THINGS

Too much static electricity can fry your electronics gear, but we've found a solution. Ultrastat ($70, pictured below) is a palm-sized device that protects television sets and personal computers by absorbing the static before it can shock your system. You'll know Ultrastat is working when a cartoonish guy appears on the LCD screen—getting zapped. Better him than your gear. • Tetris addicts can keep their favorite game as close at hand as their house keys. Tetris Jr., a 1"x2.5" key-chain version of the blockbuster brainteaser, comes complete with sound (which you can turn off) and puzzles that become increasingly challenging as you rack up points. The price: $10. • Atlantic, Inc. has designed a media storage system that blends perfectly with today's contemporary home-entertainment centers. The steel Multi-Media Towers (in single- and double-width form) stand 72 inches high and have adjustable shelves for CDs, videocassettes and audiocassettes and books. Tabletop versions that measure two feet high are also available. Prices range from $25 to $90, and you can choose between black and gray finishes. Magnavox has made a smart match-up. Its MX956 PRO audio-video receiver combines a Dolby Pro Logic decoder with three surround modes and a seven-disc CD changer. The price: about $450.

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2. Enter as often as you wish by either entry method, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. If entering by regular mail, Entries made at the Budweiser website must be received by 11:59 pm Central Daylight Time on September 5, 1997. Mail-in entries must be postmarked by September 5, 1997, and received by September 12, 1997. No mechanically reproduced or photocopied entries permitted. For an official entry form and a copy of the rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (Washington and Vermont state residents only may omit return postage) to: Get Bud Get Music Sony Sweepstakes Entry Request, P.O. Box 3517, Young America, MN 55558-3517. Limit one request per envelope. Requests must be received by August 22, 1997. Neither the sponsor nor any of its agencies are responsible for illegible, lost, late, damaged, incomplete, postage-due or misdirected mail or entries, or for computer, software or Internet service malfunctions or errors, or other errors of any kind, whether human, mechanical or electronic. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to cancel, terminate, or suspend the Internet portion of this sweepstakes should viruses, bugs, non-authorized human intervention or other causes beyond the control of sponsor, corrupt or impair the administration, security, fairness, or proper play of the sweepstakes and in any such event sponsor shall select winners from regular mail-in entries. All materials submitted become the property of Anheuser-Busch, Inc. and none will be returned.
3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing to be held on or about September 30, 1997, from among all eligible entries received by an independent judging agency, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Winners will be notified by mail. Only one winner per family or household. Winners may not substitute or transfer prize but sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with cash or prize of equal or greater value.
4. All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Winners will be required to complete, sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability and publicity release within 7 days of prize notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected. Any prize notification or prize returned to the sponsor or its agencies as undeliverable will result in disqualification and the awarding of that prize to an alternate winner.
5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States who are 21 years of age or older. In the case of entry via e-mail, the sweepstakes is open only to such residents who are also the registered subscriber of the e-mail account by which entry is made. Employees and the immediate families of employees of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, wholesale distributors, and individual retail licensees are ineligible. This sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law, and is subject to federal, state and local regulations. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
6. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name, biographical information and/or likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation as permitted by law.
7. Grand Prize (1,000): Sony Boom Box. Estimated retail value $130 each. First Prize (2,000): Sony Discman. Estimated retail value $120 each. Second Prize (2,000): Sony Walkman. Estimated retail value $70 each. Total estimated retail value of all prizes $510,000.
8. By accepting a prize, winner agrees to release and hold sponsors harmless from any and all losses, damages, rights, claims and actions of any kind resulting from acceptance, possession or use of any prize, including without limitation, personal injuries, death and property damage. By participating in this sweepstakes, participants agree to be bound by all the Official Rules of this sweepstakes.
9. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by November 30, 1997 to: Get Bud Get Music Sony Sweepstakes Winners List Request, P.O. Box 3517, Young America, MN 55558-3517. Sony is a registered trademark of Sony.

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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

FUN AND GAMES

Loaded with conceptual art and music, ***Peter Gabriel's Eve*** is less a game than an artistic exploration. Though framed as an adventure in which the player must help Adam (Gabriel) find Eve in order to restore life to a barren planet, the real fun lies in collecting hidden sound bites. The visuals and audio clips (fragments of classic and unreleased Gabriel cuts) can then be combined to create personal music videos. (From Real World, for Mac and Windows, $50.)

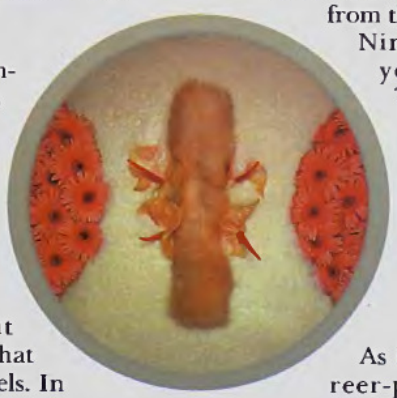
Quirky characters and realistic physics make ***Ten Pin Alley*** the league champion of bowling games. In addition to choosing among 12 custom characters (each with unique skills and styles of play), you can also select the weight and coating of the ball and the condition of the lane. The ability to include up to six players per game adds to the fun. (From ASC Games, for Playstation, Saturn and Windows, $50 to $60.)

CYBER SCOOP

Microsoft has bundled some of its best software into ***Home Essentials 97***. For $109, you get more than half a dozen programs, including the latest versions of Microsoft Word, Works and Encarta, plus Microsoft's Internet Explorer Web browser and two free months of unlimited access to the Microsoft Network.

A big-screen spin-off of ***The East Village*** (www.eastvillage.com) is in the works. No release date yet, but the film will be titled *The Wedding*.

Banzai Bug combines simplified flight elements with offbeat humor and colorful deco graphics in a flying game that's a lot more fun than the average simulator. Your mission is to navigate Banzai through the eight rooms of the house that make up the game's levels. In each room there are tasks to be accomplished while fighting off a variety of foes, including the inhospitable giants that inhabit your home. In the funniest level, you're charged with protecting a swarm of dim-witted grubs as they attempt to collect chunks of earwax from a sleeping human. (From Grolier, for Windows 95, $40.)



Gabriel's gallery of art and music

The ***Game Shark*** takes a bite out of your toughest video opponent with cheats for most titles available on Playstation, Saturn and Nintendo 64. Just plug the cartridge into your gaming memory slot to unlock a preloaded database of level-access, weapon and power-up codes. The manufacturer also offers a constantly updated 900 number for new cheats on the latest releases. (From Interact Accessories, about $50.)

BRAIN BRAWN

This summer, instead of thumbing through books of diagrams on how to build your workbench or deck, check out one of the software titles from Books That Work. ***Visual Home***, ***3D Landscape*** and ***3D Deck*** show you how to design and build just about anything around the house with animated step-by-step instructions. What's more, the programs also let you see your planned projects from several vantage points: above, around and—thanks to budgeting functions—from the wallet. (For Windows, $40 to $50.)

With ***Career Toolbox***, Chivas Regal has created the perfect guidance counselor—it gives great advice and appointments aren't necessary. Just pop the disc into your CD-ROM drive for smart tips on planning a career or enhancing the one you've already started. You can sample résumé styles and cover letters, and find useful info on a range of topics from the 20 hottest jobs of the Nineties to how to start your own business. Thoughtfully organized with jazzy graphics, Career Toolbox is especially noteworthy because it's free. All you pay is $4.95 for shipping.

SURF CENTRAL

As long as you're in a career-planning mode, you might want to try to Net a job. Many of the nation's top employers now recruit via the Web. The best sites, including the ***Monster Board*** (www.monsterboard.com), ***Career Site*** (www.careersite.com) and ***Career Builder*** (www.careerbuilder.com), combine helpful tips with features that minimize the most common job-hunting hassles. Instead of flipping through dozens of classified ads, for example, search engines at each site help narrow positions by fields of interest, locations and salary levels. All three sites include "intelligent agents," which continue to search listings while you're off-line, providing weekly or sometimes daily updates in private mailboxes when you log on. Career Builder includes a variety of financial calculators, including one that helps determine the salary you'd need to make in a new city to maintain your current standard of living. And most sites also offer advice on résumé and cover-letter writing. (To speed up the process, you can even fire off résumés to some Net recruiters online.) A few other sites to check out: ***Careerpath.com*** (www.careerpath.com) lets you search through the help-wanted sections of major newspapers, including *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post*. ***Overseas Job Express*** (www.overseasjobs.com) links you to employers abroad while providing details on applying for a visa, a green card and even a new nationality. ***America's Job Bank*** (www.ajb.dni.us/) includes a mix of blue-collar and white-collar jobs as well as government opportunities. And finally, ***Cool Jobs*** (www.cooljobs.com) can hook you up with hip hirers such as MTV, Club Med and Lucasarts.

Ten Pin Alley's Lola: Striking in spandex

DIGITAL DUDS

Catfight: Skanky girls in sleazy outfits are motched with bottom-of-the-borrel progromming to win the title os the worst PC fighting game of oll time.

Virtua Fighter PC: Coming in a close second, this onemic Windows version of the impressive Soturn fighting game deserves to have sond kicked in its face.

Smart Games Word Puzzles: Redefining tedium, the lockluster word-based brainteosers in this PC title moke *Wheel of Fortune* seem modcap by comparison.

See whot's hoppening on Playboy's Home Poge at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

Pour an ounce and a half of Skyy vadka over ice and add three-quarters of an ounce of Kahlua®. Also known as a Black Russian, Russian Skyy, Skyy Kahlua Rocks. For exceptionally clean, clear vodka produced by four-column distillation and triple filtration, always reach for the Skyy.

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DADS & GRADS

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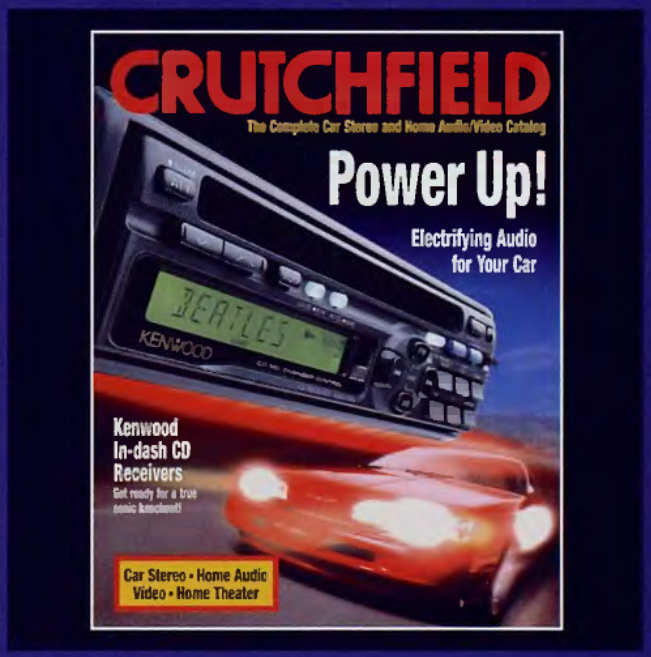
ZIPPO'S LIMITED EDITION 1997 COLLECTIBLE OF THE YEAR bears an antiqued pewter emblem in Art Deco style. The cammemorative tin features a collage of images drawn from the Zippo Archives' advertising, packaging and promotional materials. For more infarmation, call 814-368-2700.



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DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

When we asked frequent travelers what items they take with them on the road, their answers ranged from superglue (Doug Lansky, author of the newspaper column "Vagabond") to a sommelier's corkscrew that John Mariani, a columnist for *Wine Spectator* magazine, once used to pry open a stuck elevator door. Richard Carleton Hacker, author of *The Ultimate Cigar Book*, totes a leather-covered Daniel Marshall travel humidor. (His favorite road smokes include Fuente Hemingways, Punch Grand Crus and Partagás Serie D robustos.) Peter Greenberg, travel editor for NBC's *Today*, carries $100 worth of $2 bills for tips ("People remember you") and an eight-pack of AA batteries because he hates to pay airport prices for them. Rudy Maxa, travel commentator for public radio, takes bags of unread magazines and newspapers aboard when he flies, using the time to peruse and toss. *Crain's Chicago Business* restaurant critic Anne Spiselman travels with a picnic kit that includes a champagne corker, a portable pepper mill, packets of mustard and ketchup and a miniature bottle of cognac. Michael Jackson (not the singer), one of the world's foremost authorities on alcoholic beverages, never travels without a screwdriver small enough to mend his eyeglasses. When he flies, he carries on a change of clothes "in case I spill my bloody mary on myself." PLAYBOY's Contributing Automotive Editor, Ken Gross, always packs his favorite Swiss Army Knife and a Mini-Maglite "because you never know when you might have to crawl out of a burning building." Talk about being prepared.

DAVE CALVER

NIGHT MOVES: CAPE TOWN

The "Tavern of the Seas," as South Africa's oldest city is nicknamed, has a temperate climate, world-class nightlife and a scrillion women of the maximum babe classification. After a day at the beach, begin your evening with sunset drinks at Cantina Tequila in the bustling Victoria & Alfred Waterfront mall. Then drift over to the Green Dolphin, also in the V and A, for antipasto and the best live jazz in town. To sample traditional South African cuisine, such as springbok goulash or seafood bobotie, try the Kaapse Tafel restaurant (90 Queen Victoria Street). The dining room in the posh Mount Nelson hotel (76 Orange Street) serves continental cuisine on a grand scale. Coat and tie are required—as is an ample bank account. After dinner, stroll the landscaped gardens or relax in the hotel's handsome bar. For more drinks and music, head to the corner of Bree and Waterkant, the heart of the city's nightlife. Madhouse (45 Waterkant) offers Latin American tunes, and Browne's Cafe (24 Waterkant) spins acid jazz, but it's best to stick your head into a few doors and find a spot that feels right. Most bars stay open until two A.M.—clubs with extra-late licenses can stay open until dawn and charge a nominal entry fee. Hemingway's (96 Strand Street) is where wannabe Cindys and Naomis hang out. The Lounge (194 Long Street) appeals to jazz enthusiasts, while the Crow Bar (43 Waterkant) plays oldies. If you're still up at sunrise, take an early morning tram to the top of Table Mountain. It's a view of the city that you will always remember.

GREAT ESCAPE

CRYSTAL CREEK LODGE

From mid-June until late September, one of North America's best-kept piscatory secrets is open for business—and that's no fish story. Situated in southwest Alaska, 25 miles northwest of Dillingham, Crystal Creek Lodge is a fishing camp that's about as rustic as Versailles. Within the main lodge (pictured here) are 13 guest rooms with private baths, plus such civilized amenities as a spa and sauna, a

video screening room, a well-stocked bar and even a masseuse. Nouveau and continental cuisine is offered in the dining room. Salmon, trout, northern pike and arctic grayling are just some of the catches of the day—and there's waterfowl hunting, too. A week's stay costs $4950 per person, including room, board, rods, reels, tackle, guide fees and transportation to fishing sites aboard the lodge's float planes, helicopter or power boats. Call Crystal Creek at 800-525-3153 for more information.

ROAD STUFF

Not only does Sony's new digital CD/AM/FM Stereo Travel Clock Radio (pictured here) awaken you to the CD track of your choice (or the radio or an alarm), it also has world time-zone buttons that are so simple you can operate them while half asleep. Plus, the radio–CD player closes up like a clam for easy packing. Price: about $200, including headphones.

- Runnin' Cool is a soft-sided vacuum bottle in one-liter and 1.5-liter sizes that uses "evaporative cooling" to keep the contents icy cold for four to six hours. The bottles have handles, so you can use them for upper-body conditioning while jogging and then drink or dump the contents afterward. As the company (at 800-582-6651) says, "It sure beats carrying your refrigerator with you." Price: $28 and $30.
- White-knucklers may wish to subscribe to *Happy Landings*, a quarterly newsletter published for those "who fly but prefer their feet planted firmly on the ground." The price is $19 a year, sent to Happy Landings Newsletter at 205 Bell Ringer Court, Newark, Delaware 19702.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

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CAN YOU CUT IT ON THE CUTTY CREW?

This summer, a crew of eight Americans will set sail on a tall ship from Scotland to Norway across the North Sea. No sailing experience is necessary, and you could be one of them.

It's the first leg in this year's Cutty Sark Tall Ships' Races, with more than 100 ships participating.

If you think this sounds like the perfect adventure for you, drop us a short letter and tell us why. If we agree, you're on the crew.

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BOOKS

MEAT FOR MEN

The Big Damn Book of Sheer Manliness (General Publishing) is an admirable inventory of political incorrectness. In it, the Von Hoffman brothers celebrate the virile virtues of tequila, cigars, fishing gear, cars, football, guns, card games, John Wayne and Toddy Boy's Colon-Cleaner Chili.

In ***Diggin' In and Piggin' Out: The Truth About Food and Men*** (Harper Collins), author Roger Welsch insists that truly macho cuisine consists of Indian fry bread, lutefisk (Norwegian cod cured in lye) and beaver tail. He also reveals his predilection for cooking pizza and hamburgers on the manifold of his Chevy van. We doubt that Welsch will tempt a female palate. It's a different story for the serious chef. ***Steak Lover's Cookbook*** (Workman) by William Rice is a first-rate devotional to man's favorite food. It features recipes for wine-bathed sirloin, jerk beauty steak and panbroiled ribeye, along with advice about selecting cuts and carving. Prepare to impress your carnivorous friends. —DIGBY DIEHL

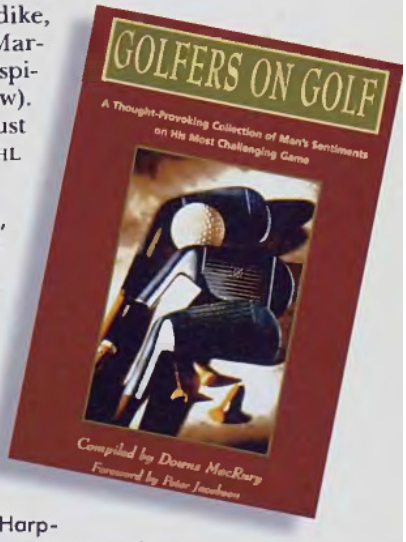
X MARKS THE SPOT

Did you go to Bibliopalooza? Maybe you didn't know there was one. Last fall, a group of alternative-title booksellers and buyers convened in New Jersey to promote books for Generation Xers. So what's on the list? J.G. Ballard's underground classic ***Crash*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), about a man obsessed with sex and car accidents (it's now in a theater near you). If you missed Lollapalooza online, you can get the full impact in ***Online Diaries*** (Soft Skull), by Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo. It's the print version of Web diaries from Thurston Moore, Beck, Courtney Love and others. PLAYBOY's Chip Rowe edited ***The Book of Zines*** (Henry Holt), pulp fiction for the paperback crowd. Then there's ***Cookin' With Honey*** (Firebrand), by A. Scholder, which features recipes and who knows what else from literary lesbians. Other topics to note: Allen Ginsberg's poems, punk culture, roller derby, smut, Japanese comics and gender politics. You'll find no self-help or diet books here.

MAINSTREAM EROTICA

Major book publishers have embraced literary sex. Everybody's talking about ***Eat Me*** (Broadway Books), by Linda Jaivin. It's a first novel about female sexual appetite, and fruit propels the plot: "She brought the fig down between her legs. She could feel the skin of the fig burst. Some of the sticky seeds spilled out." Then there's ***A History of the Breast*** (Knopf), by Marilyn Yalom, which is exactly what it sounds like—boobs in all their glory. Historically, politically, erotically and commercially, the breast is uncovered in Western imagination. John Heidenry's ***What Wild Ecstasy: The Rise and Fall of the Sexual Revolution*** (Simon & Schuster) begins with the female orgasm—a high point in sex research—then chronicles the historic fall. Catherine Hiller's ***Skin*** (Carrol & Graf) delivers stimulating bedtime reading in 13 erotic short stories. John Updike, Ethan Canin, T.C. Boyle and Margaret Atwood find adultery an inspiration in ***High Infidelity*** (Morrow). You can read about it and do it, just not at the same time.—DIGBY DIEHL

PETER PALOMBI


GOLFERS ON GOLF
A Thought-Provoking Collection of Man's Sentiments on His Most Challenging Game
Compiled by Downs MacRury
Foreword by Peter Jacobsen

FOREPLAY: Arnold Palmer said, "Golf is like a love affair. If you don't take it seriously, it's not fun. If you do, it breaks your heart." For more heartbreak—or less—get ***Golfers on Golf*** (General Publishing), by Downs MacRury. ***Golf in the Comic Strips,*** by Howard Ziehm (General Publishing), is a history of comic-book duffers that includes Dagwood, Archie and Moon Mullins. In ***X-Factor Swing*** (Harper Collins), Jim McLean puts his computer to work on power ond distance to give golfers an edge. In ***Super Golf*** (Harper Collins), Rick Grayson and John Andrisani persuode Snead, Nicklaus, Lopez and Palmer to give up their secrets. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

You can't spend all your time at the movies, but here are some books to read while you're waiting in line. ***The Marx Brothers Encyclopedia,*** edited by Glenn Mitchell (B.T. Botsford), is filled with wonderful info, such as the fact that Groucho's namesake, Uncle Julius, torched Catskills hotels for a living. ***Shock Value,*** by John Waters (Thunders Mouth): *Pink Flamingos'* director writes the definitive discourse on bad taste. ***Rainer Werner Fassbinder,*** edited by Laurence Kardish (Museum of Modern Art): A great look at the most prominent figure in new German cinemo. ***Roger Ebert's Book of Films*** (W.W. Norton): Thumbs-up to 100 years of film writing, from Agee to Zonuck. ***Money, Women & Guns: Crime Movies From "Bonnie and Clyde" to the Present,*** by Douglos Brode (Citadel): Crime flicks, our screen obsession, illustrated. ***Nicholas Ray,*** by Bernard Eisenschitz (Faber & Faber): Compelling biography of the influential director of *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Johnny Guitar.*

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

HEALTH & FITNESS

OPEN WIDE AND LET'S SEE YOUR MOUSE

No one expects computers to replace doctors any time soon, but they are a terrific source of medical information. Our two favorite sites: Medscape (www.medscape.com), the Web's largest collection of peer-reviewed clinical articles on such topics as AIDS, infectious diseases, pediatrics, surgery and orthopedics. It uses CAT scans, X rays, photos and charts to clarify article content. Or visit Thrive (pathfinder.com/thrive or on AOL, keyword THRIVE), a vast, lively site broken down into health, shape, eats and sex. There's lots of two-way communication—try the "Empress of Abs," Karen Voight, or sexpert Delilah. "Thrive provides an entirely original and compelling experience for consumers," says its chief executive, Teymour Boutros-Ghali. He's the nephew of the former UN Secretary General. As they say in cyberspace, small world.

BORIS ZHERDIN

OK, WHICH ONE'S THE LADY?

Balding? Blame the fair sex. It seems this most masculine trait may be triggered by the presence of a female hormone. Scientists unwittingly discovered this when they applied a pesticide containing an estrogen blocker or estrogen to the shaved backs of mice. The critters given estrogen blocker regained a full coat in four weeks, while those given estrogen remained hairless 50 percent longer. Before this study, researchers believed that baldness was caused by the absence of the male hormone androgen. Scientists at North Carolina State University, who published the study in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, say they hope estrogen blockers will eventually be used to treat a range of conditions, including male pattern balding. Unfortunately for the likes of macho men Liddy, Carville, Collins and Reiner, commercial use is several years away.

Liddy Carville Collins Reiner

Dome of the Rock or crock?

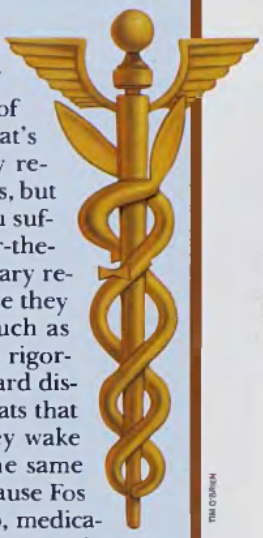
RX ROULETTE

Here's something else to worry about. You go to your doctor for lingering bronchitis and she writes you a prescription. When you get home you find that the pharmacist filled it with a different medication. Welcome to the world of "pharmaceutical payola," in which prescribed drugs are switched because one medication is favored by insurance—and the other isn't. This dangerous practice was recently exposed in "Compromising Your Drug of Choice," a report by Mark Green, New York City's public advocate. The culprits are organizations called pharmaceutical benefit managers, which earn millions by pressuring pharmacists and doctors into pushing pills from a list of favored products. Three of the largest PBMs are owned by drug manufacturers. Drug substitutions can be risky and are strongly disapproved of by the American Medical Association and the American College of Cardiology. Note that this is not the same as a generic substitution—this is replacement of one drug by another that is chemically different but is supposed to have similar therapeutic effects.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I've read that I need six hours of rest a night. Other sources say it's eight hours or more. How much sleep do I really need?

A: We all gripe about sleep—too little, too restless. The truth is, we're all sleeping less—about one and a half hours less than people did at the turn of the century. Blame the lightbulb. What's optimum depends on what your body requires. The statistical average is 7¾ hours, but six to eight hours is a good range. If you suffer from insomnia, prescription or over-the-counter sleeping aids offer only temporary relief. Food supplements (so called because they haven't been approved by the FDA) such as melatonin or tryptophan have not been rigorously tested. Recently, scientists at Harvard discovered a master "brain switch" in lab rats that releases a protein called Fos when they wake and suppresses it when they sleep. The same mechanism could apply to humans. Because Fos also gets the brain in the mood for sleep, medications in the future will likely feature that protein. In the meantime, if you feel healthy and alert, you're probably getting enough sleep. For help with insomnia or daytime sleepiness, contact your doctor.

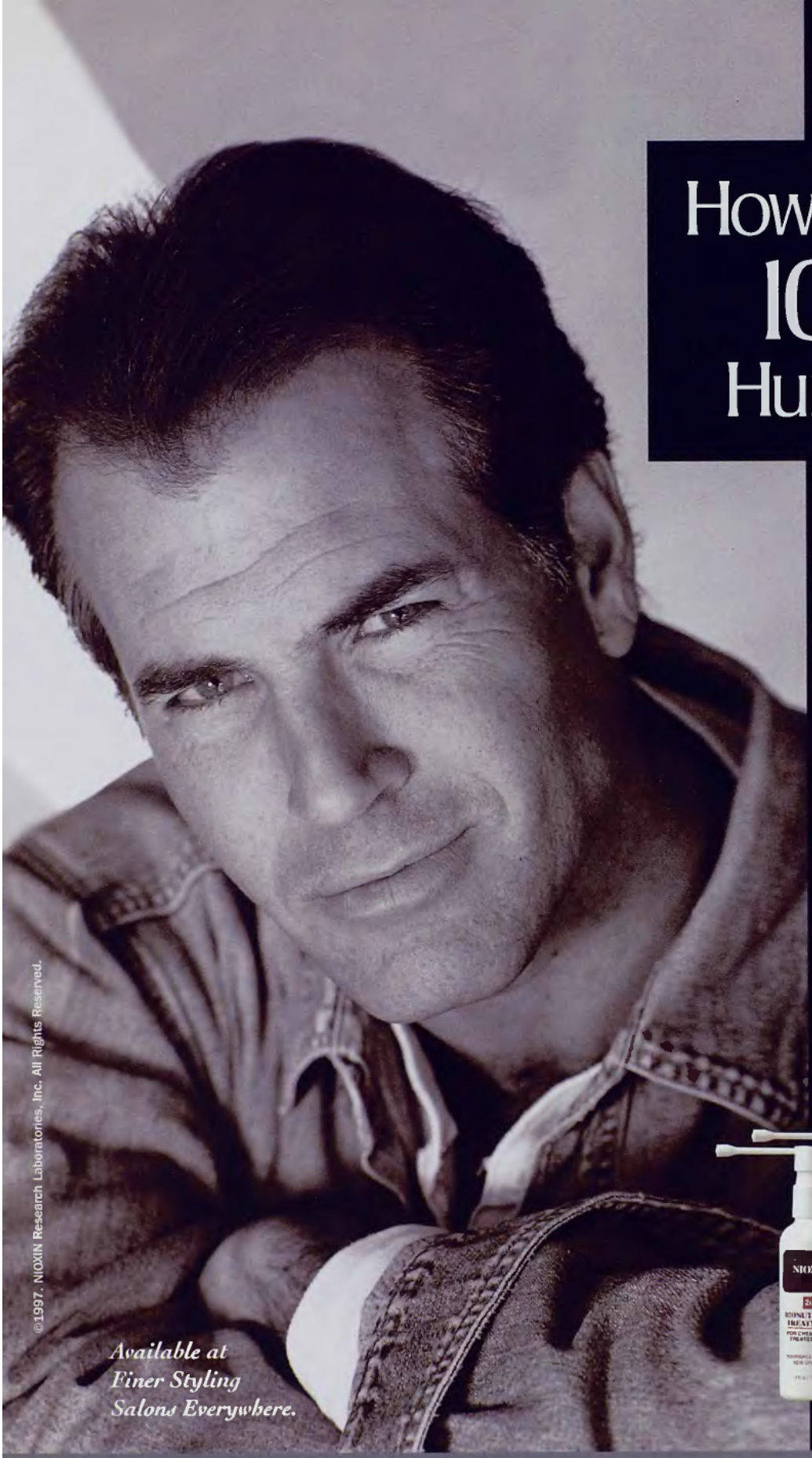


TIM O'BRIEN

TOO MUCH EXERCISE?

Heads up, gym rats. All that exercise may be wearing you down, not buffing you up. Fitness experts warn that strenuous, repetitive exercise—as in hours on a stair climber or treadmill or working out with weights—could be hazardous to your health. "Repetitive exercise puts a lot of pressure on the same bones and joints, which can lead to injury," says Joseph Piscatella, president of the Institute for Fitness and Health Inc. For a better routine, stagger weight training with aerobic exercise. If burning fat is your goal, new research suggests using a broader range of muscles. Some experts are counseling men to climb off the machines entirely and get back into organized sports. So what to do with that treadmill in the basement? For ideas, read the hilarious new book from Arnold Roth called *No Pain, No Strain*, subtitled *Further Uses for Exercise Equipment*. The object above right was once a lat pull.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

I could hear strange noises in my condo, so I got up and crept toward the kitchen. I won't say I was ready to kill, but I was ready to maim. Then I saw him, his overcoat on, slumped over the kitchen sink like a drunk, shoveling cereal and milk into his face. "John Travolta?" I asked.

"Nope," he said without missing a scoop of his cereal. "You got any more sugar around here?"

"You're not John Travolta?"

"You saw the movie, huh?" he asked.

"*Michael*? Yeah, I saw it," I said. "You starred in it."

"That movie was about me, but I didn't play the part," he said.

"So even though you look like him, you're not John Travolta?"

"Nope," he said. "I'm a real angel, not some goofy actor." He straightened up and drained the last of the milk from the bowl. "*Michael* was a pretty good film, wasn't it?" he asked.

"I thought it was a sappy chick flick," I said.

"You are too sophisticated for romance? Big mistake, Ace—if you want women to like you, that is."

"Most girl movies suck, man," I said. "But that's not what is bothering me right now."

"What's your problem?" he asked.

"Who are you and why are you eating all of my Frosted Flakes?"

He laughed. "I'm Michael, an archangel," he said, shaking my hand. "Sorry to surprise you like this, but I'm on a mission to teach you something about what women want. You've been writing that stupid *Men* column for more than 15 years now and you still don't seem to have a clue."

"Women are always changing," I said. "First they want one thing, then another. I can't keep track of it all."

Michael smiled at my lament. "Women want angels, Ace," he said. "They want a man to be every good thing imaginable—and then they want him to be more than that!"

"Oh great," I said. "So I have to die and come back as an angel before I can get laid?"

"Either that or learn to fake it, kid," Michael said.

"Fake being an angel? How?"

"You saw the movie. What made me so attractive to women?"

"I thought you were a slob," I said.

CAROLYN VAN HOSER

TALKING WITH AN ANGEL

"Hey, I was a safe slob, get it? I ate cereal and let it dribble down my chin. I walked around in my underwear and scratched my balls and smoked too much and drank a lot of beer."

"I can do all of that," I said.

"But that's not enough," Michael said. "See, women are coming back to a place where they want their men to be men, sort of. They don't want wimpy wonks anymore, so semi-sloppy is OK. But did you notice that my room was always neat? Did you see that I was a good boy and picked up after myself?"

"OK, a little sloppy. I got it."

"And you can be a fighter again. Remember that I've had 6360 battles, but only against evil things. Women like some toughness in a man as long as they can still control him."

"So I can get in a few fights as long as they are female-approved?"

"Exactly. Now remember that scene at Joe's Bar where all the women in the place danced with me? Those women were like bees coming home to the hive, weren't they? Did you ever figure out why they buzzed around me like that?"

"They liked the way you smelled."

"And what did I smell like?"

"I don't remember," I said.

"Watch this." Michael opened my refrigerator door and took out a tube of cookie dough. "This stuff is magic. You are looking at my greatest secret. Rub this cookie dough all over yourself before you go out on a date. It will remind her of home and childhood and domestic things. She'll smell it and jump your bones, I promise. OK, now this next part is tricky," Michael said.

"Your wings, right?" I asked.

"My wings are no big deal," he said. He took off his coat. "These are the real thing, but any costume shop can glue some fake wings on you."

"So what's the tricky part?"

"Remember Sparky, the dog?"

"I have to buy a dog?"

"More than that," he said. "You have to buy a small, smart, cute and nonthreatening dog. And you have to rescue this dog from an almost certain death, just as I did in the movie."

"No can do," I said.

"But women really love us when we bring small animals back to life."

"But that's an impossible job for a limited human male," I griped.

"Impossible? Of course it's impossible by definition. We're talking about women's needs here," Michael said. "But try this anyway: You buy a dog and train him to play dead. Then you take him out on the street and teach him how to run between the cars. When you get it down, bring your girlfriend over to watch. You whistle for your dog, he jumps off the curb and runs toward you with his cute little pink tongue hanging out, he just misses a garbage truck, she screams, he flops at your feet as if he'd been pancaked, you pick him up and look toward the sky, milk it a little, and then, at your signal, your dog comes back to life. You give him a Milk-Bone and rub more cookie dough into your scalp. You're made in the shade."

Suddenly, Michael started to molt. The kitchen floor was covered with feathers. "Uh-oh," he said, "I gotta go. Good luck with the chicks, Ace."

"Don't go, Michael," I cried. But he disappeared in a flash, leaving me here to fend for myself in a world I do not understand.

I can tell you that since Michael's visit, I have learned that cookie dough can be great for dandruff, jock itch and the heartbreak of psoriasis. And all dogs go to heaven—or so I certainly hope and pray.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

PATER SATO

BITCH! BITCH! BITCH!

I'm online the other day and my friend in Florida tells me this heartwarming story about how she went to a restaurant to apply for a hostess job. About two dozen women were ahead of her, all of them simpering. The manager interviewing them seemed to be enjoying his power just a little too much: His face glistened with condescension. The applicants responded with various placating platitudes and submissive postures, but when the manager finally got to my pal she said, "I'll be the best worker you ever had but don't even *try* to fuck with me."

The manager hired her right there on the spot.

"Men do love a bitch," she said.

I thought, Do they? The hard drive of my brain started clicking. Documents rearranged themselves as new directories and subdirectories formed. I remembered specific times when I had been in my work mode trying to get a story done, and if any man got in my way I bulldozed right over him. After which the guy started wagging his tail and asking for my phone number. I hardly noticed or cared, because when I'm in work mode I am implacable. In work mode I am a bitch.

Whereas in dating mode I have been perhaps a bit soft. Somewhat timid. OK! Yes, when dating I have been a craven, yellow-bellied, spineless pantywaist. Boy, have boys walked all over me.

When I was interested in someone, fear would settle over me like a cloak. A guy would call, casually invite me over. Did I say, "Sorry, I'm busy, give me a little more notice next time?" Hah!

"I'll be right there," I would say, and I'd rush madly into and out of the shower, slather on makeup, throw on clothes, spray a cloud of perfume and walk through it and sprint out the door. Then I'd run back in the door and into the bathroom and have fear diarrhea, which I'm sure nobody has but me.

Once a man actually said, "You know what? You're too nice. It's no fun. Have a little backbone, why don't you?" I cowered in shame and apologized.

So I wasn't madly successful with men. Until recently.

A couple of years ago a man I was crazy about did one of those special male things of which I had become so fond. I'll spare you the play-by-play. Suffice to say that after a few months of mild fooling around and major chatfests, I got the phone call: "I really like you, but I'm just seeing too many other women."

Well. Floods of tears. The ritualistic calling of all friends and recounting every moment of the phone call. Emergency shrink session. Hiding under the bed and muttering.

And then I crossed a crucial line. After 1 million years of dating, I had finally had enough. A small, stubborn voice buried within the very essence of my soul said, "Fuck this. I am fucking not taking any more fucking shit."

And reader, just like that, I became a bitch. A holy terror on dates. And, holy shit, the men began to flock. I had thought it was because I had given up and didn't care. But now my brain spat out the obvious answer: Men go for bitches—women who spare no feelings, who assume no submissive postures, who will be aggressive and will suffer no fools.

But why? When I want to clarify my thoughts, I go to the Well.

"Reminds us of mom," wrote Joe Attitude (mz).

"Because they make us write their columns for them," wrote Clam Spam (kls).

The Well is an online bulletin board that is full of smart-asses. It's like a small town where we all know one another's business, where we can advise, ease, meddle and gossip.

"Reminds us of someone with the guts to take mom on. Such women are a lot easier to deal with," wrote Quoting for Trolls (josh). "They'll tell us just where we stand (no mind reading necessary). We don't have to walk on eggshells lest some rule we might not know about gets violated. The Bitch is as likely to be the protector as we are. The Bitch is also as likely to be a provider as we are; one rarely fears that the Bitch cannot make it on her own."

"So are we saying it's about—dare I say it—boundaries?" I wrote back. "If someone is too sweetie nice, does this mean you'll be the center of her universe, which is not madly attractive?"

"You're on to something there," wrote Ron Hogan (grifter). "I have enough problems living my own life that I don't much relish somebody else living hers through me."

"I like the notion that I won't have to handle or be in charge of everything," wrote the Impulse Is Wimming (jrc). "Because then if I fuck up it's OK, I've got some kind of backup. Also, if I wanna whine or moan there won't be some delicate flower dissolving into tears. Plus, I love the lace-up boots."

"There are times I've been an idiot," wrote Mangy Dog of a Stock Offering (ivanski), "and I know so. If she calls me on it, I'm more comfortable owning up to stupidity than pretending I'm fucking perfect."

Well, that's a relief. I'm not fucking perfect either.

One of the many boyfriends I acquired after achieving bitchitude threatened suicide when I tried to break up with him. He didn't mean it, trust me, I'm not that good of a bitch. But what a creepy, off-putting ploy. Nobody wants to feel he or she has so much power in a relationship that he or she can destroy the insignificant other.

This boyfriend's needy antics put me into the place of all those boys for whom I wasted all those years trying to impersonate a doormat. I felt smothered, trapped. I wanted to sprint in the opposite direction. But, who knows, maybe that's just me.

"It's not just you," wrote Wendy (wendyg).

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After two years of marriage, my wife now refuses to give me blow jobs. She says it aggravates her TMJ. I knew she had occasional pain and discomfort, but this is the first time she has mentioned it in relation to sex. Is this for real?—A.L., Chicago, Illinois

When a woman performs fellatio, she may open her jaw wider than usual and for an extended period of time. That can aggravate temporomandibular joint syndrome, which is damage to the sliding joints that join the lower jaw to the skull (TMJ syndrome affects four times as many women as men, and most often women in their 30s and 40s). The detrimental effect of temporomandibular disorders on a couple's sex life has not been given much space in medical literature, but jaw-locking and pain are common concerns. Dentist John Taddey, author of the book "TMJ: The Self-Help Program" (800-833-8865), points out that in extreme cases, a hug, a kiss or even being jostled in bed may cause pain. A woman's feelings about fellatio also can play a role. One specialist recalls a patient who disliked giving blow jobs so much she clenched her teeth before sex. That aggravated her TMJ syndrome at least as much as the fellatio. But the consultation gave her an out on "doctor's orders" (we assume her partner soon began suffering from stress-related disorders of his own). If your wife doesn't have such misgivings, physical therapy and jaw exercises can ease her pain in and out of the bedroom. In the meantime, let her know that it's not necessary for her to imitate a suction pump when she gives you a blow job—instead, she can use her tongue, hands and lips to tease you into oblivion. For women who find that fellatio occasionally leaves their jaws sore, take a minute to stretch beforehand. If your partner asks what the hell you're doing, tell him, "You're so big, I'm afraid I might pull something." He won't say another word.

Recently I got home early from work and found our new maid on the couch masturbating. When I asked her to explain herself, she walked over, unzipped my pants and gave me a blow job. The next week I faked being sick for three days and went home early on the other two to have sex with the maid. I would fuck her in the afternoon and then fuck my wife at night. But two days ago, out of the blue, my wife fired her. I asked why, but she didn't give me a straight answer. Does she know? I love my wife but miss the maid.—R.B., Phoenix, Arizona

Of course she knows. Didn't you notice the house was a mess?

Responding to the letter from the couple who shaved their genital areas to liven up their sex life: I recommend waxing instead of shaving. Waxing is

necessary every three to six weeks, depending on hair growth. I'm an aesthetician, and many of my customers, men and women, come in monthly for a wax. Just make sure the hair isn't too long. Ouch!—F.B., Venice, California

That's an option, though the prospect of someone pouring hot wax near our genitals sounds . . . well, actually, it sounds great. It's the part where the pubes are ripped out en masse that gives us the chills. Shaving will always have its appeal, especially when a partner is involved. First, it's much easier to do at home. Second, it can build trust in a relationship. Third, you need to shave often, and that tends to put your partner's face near your fun parts on a regular basis.

How often should you brush a pool table if it gets at least six hours of use a day?—A.K., Nanaimo, British Columbia

Brush the playing surface every two hours, and vacuum and wipe it with a damp cloth daily. Be careful to remove chalk marks, especially on the cushions, as they increase friction if they accumulate. It's also wise to cover the table when it's not in use. If you're serious about your game, sharpshooter Robert Byrne suggests occasionally shaving the bed of the table and the nose of the cushions with an electric razor. Not that great for the razor, but wonderful for your angles.

Thanks for the list of erotic films in the March issue. They improved what was becoming rather pedestrian sex. However, my husband seemed to enjoy more of the scenes than I did. Are there any films that would appeal equally to men and women?—R.T., Phoenix, Arizona

Steve and Elizabeth Brent wondered the same thing, and after repeated trips to the corner video store, they compiled a book, "The Couple's Guide to the Best Erotic Videos." Their criteria for a good porn flick: "The people are beautiful, the sex is athletic and interesting, and no one looks as if they are on drugs or being coerced." You might also consult "The Wise Woman's Guide to Erotic Videos," by Angela Cohen and Sarah Gardner Fox, who rate each adult selection for explicitness and sensuality. We particularly liked the authors' reasons to watch erotica: Your fantasy life will improve. Your libido will get a jump start. You won't catch anything. You'll have a few laughs.

I appreciate your suggestions for worthwhile X-rated films, but I dumped my VCR years ago. Does anyone manufacture X-rated films on laser disc?—C.G., Austin, Texas

Yes, but the selection is limited to a few hundred of the better-made titles. The major manufacturer, Laser Disc Entertainment, works with a dozen labels to release five titles a month, including a quarterly special edition. Like their mainstream counterparts, these collector's versions include additional footage and commentary from the directors and writers ("Here's where we tried to demonstrate Brandi's emotional fortitude"). In the works: a collection of erotic Japanese animation and an even more uncut version of "John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut." Will Lorena get an audio track? If you're looking for quality, Doug Pratt of the "Laser Disc Newsletter" suggests the special editions of "Latex" and "The Passion." He also recommends the soft-core "Sex and Zen," which "does for erotic films what kung fu did for fight films." In other words, don't blink or you're fucked. For a sample copy of "Laser Disc Newsletter," phone 800-551-4914. For a large selection of adult films on laser disc, contact Ken Crane's Laser Disc at 800-624-3078 or point your Web browser to www.kencranes.com.

The Advisor recently wrote about the impending availability of a male birth control pill. But I've heard that a male pill is already being used in Brazil. What's the story?—K.A., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The active ingredient in the Brazilian pill, marketed under the name Nofertil, is a derivative of cottonseed oil called gossypol. As we have reported, gossypol looked promising until researchers discovered it shrinks testicles over time. In addition, studies in China involving some 80,000 men with a similar pill found that ten percent to 15 percent suffered from sterility. Oops. The physician who hopes to make his fortune with Nofertil justifies that risk by noting that "even water is toxic if you drink enough of the stuff." We'll stick with condoms for

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

now. Researchers at the World Health Organization are betting on a hormone injection that would be offered to men as a skin patch. Keep your vasa deferentia crossed.

After I moved to South Carolina from California, my best friend and I began exchanging letters, making it a contest to outdo each other with the envelopes. For example, I addressed one letter to The Small Penis Society of America in care of my friend. Our contest escalated to include small drawings (penises, vaginas, breasts, sex acts). Recently I mailed a penis-shaped envelope made of pink construction paper. My friend replied with a vagina-shaped envelope, but it was returned to him marked IMPROPER POSTAL PROCEDURES. I've seen postcards of topless women that can be mailed. What are the limits on what can be sent?—R.G., Columbia, South Carolina

Anthony Comstock lives! Mail artists have been testing the limits of the Postal Service for decades, but it's still hard to know what you can get away with. It depends on how many postal workers your envelope manages to offend—or arouse (in which case, don't expect it back). A federal law makes it illegal to mail anything with "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile" markings or language on the wrapping. What does that include? Who knows. The word fuck is often enough to stop your envelope dead in its tracks, and with all the mail-bomb scares lately the Postal Service takes a less whimsical view of oddly shaped packages. For more on testing the limits, check out "Mail Art Postal Hassle Stories" ($3 cash from P.O. Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712) or point your Web browser to www.p22.com/projects/mail.html. As for nudie postcards, they have become common enough that postal sorters don't give them a second glance. If you want to shock the system, mail a handful of Annie Sprinkle's "postporn postcards" instead (800-213-8170). One of our favorites depicts a woman's breasts on one side and a man's chest on the other. You fill in each side with a different address and see where it ends up.

I bought a pair of speakers that sounded great in the store, but when I got them home, they didn't sound as rich. This may have to do with the layout of my room and its acoustics, but my old speakers sounded fine. Can you explain it?—B.B., New York, New York

When you buy speakers, they're displayed on "speaker walls" or in rooms full of equipment. When you test them, the other speakers vibrate as well, making your pair sound richer. Before you buy, ask to hear the merchandise in a private listening room. More important, insist on a liberal return policy.

A while back someone asked the Advisor about a sexual position called the three-eyed turtle. You said it involves the uncircumcised head of a penis being placed against a woman's clitoris. The couple then views the combination in a mirror, hence the third eye. But I read a different definition on a Web page put up by a morning radio show. At least I think I did. They disguised it by listing the words in alphabetical order: "a back between flat giving he her her her him his his hooters is is is job johnson knees man on on on oral performs resting rim sex she straddles the the while while woman." Can you help clear this up?—D.S., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

You rely on morning radio jocks for information about sex? How often do they get laid? Their description decodes as "The woman is flat on her back while the man straddles her, resting on his knees. She is giving him a rim job. His johnson is between her hooters while he performs oral sex on her." The position they describe might resemble a turtle, but it's better known as the 68. That's 69 minus one plus zero.

My friends and I are ready to introduce a shooter to the world, the toad. It's equal parts tequila, ouzo, amaretto and Drambuie. The tequila and ouzo give an initial kick, while the amaretto and Drambuie provide a smooth, sweet aftertaste with a hint of almond. Give it a try!—J.T., Ottawa, Ontario

That's a new one. If you're online, share your invention at www.thevirtualbar.com. The site enables you to inventory the liquors you have on hand, then it reels off drink recipes to mix on the fly. The Caltech Cocktail is on every list. It doesn't sound like a bad chaser for a toad.

A buddy asked me to go to a strip club to celebrate a friend's birthday. My girlfriend found out and went nuts, so I told her I wasn't going to go. But now she says I have to go because if I don't, I'll resent her. I can't win. What should I do?—A.C., Peoria, Illinois

You're right, you can't win. Your girlfriend is insecure, and pretending your libido shuts off except when she's in the room won't help her self-esteem. Her anger might be justified if visiting strip clubs were a habit, or if you had a history of dating strippers. Since it's nothing more than a crazy night out with the guys, keep your hands to yourself and have a good time.

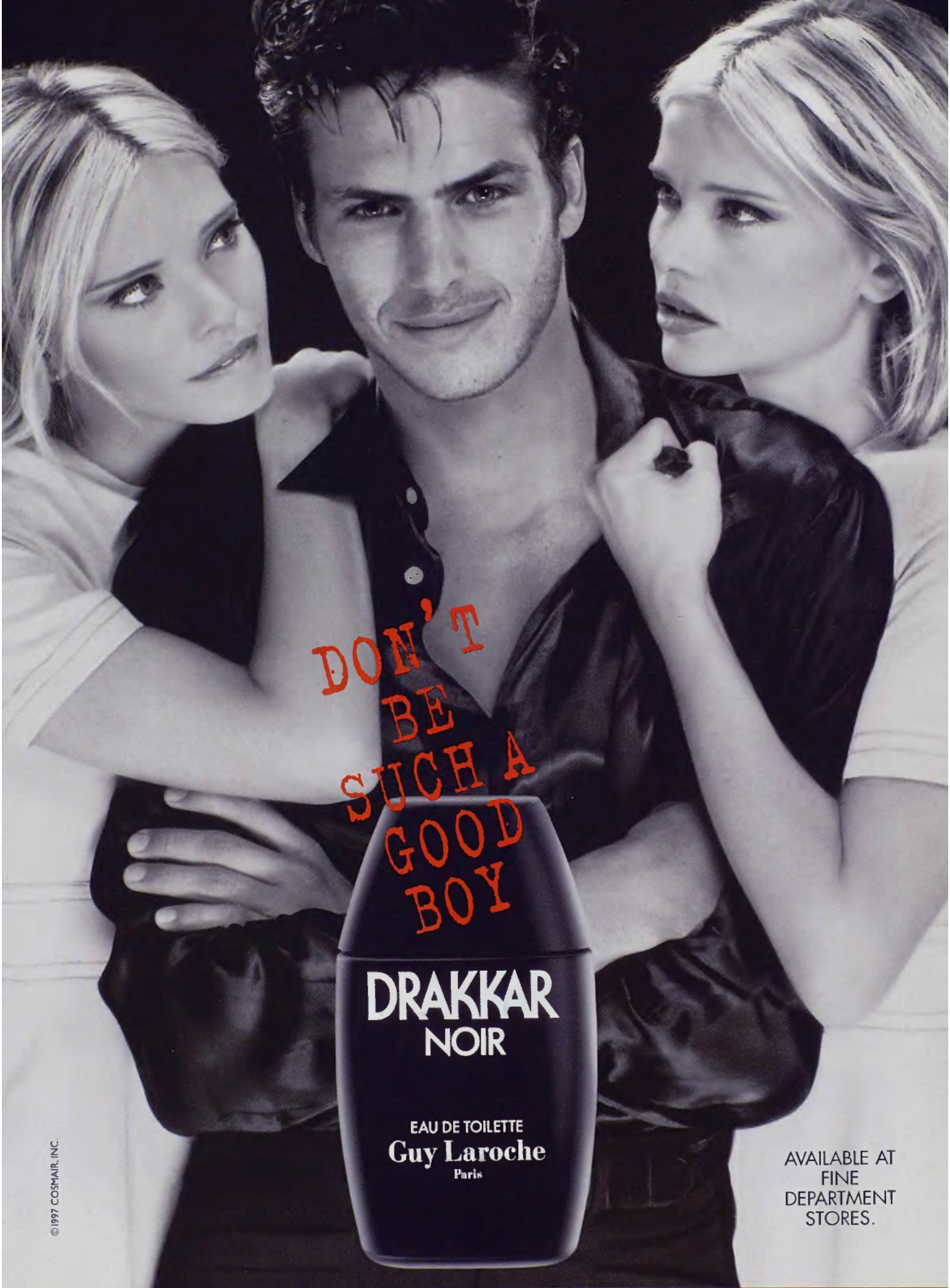
Soon after we started dating, my girlfriend told me she had orgasms only from oral sex or vibrators. The other day we were having intercourse and she yelled, "Don't stop! Something different is happening." She groaned, arched her back and had a tremendous orgasm. She said it felt like it originated inside her and was different from any other orgasm she'd had. We concluded we had located her G spot. Our sex life immediately improved. Some time later I wondered what would happen if I chased both orgasms at once. I used my tongue to play with her clitoris while hooking my finger into her vagina and gently moving it against the upper wall. It drove her wild, and after she came, she said both spots went off at once. We have dubbed this a "stereo" orgasm. Is this possible?—D.R., Boise, Idaho

Sure sounds like it. This debate dates back to Sigmund Freud (at least), who gave a lot of thought to female orgasms—no doubt while smoking a cigar. He believed that a woman has distinct orgasms depending on where she is stimulated. Trouble is, he also believed that clitoral orgasms indicate the woman needs to see a shrink, since she is obviously masturbating or using sex toys and has not yet achieved full femininity. According to Freud, vaginal orgasms are more "mature" and "authentic." In this case, of course, the good doctor was full of it. Later, after scientists had taken a closer look, some argued that stimulation of the elusive Gräfenberg spot produces a distinct orgasm, in that the vaginal tissue doesn't swell and the uterus is pushed down instead of elevating. Masters and Johnson countered with the position that an orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm. At the same time, however, they observed that many women who prefer coital orgasms say that the sex is more satisfying but the finish less intense. Joani Blank, author of the "Good Vibrations Guide to Vibrators," points out that there's only one way to learn more about the female orgasm, and that's to experiment. Some sex toys come with curved attachments to stimulate the G spot—rather than playing Twister with your partner's genitals, a vibrator can help you get organized. Mankind awaits your report.

It is my understanding that the 21st century begins on January 1, 2001. However, many people say that the century ends on December 31, 1999. So when should I hold my new-century bash?—N.R., San Clemente, California

The 20th century officially ends on December 31, 2000, but who wants to be the last man at that party? Plan a bash for both dates; invite your rowdy, carefree friends to the first and your subdued, introspective friends to the second.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's latest book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*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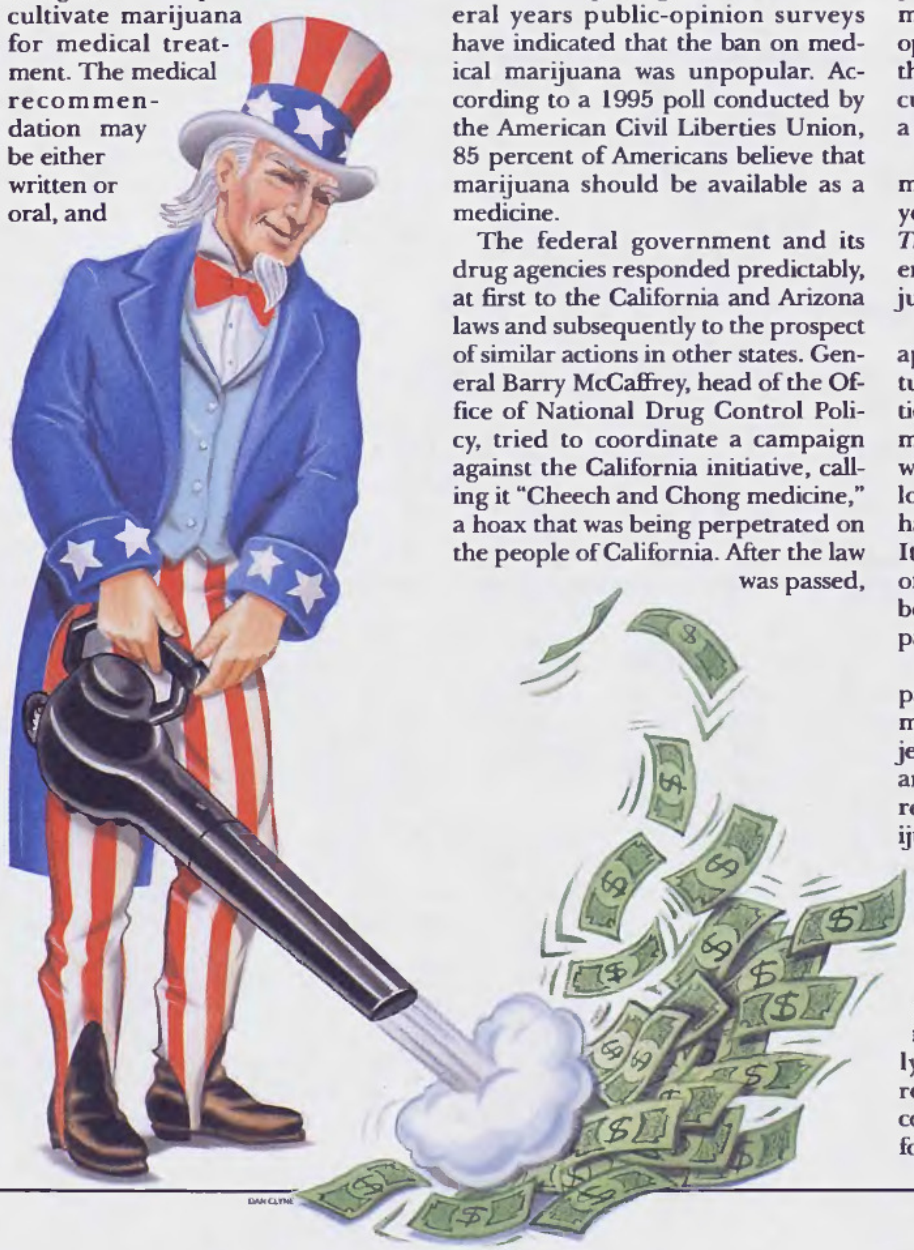
SMOKE SCREEN

the nation's drug czar is spending a million dollars to research the medical uses of marijuana. here's what he'll find

By Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar

In November 1996 the people of California approved Proposition 215, an initiative that could make marijuana legally available as a medicine in the U.S. for the first time in 60 years. Under the initiative, the government will not prosecute patients or their caregivers who possess or cultivate marijuana for medical treatment. The medical recommendation may be either written or oral, and doctors cannot be penalized by the state for making it. A similar but more restrictive initiative was passed in the state of Arizona at the same time.



The California initiative drew a strong and mostly sympathetic reaction from the press and public. But this isn't surprising, because for several years public-opinion surveys have indicated that the ban on medical marijuana was unpopular. According to a 1995 poll conducted by the American Civil Liberties Union, 85 percent of Americans believe that marijuana should be available as a medicine.

The federal government and its drug agencies responded predictably, at first to the California and Arizona laws and subsequently to the prospect of similar actions in other states. General Barry McCaffrey, head of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, tried to coordinate a campaign against the California initiative, calling it "Cheech and Chong medicine," a hoax that was being perpetrated on the people of California. After the law was passed, Washington threatened to withdraw the federal licenses to prescribe controlled substances from doctors who recommended marijuana and even hinted at criminal prosecution.

Since then federal officials have backed off. Maybe they were surprised by the support for medical marijuana and its basis in informed opinion. Thousands of patients, with the backing of hundreds of doctors, currently use marijuana medically for a variety of purposes.

Prop 215 was supported by several medical societies. In February of this year, Dr. Jerome Kassirer, editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, endorsed the medicinal use of marijuana in an editorial.

McCaffrey, meanwhile, agreed to appropriate $1 million for the Institute of Medicine (a branch of the National Academy of Sciences) to study marijuana's medical uses. The study will consider marijuana's short- and long-term effects on health and behavior and how it works in the body. It will also look at scientific literature on its therapeutic uses and how the benefits of marijuana treatments compare with other drugs.

The IOM has 18 months to prepare its report. We can anticipate much of what a dispassionate and objective committee will tell the general and the rest of the nation. So much research has been conducted on marijuana, often in unsuccessful efforts to show its serious health hazards and addictive potential, that we know more about it than we do about most prescription drugs. When the committee examines how marijuana affects health and human behavior, it will almost certainly come to the same conclusion reached in 1982 by a previous IOM committee: There is no great reason for concern. The list of government

commissions that have studied this question includes the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission (reporting in 1894 to the British viceroy of India), the Commission on the Marijuana Problem in the City of New York (reporting to Mayor Fiorello La Guardia in 1944), the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse (reporting to President Nixon in 1973) and the Le Dain Commission (reporting to the government of Canada in 1973).

These studies show that marijuana is remarkably safe. In 5000 years of medical and nonmedical use, it has not caused a single overdose death. A medicine's potential to cause death is often measured by a number called the therapeutic ratio. This is calculated by dividing the amount of a drug that would kill half of the people using it by the amount needed for a therapeutic effect. The higher the ratio, the safer the drug. For example, it would take from three to 50 times the therapeutic dose of the barbiturate secobarbital (Seconal) to kill half the people using it. Because no one has ever died from taking marijuana, the therapeutic ratio could be said to be infinite.

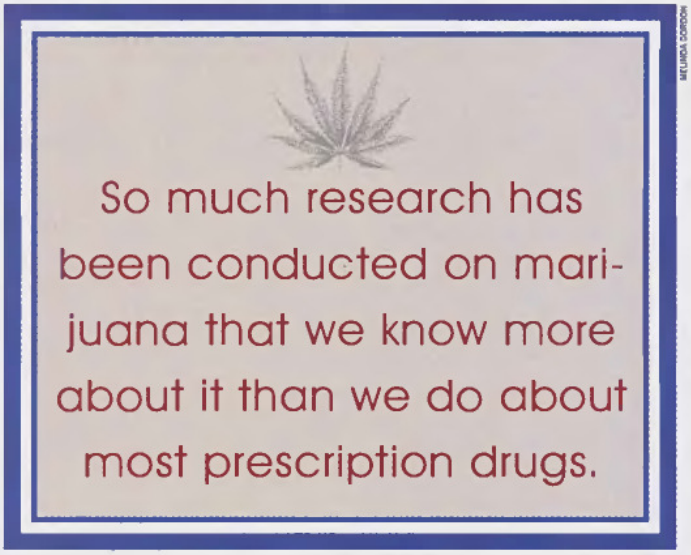
The IOM committee will also undoubtedly find that the other alleged risks of marijuana—psychotic reactions, dependence and addiction, so-called amotivational syndrome and effects on the immune system, sex hormones and the reproductive system—are either nonexistent or greatly exaggerated. Marijuana has fewer serious side effects than most prescription drugs and is far less addictive or subject to abuse than many drugs now used as muscle relaxants, sedatives and painkillers. In 1988 the Drug Enforcement Administration was obliged to consider a petition to make marijuana available as a prescription drug. The DEA's own administrative law judge, after hearing dozens of witnesses and reading thousands of pages of testimony during two years of hearings, declared marijuana to be "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

The only serious concern is the effect of smoking. Marijuana smoke, like tobacco smoke, carries irritating and possibly cancer-causing particles into the lungs. But there are important differences. First, even people who use marijuana for pleasure are rarely exposed to as much smoke as tobacco users. Medical users of marijuana will generally require smaller doses than recreational users take. Second, marijuana users usually take only as much as they need to achieve the desired effect, which they can precisely judge. That means medical marijuana can be made safer if its potency is increased, reducing the amount of contaminants in a given dose. Finally, technical innovations could allow the active ingredients in marijuana, the cannabinoids, to be heated and vaporized without burning plant material. Once marijuana is approved as a medicine and inventive people are allowed to develop a practical vaporizing apparatus, we will no longer have to worry about the dangers of smoking it.

The commission won't find much about marijuana's therapeutic value in recent scientific literature, partly because the federal government has discouraged such research. There are few controlled studies of the kind contemporary medicine relies on. But the use of marijuana for medical purposes dates back to ancient China. Since the middle of the 19th century, Western physicians have generated many reports and case histories. Between 1840 and 1900, European and American medical journals published more than 100 articles on the therapeutic uses of marijuana, which was known then as Indian hemp. It was mentioned as an appetite stimulant, muscle relaxant, sedative, painkiller and treatment for opium addiction and epilepsy. As late as 1913, Indian hemp was recommended by Sir William Osler, one of the most highly respected physicians of the time, as the best remedy for migraines. We can assure McCaffrey that Dr. Osler never heard of Cheech and Chong. We can also assure him that many migraine sufferers today agree with Osler.

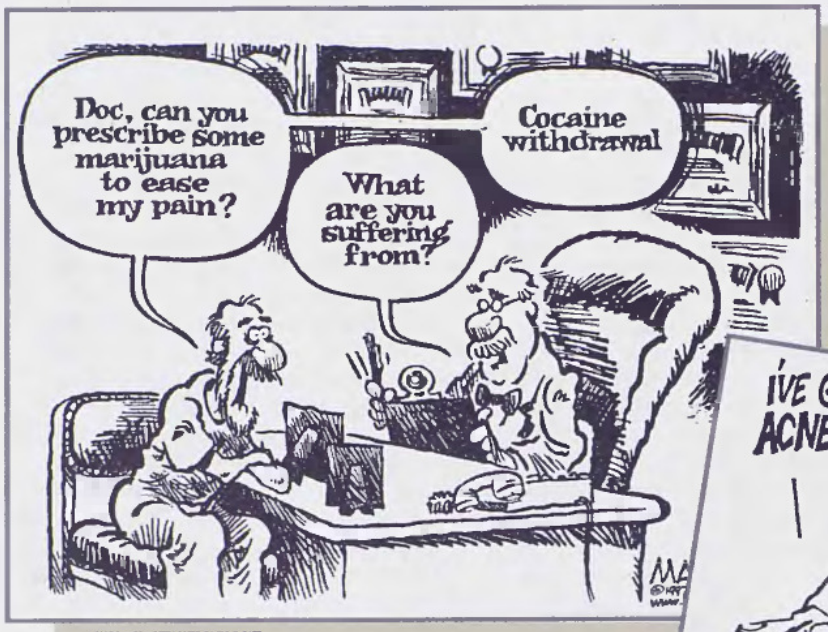
The evidence for medical uses of marijuana is still mostly of the kind sometimes disparaged as anecdotal—individual reports and case histories. But many of the medicines in use today were accepted long before the advent of controlled studies because of convincing anecdotal evidence that they worked (aspirin, insulin and penicillin come to mind).

The medical use of marijuana declined in the early part of the 20th century. The old method of application—an alcohol solution taken with a dropper—was unreliable in its effects. Synthetic alternatives, including aspirin, barbiturates and injectable opiates, were substituted for marijuana in some of its most common uses. Also, the nation became obsessed with the nonmedical use of the drug. After a campaign by Harry Anslinger, the first director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the federal government introduced the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. That law was supposed to prevent recreational use but also made medical use so difficult that marijuana was soon removed from standard pharmaceutical references.

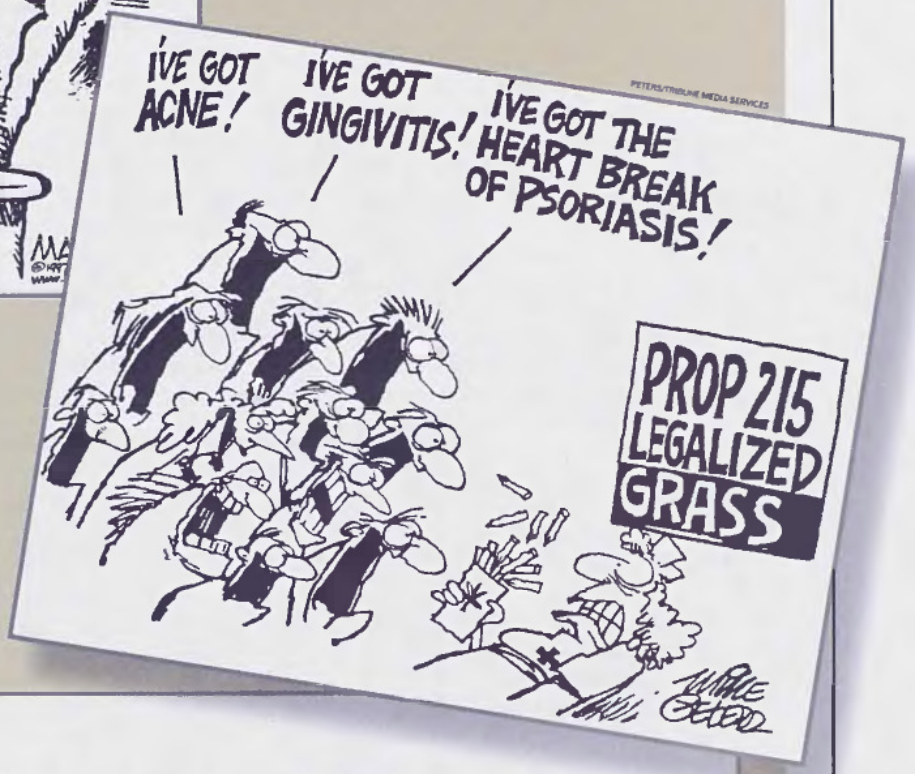


In the past two decades, many of the medical uses known to 19th century physicians have come to light again, and new uses are imminent. But instead of doctors telling patients about marijuana, patients are now telling doctors about it. In the ACLU poll, 22 percent of the people surveyed said that they learned about the medical benefits of marijuana from personal experience or from friends or family members who had used it. People with glaucoma learned that marijuana relaxes the pressure on the optic nerve that causes blindness. Patients undergoing chemotherapy have discovered that a few puffs of marijuana halt the nausea and vomiting that make some of them want to die rather than continue their treatment. Paraplegics, people with multiple sclerosis and others suffering from spastic disorders find that marijuana relieves their muscle spasms. Amputees

CARTOONISTS' SKETCHBOOK



MARGULIES/NORTH AMERICA SYNDICATE



PETERS/TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES

The California initiative ignited a firestorm of opinions on the drawbacks and benefits of medical marijuana—some surprisingly conservative. But Mike Shelton of *The Orange County Register* predicts the most likely response to the IOM report. He depicts General McCaffrey besieged by facts, telling an underling, "Just ignore them."

SIGNE/CARTOONISTS & WRITERS SYNDICATE

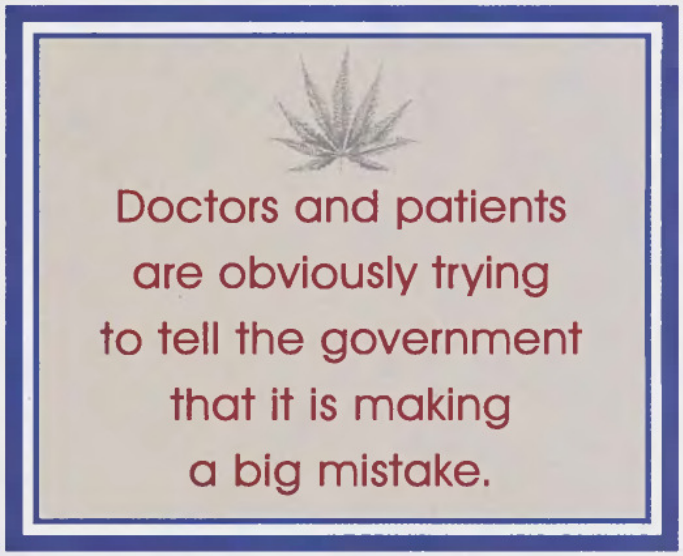
report relief from phantom-limb pain. People with AIDS who smoke marijuana regain their appetites and do not experience the AIDS weight-loss syndrome. The list of potential medical uses is extensive.

Health care professionals are paying attention. That is why the California Nurses' Association, the California Nurses' Alliance, the San Francisco Medical Society and the California Academy of Family Physicians endorsed the state initiative. Forty-four percent of cancer specialists responding to a 1990 survey said they had suggested marijuana to a patient. Doctors and patients are obviously trying to tell the government that it is making a big mistake.

McCaffrey's instructions to the IOM committee are to compare marijuana with other medicines used for the same purposes. Here the main value of marijuana is its safety. For example, marijuana sometimes relieves the pain and stiffness of arthritis. The standard treatments are aspirin and other nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, which can cause serious digestive complications and lead to several thousand deaths a year from internal bleeding. As mentioned above, some people with multiple sclerosis find that marijuana eases their pain and muscle spasms. The standard alternatives are large doses of the stupefying and sometimes addictive diazepam (Valium), along with dantrolene and baclofen, two potentially toxic drugs that are marginally useful. We have also seen cases (confirming 19th century reports) in which marijuana serves as a benign alternative substance for alcoholics and heroin addicts. Of course, it will not help every patient with one of these disorders, but it is safe enough to be worth trying even if only a few people benefit.

When the IOM makes its comparisons, McCaffrey may also learn that legal marijuana would be less expensive than most conventional medicines. If there were no "prohibition tariff," its cost would be $20 to $30 an ounce, or about 30 cents a cigarette, as compared with the present street price of $200 to $500 an ounce. One marijuana cigarette usually relieves the nausea and vomiting of chemotherapy. So does a standard dose of ondansetron (Zofran), the best legal treatment currently available, at a price of up to $100 for every episode of nausea and vomiting—or $600 or more if the patient is too nauseated to swallow a pill and has to take the drug intravenously in a hospital bed.

A synthetic version of delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, the main active chemical in marijuana, is legally available in capsule form (as dronabinol or Marinol) for limited medical purposes. Patients and doctors agree that marijuana is usually more effective. A patient who is nauseated and vomiting, for example, may find it almost impossible to keep a pill down. THC in a capsule is absorbed slowly and unreliably, and users often find out hours later that they have taken too much or too little. Smokers can judge correct doses better because they get immediate feedback. Besides, Marinol can make some patients uncomfortable, possibly because it contains only one of the many related cannabinoids in marijuana. Some of these substances may modify the effects of THC, which can cause anxiety in new users.



Once the general learns about marijuana's safety, versatility and low cost as a medicine, he may demand that it pass the multimillion-dollar controlled studies that are required by the Food and Drug Administration for approval of a new drug. The question is, who is going to pay for those studies? The cost of developing and testing drugs is ordinarily borne by pharmaceutical companies, which invest millions because they hope to win a 20-year patent that will make them millions more. Marijuana, of course, cannot be patented, for it is a plant that grows freely all over the world and has been used as a medicine for thousands of years. Drug companies may even have something to lose if marijuana competes with their products. So the government would have to pay for the tests—at least two large studies for each of the many potential medical uses. It will take a great deal of time and money.

It will also require a change in attitude. One reason there hasn't been much controlled scientific research on medical marijuana is because the federal government was determined to block the way. For example, in 1994 Donald Abrams, a physician at the University of California–San Francisco, tried to win approval for a study comparing smoked marijuana with Marinol in the treatment of the AIDS weight-loss syndrome. Dr. Abrams faced obstacles at every turn as he worked his way through state and federal bureaucracies. Eventually the project was approved by the FDA and by several institutional review boards and advisory committees. But the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the DEA would not provide the marijuana he needed—the marijuana many of his patients were undoubtedly finding on the street.

Even if research begins, it will take so long that other ways must be found to accommodate patients who cannot wait. The main purpose of the FDA approval process is to protect consumers from ineffective or toxic drugs. We know that marijuana is not highly toxic (partly because of the substantial time, money and effort that have been expended on attempts to prove the opposite), and the anecdotal evidence of its effectiveness is persuasive. More scientific research would certainly help; we need to learn which patients with which disorders will benefit most. But meanwhile, patients should not be prevented from using—and doctors should not be prevented from prescribing—a relatively harmless drug that might be more effective and less expensive than conventional medicines. Even cocaine and morphine are available by prescription. As Dr. Kassirer pointed out in his *New England Journal of Medicine* editorial, it is hypocritical to forbid the prescription of

marijuana while allowing the use of much more dangerous drugs.

The federal government itself acknowledged marijuana's medical usefulness more than 20 years ago. In 1976 growing demand persuaded the FDA to institute the Individual Treatment Investigational New Drug Application, commonly referred to as the Compassionate IND, a permit to be used by individual doctors whose patients needed marijuana. Even with the best will on the part of everyone involved, this arrangement would never have worked for large numbers of patients. In practice, the complicated application process seemed designed to discourage, and many physicians did not want to become entangled in the paperwork, especially because many thought there was a stigma attached to prescribing marijuana.

The government awarded only about half a dozen of these permits in 13 years. Then, in 1989, the FDA was deluged with applications involving people with AIDS. In June 1991, when the number of Compassionate INDs had risen to 34, the program was suspended, with an announcement by the chief of the Public Health Service that it gave a "bad signal" by suggesting that "this stuff can't be so bad." The program was discontinued in 1992. The eight remaining patients whose doctors hold pre-1992 permits are the only ones in the country for whom marijuana is not forbidden.

When McCaffrey declared that medical marijuana is a fraud, he was criticized for trying to tell physicians how to conduct their business. Although we may be risking the same mistake, we would like to suggest to him that a good general knows when to cut his losses and retreat. The administration does not have to wait for the IOM's report. It can free itself now from the need to defend the untenable position that medical marijuana is a hoax. As Senator George Aiken of Vermont suggested to the president during the Vietnam war, the government could declare victory and withdraw; in this case, by announcing that the medical value of marijuana has been established and a workable accommodation will be made for patients who need it.

Lester Grinspoon, M.D. and James Bakalar are members of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School and co-authors of "Marihuana, the Forbidden Medicine" (Revised and expanded edition, Yale University Press, 1997).

To support the legalization of medical marijuana, contact the following organizations:

Americans for Medical Rights
1250 Sixth Street #202
Santa Monica, California 90401
310-394-2952

Responsible for the passing of the California initiative. Currently building resources for the next round of initiatives in 1998.

Drug Policy Foundation
4455 Connecticut Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20008-2302
www.dpf.org

An independent forum publicizing alternatives to current drug policies.

NORML
1001 Connecticut Avenue NW
Suite 1010
Washington, D.C. 20036
202-483-5500
www.norml.org

The oldest organization still waging the fight to legalize marijuana.

Marijuana Policy Project
P.O. Box 77492
Capitol Hill
Washington, D.C. 20013
202-462-5747
www.mpp.org

Lobbies the federal government to replace marijuana prohibition with reasonable regulations.

Drug Reform Coordination Network
www.druglibrary.org

Maintains the largest online drug policy library. Links include an extensive collection of drug policy reports and a site devoted to medical marijuana resources.

DAN CLYNE

COOTIES

I doubt I'm the only one who found Susie Bright's analysis of the AIDS panic (*The Playboy Forum*, March) annoyingly glib. When it comes to sexual partners, my motto has been caveat emptor. My last relationship ended because my partner cheated on me in risky, unprotected encounters and withheld that information from me. Sexual desire is natural, but putting another at risk without his or her knowledge or consent to satisfy that desire is malicious, if not immoral.

R. Hauer
Brooklyn, New York

Susie Bright generously shares with us her wit, adult vocabulary and utter disdain for anyone who holds a position contrary to hers. The article is introduced by a blurb deriding conclusions made out of ignorance and "dishonesty apparent in the panic that shadows the AIDS epidemic." We are then treated to numerous examples of both.

Bright's panacea for the fear of contracting AIDS? Don't worry. Do your thing, and if you do somehow contract AIDS, you should join a cannabis club and have sex with someone who is likewise infected. Better that you should die before graduation, pronounces Bright's twisted logic, than miss an orgasm.

Now that we all agree that people should have sex any time and with as many partners as they can seduce, the next subject is how to do it. In her discussion of oral sex, she says that "to swallow or not to swallow is the question." Take heart from the words of the savior Bright, who assures us that "people are doing it and surviving quite nicely." In other words, go forth, be fruitful and open wide.

William Broderick
Willowbrook, Illinois

DOUG TAYLOR

FOR THE RECORD

NEW WORLD PORN

"The problem most women have who don't like porn is that they don't recognize the female characters in it as 'like me'—either physically, or in their desires. These big-breasted porno bimbos want to have sex all the time, with any guy no matter how disgusting. They will do anything, moan like they like it and aren't repulsed by male body fluids—in fact, they adore them. Women who dislike porn refer to this as a male fantasy, but what exactly is it a fantasy about? Well, it seems to be a fantasy of a one-gender world, a world in which male and female sexuality is completely commensurable, as opposed to whatever sexual incompatibilities actually exist. Heterosexual male pornography creates a fantastical world that has two sexes but one gender. That one gender looks a lot more like what we think of (perhaps stereotypically) as 'male.' Pornography's premise is this: What would a world in which men and women were sexually alike look like?"

—FROM *Bound and Gagged*, BY LAURA KIPNIS

The Playboy Forum has always been an informative and vanguard editorial section, but Bright leaves nothing but a big void in the minds of your readers. "Cooties" ruminates pointlessly over AIDS, an issue of grave concern to everyone.

Among the article's many failures, it asks: Is it safe to engage in oral sex when you have mouth sores or lesions? Bright poses the question but does not offer the answer. She gives lots of veiled criticism about the AIDS panic but nothing in the way of statistics or facts—not one single quote. When Bright denounces the Saltworks Theater Co. for depicting a character who gets HIV after one or two encounters, she makes light of what is a real possibility. Incredibly bad luck, yes, but not something to be denigrated with a flippant remark. And who did she think her readership was when she came up with the following: "You can envision gallons of semen from 50 cowboys pumping up your ass . . ."? As a heterosexual male who reads PLAYBOY at night, I can assure you this is not the image I want in my head before I go to sleep—or ever!

R.G. Bernstein
St. George, Maine

You're right. Ten cowboys would have made the point.

I like Bright's well-written article, but I take umbrage at a couple of terms used. These are the Nineties, not the Sixties, and it may be time to use more appropriate English. The offending words?

(1) Fuck: We all do it, but I would prefer to describe it as copulate.

(2) Queer: I would prefer gay or homosexual.

I am a happy, gay man born as such. Gay, not queer.

Tom Stanton
Buffalo, New York

THE CRYING GAME

If Brown University's treatment of Adam Lack ("Cry Rape," *The Playboy Forum*, March) was biased, so was Ted Fishman's summation of the case. There are no innocent parties here, including Lack. If, during a frat party, you find a strange woman asleep on the floor with the scent of vomit on her clothes, chances are she isn't catching up on her beauty rest. Under the guise of being helpful, Lack roused the woman, invited her into his bedroom

and then lay down with her. What did he have on his mind? Lack insists he couldn't tell that the woman was inebriated. Only someone willfully ignorant would miss that fact. To lie down with her while she was intoxicated was predatory. What a miserable, degrading way to make love. As for the woman in this case: Honey, I have no sympathy for you. Getting drunk and passing out in a strange bedroom shows a pathetic lack of judgment. If the disciplinary panel had guts, it would have considered those ten shots of alcohol she consumed a cry for counseling. To allow people to absolve themselves of responsibility for their actions because of intoxication sets a dangerous precedent. Does that mean drunk drivers aren't criminally responsible for the hundreds of traffic fatalities they cause each year? Anyone with common sense would see that this case is a morbid drama between two people who need to grow up.

F.E. O'Halloran
Prescott, Ontario

Come out of the Dark Ages, Brown University! A man should be responsible not only for his own behavior but for the woman's behavior as well? Give me a break! Women who refuse to take responsibility for their behavior give the rest of us a bad name.

Robin Fogle
Mount Sterling, Kentucky

I am deeply disturbed by "Cry Rape." I am a liberal, progressive man who is sensitive to the issues of sexual harassment and unwanted sexual advances and assaults. However, the name of Lack's accuser should be published so the world will know who was behind this ridiculous situation. It would be a public service to warn men of such potential dangers. Can Lack sue this woman in open court? I would love to see her undergo a thorough cross-examination.

Robert Marcus
Austin, Texas

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

WHORES ARE MY HEROES

XXXOOO: Love and Kisses From Annie Sprinkle is a two-volume collection of "post-porn postcards." The performance artist urges fans to send regards to friends and lovers with postcards. Below, we reprint the text from one of the cards. (You can also show postal workers a good time in the process.)

(1) Whores have the ability to share their most private, sensitive body parts with total strangers.
(2) Whores have access to places other people don't.
(3) Whores challenge sexual mores.
(4) Whores are playful.
(5) Whores are tough.
(6) Whores have careers based on giving pleasure.
(7) Whores are creative.
(8) Whores are adventurous and dare to live dangerously.
(9) Whores teach people how to be better lovers.
(10) Whores are multicultured and multigendered.
(11) Whores give excellent advice and help people with personal problems.
(12) Whores have fun.
(13) Whores wear exciting clothes.
(14) Whores have patience and tolerance for people other people could never put up with.
(15) Whores make lonely people less lonely.
(16) Whores are independent.
(17) Whores teach people how to have safer sex.
(18) Whores are a tradition.
(19) Whores are hip.
(20) Whores have good senses of humor.
(21) Whores relieve millions of people of unwanted stress and tension.
(22) Whores heal.
(23) Whores endure in the face of fierce prejudice.
(24) Whores make good money.
(25) Whores always have jobs.
(26) Whores are sexy and erotic.
(27) Whores have special talents other people don't have. Not everyone has what it takes to be a whore.
(28) Whores are interesting people with exciting life stories.
(29) Whores get laid a lot.
(30) Whores help people explore their sexual desires.
(31) Whores explore their own sexual desires.
(32) Whores are not afraid of sex.
(33) Whores hustle.
(34) Whores sparkle.
(35) Whores are entertaining.
(36) Whores have the guts to wear big wigs.
(37) Whores are not ashamed to be naked.
(38) Whores help the handicapped.
(39) Whores make their own hours.
(40) Whores are rebelling against the absurd, patriarchal, sex-negative laws against their profession and are fighting for the legal right to receive financial compensation for their valuable work.

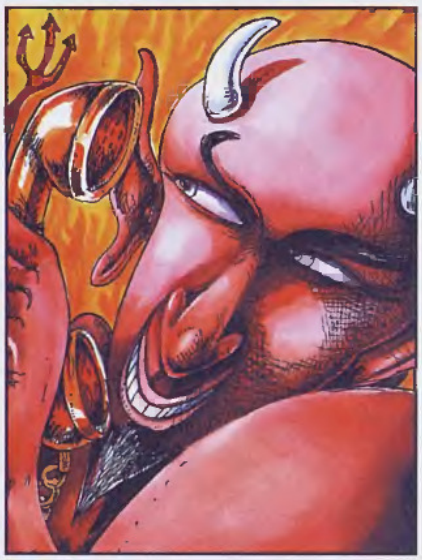
Each volume is $11.95 and can be ordered by calling 800-213-8170 or through the Gates of Heck Web site at www.heck.com.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

YOU SAY HELLO, I SAY GODBYE

KINGSVILLE, TEXAS—*Kleberg County commissioners voted to encourage citizens to say "heaveno" instead of "hello" to avoid a perceived allusion to the dark side.*



The resolution passed unanimously after a grassroots campaign by flea market operator Leonso Canales. "I see hell in hello," Canales told a reporter. "It's disguised by the o, but once you see it, it slaps you in the face." The resolution makes the use of heaveno optional because, as one commissioner noted, "we didn't want to get into the issue of separation of church and state." Canales now hopes to persuade Texas governor George W. Bush to adopt heaveno as the official Texan greeting.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Justice Department study on sex crimes revealed several trends. On the enforcement side, it found that rapists are serving longer sentences and being paroled or placed on probation much less often than other violent offenders. At the same time, the number of rapes investigated by police in 1995 fell to the lowest level in six years—though the study noted that just a third of sexual assaults are being reported. That may be in part because an increasing number of rape victims are minors. In the study, 15 percent were younger than 12, and 29 percent were 12 to 17 years old. Despite perceptions that most rapes involve strangers who attack adults, a large percentage of victims are, in fact, adolescent and teenage girls raped by men they know.*

THEREFORE I AM NAKED

MEAUX, FRANCE—*A high school teacher was suspended after playing "strip philosophy" with his students. On several occasions the 51-year-old instructor offered to remove pieces of clothing for each conundrum posed by his pupils that he could not answer. At the end of one particularly taxing lesson, he found himself nude. A student defended the exercise. "There was nothing sexual about it," she said. "He was showing that he was just like us." The parents of another student filed criminal charges of "sexual exhibitionism," and school officials stepped in.*

E-MAIL TREACHERY

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA—*A jury found the ex-girlfriend of a billionaire software mogul guilty of perjury and falsifying evidence after she forged e-mail to win a $100,000 settlement in a wrongful-termination suit. The forged message implied that the woman had been fired because she ended an 18-month relationship with Oracle Corp. chief executive Larry Ellison and refused to have sex with him. The woman attempted to use the settlement money to post bail, but the judge would not accept it.*

FINGERING CHEATS

ALBANY, NEW YORK—*The state's Department of Social Services reported that its welfare rolls dropped by almost 25,000 cases after it began requiring recipients to provide fingerprints. About 90 percent of those cut from the rolls live in New York City, and investigators believe many were receiving multiple checks. Officials next plan to share the database with neighboring states.*

TWO STRIKES AND A BALL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that federal judges may tack on additional time to a defendant's sentence based on allegations rather than convictions. In one case before the Court, a California man convicted of possessing cocaine but acquitted of a related gun charge was given a prison term reflecting both charges. In its 7–2 decision, the Supreme Court ruled that even if a jury did not find a defendant guilty "beyond a reasonable doubt," a judge could consider unproved charges at sentencing if he or she believed them to be true by "a preponderance of the evidence"—a much lower standard. The Court concluded that an acquittal "does not prove that the defendant is innocent," only that there wasn't enough evidence to convince the jury. Applying that logic, who needs juries?*

NO LIMITS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*An amendment to the Fair Credit Reporting Act, passed quietly as part of antiterrorism legislation, allows the FBI to view credit reports without a court order or grand jury subpoena and without the previously mandated notation that it conducted a check. The FBI can now retrieve any of millions of credit reports without a warrant and without leaving behind smudges. Feel safer?*

AIR JERK

CLIMAX, NORTH CAROLINA—*A judge awarded a woman $90,000 after she claimed her skydiving instructor fondled her during a tandem jump. The 21-year-old college student, who was harnessed to*

the front of her teacher, said he touched her breasts after their parachute opened and she reached up to grab the lines. "It was my first and last jump," she said. The instructor did not show up in court to answer the charges.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENNIS RODMAN

a candid conversation with the nba's boa-clad bad boy about rebounding, oral sex, lap dances, kicking that cameraman and how, deep down, he's really a very shy man

"This will be your most difficult interview ever." So said a friend who has prowled a few nights with the Chicago Bulls' freaky forward. Three days later we agreed that hanging with Dennis Rodman, discussing his public and private self in hotel rooms, casinos and nightclubs, was difficult at times—times like sunup, for instance. It was also rewarding in unexpected ways.

Our weekend with Rodman began with a visit to his agent, Dwight Manley, one of the real-life models for Tom Cruise's character in "Jerry Maguire." Yes, Manley said, Dennis liked the idea of doing PLAYBOY. *And since he was serving an 11-game suspension for kicking a cameraman, he had some free time. But there would be ground rules. "Not rules so much as ways of approaching Dennis," said Manley, as if he were discussing nitroglycerin. In the end, however, the Rodman rules were simple. First, Dennis does only and exactly what he wants. Might talk, might not. Meet him for dinner, hit a few nightclubs. If he offers to buy you a lap dance, you're in.*

Erratic? Expensive? Extremely, but any difficulty was a small price for quality time with the only cross-dressing, nose- and scrotum-pierced, best-selling millionaire author we know.

Rodman was born 36 years ago and grew up in the Oak Cliff projects of south Dallas. His father, Philander Rodman, abandoned the family when Dennis was three. Philander eventually moved to the Philippines, where he claims to have fathered 27 children. Dennis grew up with his disapproving mother, Shirley, and two younger sisters, Debra and Kim, who both played basketball better than he did. The girls became college all-Americans, while their big brother became a janitor and a thief.

After Shirley kicked her bad boy out of the house, Rodman was homeless. At 20 he was pushing a broom on the graveyard shift at Dallas–Fort Worth International Airport. One night he used a broom handle to pilfer 50 watches from a closed gift shop. He was jailed overnight and fired. Rodman hit bottom, then rebounded in a big way. He had grown almost 12 inches in a year. The clumsy high schooler who had never played a varsity game was now a force in neighborhood pickup games. Still, his coming-out party flopped. While averaging 17 points and 13 rebounds for Cooke County Junior College, Rodman flunked out.

Fortunately for today's Bulls fans, as well as for MTV and the feather boa industry, an assistant coach at tiny Southeastern Oklahoma State University saw Rodman play that year. Soon Dennis was a hoops hero in Durant, Oklahoma.

From 1984 to 1986 he averaged 26 points and 15.6 rebounds for the Southeastern Oklahoma State Savages. Rodman was a three-time NAIA all-American. Still, he says he was "a lost soul." Durant had a population of 6000. It was 5999 white folks and him. Fortunately a local family had taken him in. James Rich, a mailman, his wife, Pat, and their 13-year-old son, Bryne, virtually adopted Rodman. Bryne, who had accidentally shot and killed his best friend on a hunting trip, had terrible nightmares and needed a friend. Dennis, at 22, needed a family. On his first night in the Rich home he left the couch and slept on a trundle bed in Bryne's room.

Soon Rodman was milking cows and feeding chickens. Though he loved his foster family, he couldn't escape outsider status. The Riches tried to accept their friend Worm (a nickname for the way he wiggled playing video games). Yet there was evil gossip in town. It got so bad that Pat was reluctant to go out in public with Dennis. Eventually they became a functional family, and the Riches filled a gap in Rodman's life between the projects and the NBA, where he finally found the father he had been looking for.

In 1986 Detroit Pistons coach Chuck Daly risked the 27th pick of the NBA draft on the skinny no-name who became, at 25, the oldest rookie in the league. During the next two seasons Daly, a man Rodman almost

"Not to be bigheaded, but you can put me up there with Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. They say Elvis is dead. I say, no, you're looking at him. Elvis isn't dead, he just changed color."

"I am about to do something that has never been done. Before next season I am going to sign a $9 million or $10 million contract and tell the team, 'If I'm not worth it, don't pay me.' I'll play the whole year for free."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SMITH

"I don't ask people to look up to me. Nobody in the world is a role model except to his own kids. People think athletes are role models, but they're wrong. I do ask people to respect the individuality I bring to the table."

worshiped, eased Dennis past All-Star Adrian Dantley into the starting lineup for the famed Bad Boy Pistons. In the 1988–1989 season, Rodman averaged 9.4 rebounds and Detroit swept the Lakers for the NBA title.

Detroit won another championship the next season. Rodman was the league's defensive player of the year. He would soon lead the NBA in rebounding year after year; his 1991–1992 average of 18.7 rebounds was the best since Wilt Chamberlain led the league two decades earlier. But by 1993 Detroit's title team was dismantled and Daly was eased out—betrayed by the club, Rodman thought.

One day that year, Detroit police found Rodman in his pickup truck at dawn. He had a loaded rifle next to him and said that he was contemplating suicide. Before long he had been traded to San Antonio, where his colorful mean streak started making news.

It was in Texas that Rodman started dyeing his hair. Next came tattoos and piercing, and he began making borderline nutty statements. The man who didn't play much offense started giving plenty. He belittled Spurs coach Bob Hill, calling him Boner. He also expressed contempt for Spurs hero David Robinson, publicly questioning Robinson's guts. He refused to help Robinson on defense and turned his back on team huddles. He started going AWOL. Rodman won the rebounding title both years in San Antonio, but in 1995 the Spurs gladly traded him to Chicago for Will Perdue.

That deal had a notable sidelight. Bulls stars Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen have veto power on trades, but both agreed to welcome Rodman to Chicago. Though they remembered the 1991 playoffs, when Rodman shoved Pippen into the stands (leaving Pippen with a nasty gash on his face and Rodman with a $5000 fine), the Bulls' scorers wanted the game's best rebounder on their side.

Today, Pippen's chin bears the scar of Rodman's cheap shot. And Jordan can barely conceal his irritation with the Bulls' antic antihero. Yet with all three of them in the lineup, there is little doubt the Bulls are the best team the game has ever seen.

Meanwhile, Rodman transcends his craft. It was news last year when "Sports Illustrated" suggested that he might be the best rebounder of all time. Wilt Chamberlain has disagreed. In turn, Rodman has challenged Wilt by attacking a statistic that means as much to both men as rebounds: sexual conquests. When the Stilt boasted of having had sex with 20,000 women, Rodman wrote in his best-seller, "Bad As I Wanna Be," that "Wilt Chamberlain lied out of his ass." That was one of many naughty bits in the book that made the tattooed cross-dresser a crossover superstar. He also quoted Madonna's pillow talk: "Are you going to eat my pussy first?" and "I want every drop of your come inside me."

Then he acted hurt when she called him "disgusting."

Rodman is good at acting hurt. His book portrays him as something of an all-purpose victim: Nobody understands him, everybody wants a piece of him. And while some of his poor-Dennis pose is mere marketing—would anyone feel sorry for a happy millionaire?—his gripes sound sincere when you meet him.

For all his fame and his millions, Rodman carries a big chip on his tattooed shoulder. Yes, he has a big-budget action movie, "Double Team," in theaters near you. He has his own show on MTV. He has a new book, "Walk on the Wild Side," out to explain his innermost thoughts. Yet he insists that he is misunderstood. Maybe that's what makes Dennis Rodman the most postmodern celeb of them all. He is everywhere, emptily. He is in your face in movies, TV, bookstores, video games, action figures and virtual reality, but he says you don't really know him.

We sent Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to Las Vegas to get to know Rodman. He was joined by well-known Chicago businessman* **Bill Marovitz,** *who assisted Cook both as an interviewer and as a guide on some unique Rodmanesque adventures. Cook reports:*

"We met in Las Vegas, where the scenery matches Rodman's hair. I arrived at the Mirage Hotel and Casino, his Vegas headquarters, with time to spare. In fact, since it took Rodman about 28 hours to show up for our first talk, I had time to prepare a long list of questions.

My life is a circus. My year is 365 days of fucking confusion. But I'm still leading in rebounding.

"Those questions wound up on a disco floor somewhere. My first night with Dennis taught me that lists are useless with this guy. He may be the most nonlinear man I've ever met. You don't need questions to talk with Dennis Rodman. Benzedrine, maybe. One does not sit with him. Instead you chase him, ride in limos and watch topless dancers with him, keep changing the subject until a topic sparks his interest. Going into this interview I expected him to be surly, but at two A.M., even after a few drinks, he was bright-eyed and funny, with a knack for metaphor that startled me.

"After a day of waiting I had hooked up with his crew for a ten P.M. dinner at the Mirage. Ten P.M. is the beginning of late for me, but for Rodman it's the dawn of a night he intends to grab and squeeze like a stray rebound. That night, fresh off a standing ovation on Jay Leno's 'Tonight Show,' Rodman strode through the Mirage in furry tiger-striped pants and a leather shirt that showed off his muscled chest. His hair was the color of a lemon-lime Lava lamp. He lifted an eyebrow when his agent announced that I was there to do the Dennis Rodman 'Playboy Interview.' Rodman's expression said, 'We'll see about that.'

"During the next three days I would sleep a total of five hours. I would get to know the Rodman group, featuring Manley as well as Dennis' weekend girlfriend. And wise Wendell Williams, Rodman's 280-pound bodyguard, gave me the first quote I wrote down: 'Dennis isn't crazy. Dennis is free.'

"Rodman is no ordinary chat. I didn't so much converse with him as step into his stream of consciousness.

"We began in his limo, zooming past the giant fountain at Caesars Palace."

RODMAN: Evel Knievel jumped a motorcycle over this fountain. That was so cool.

PLAYBOY: Is that your idea of celebrity?

RODMAN: You know how I see it? Not to be bigheaded, but shit, you can put me up there with Jim Morrison, fucking goddamn Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

PLAYBOY: They're all dead.

RODMAN: They say Elvis is dead. I say, no, you're looking at him. Elvis isn't dead, he just changed color.

PLAYBOY: You're in Chicago Bulls colors tonight—a floor-length red jacket and black shirt.

RODMAN: No. This coat is not red. It's hot pink. I am a multicolored individual. A different color every day. They call me the Worm, but that's wrong. I'm the fucking chameleon.

PLAYBOY: Why is America paying you so much attention?

RODMAN: I give them a little thrill, all the people who forgot that life is fun. It's like *The Phantom of the Opera*—it might scare them, but they like it. But it's just a fad. I'm a fad. I am on fire right now, dude, but it won't last forever.

PLAYBOY: Are you more comfortable in public or in private?

RODMAN: Public.

[*As his entourage streamed through the casino at the Rio Suite Hotel, all eyes followed the towering, pink-coated Rodman. Whether he was gambling or on the move, his only protection was bodyguard Williams, who gently turned away autograph seekers. One girl got to Dennis by pleading, actually going to one knee as she cried, "Please! It's my bachelorette party." With a nod to his bodyguard—"It's OK"—Rodman allowed the girl to kiss him, and she raced down an aisle of slot machines, yelling, "I kissed Dennis Rodman! I kissed Dennis Rodman!"*

We sat in Club Rio at a table soon littered with empty shot glasses and beer bottles. The star seemed momentarily bored. There were two autograph hunters nearby; Rodman pointed to me as if trying to impress them.]

RODMAN: [*To the fans*] No autographs. Doing an interview here.

PLAYBOY: Does all the hubbub ever bother you?

RODMAN: [*Nodding, calling for a round of drinks*] I was in this club and when I went

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up to dance, everybody stopped dancing. They stood there watching me. I sat back down.

PLAYBOY: How do you relax?

RODMAN: Spend time with people who have a good time. The people you see in my limo. Fuckers who are fun. People who P-A-R-T-Y! Why party? Because I can. [*He hugs his female companion.*] This is fun right here. When you are in Dennis Rodman's clan you celebrate the living of life. So once I'm with people I like, I relax. Because I know there's people out there who want to fuck me.

PLAYBOY: Thousands.

RODMAN: No, I don't mean literally want to fuck me. There are assholes who don't like me.

PLAYBOY: Including the NBA?

RODMAN: I fuck up the NBA image, their whole business enterprise. Because I can express myself as an individual. In their high-society sport, I bring it from the heart.

PLAYBOY: You are known for your court sense—for anticipating what's going to happen next on the floor. Can you do that with trends, too? Did you plan the Rodman fad?

RODMAN: My things are never planned. I visualize, I focus and analyze, but I'm always in the here and now. Once I learned to be myself, to express myself, the rest just happened. And now I'm in the atmosphere. I am the reality. I'm Elvis, Jimi Hendrix and the Grateful Dead all wrapped into one. The president of the United States gets a hard-on just thinking about me.

PLAYBOY: Supposedly that doesn't take much.

RODMAN: His wife was on TV, joking around that she was "Hillary Rodman Clinton." Now, I always thought you had to have sex with a person before you took his name. So maybe she was thinking about it. I can see them in bed, the president's making love and she's saying, "Oh, oh, *Dennis*—I mean, Bill!"

PLAYBOY: What else amuses you about your fad?

RODMAN: My life is a circus. My year is 365 days of fucking confusion. But I'm still leading in rebounding, 600-plus rebounds in only 30-some games. Nothing is planned. My life is more addictive. But I love it. I keep Lucifer wondering, What will he do next? Will he really play his last game in the nude?

PLAYBOY: Michael Jordan told us he's against any such thing.

RODMAN: It'll happen. You'll see it.

PLAYBOY: Some people call you the world's weirdest athlete.

RODMAN: I'm not an athlete. Athletes are boring, typical and predictable. I can't even watch them talk on TV. You know, the scene after the game.

PLAYBOY: They're all putting the team first and giving 110 percent.

RODMAN: Save it. The difference between me and athletes is, they want to be athletes. They even want to be coaches when their careers are over. I am above all that. But still, I have my downfall every year. Some little thing blows up on me. A couple years ago I head-butted a ref and got suspended. This year it was kicking that cameraman motherfucker, Eugene Amos.

PLAYBOY: Amos is a courtside photographer. You plowed into him trying to save a loose ball. What made you kick him?

RODMAN: It was a trigger reaction. Can't I have a bad day? It's like you coming home from work. Maybe you've been working hard, focusing hard all day, you come home and your wife sits there bitching about the smallest fucking thing. Something triggers in the brain and you might lash out.

PLAYBOY: Should Amos have been there? In other sports the press isn't allowed to be so close to the action.

RODMAN: We need more room. The cameras they use today can shoot pictures of you from the moon, so why are they right up on the court? I could have broken my leg running into him and his camera. I think they should be at least two or three feet back.

PLAYBOY: Amos dropped charges against you after you paid him a handsome settlement. How did that work? Did you have a meeting?

RODMAN: It was a telephone call. He sounded like a politician. "Thank you very much," he said, "and God bless." Then I see on the news, just last week—Eugene Amos got arrested for beating his girlfriend.

PLAYBOY: Vindication?

RODMAN: Vindication in a way. It shows you that life has its wacky ways of working out.

PLAYBOY: Maybe Amos should give your $200,000 to his girlfriend.

RODMAN: He should give it back to my ass.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of numbers, you state that Wilt Chamberlain lied when he claimed he'd had sex with 20,000 women. But you have never mentioned your own career total.

RODMAN: In my whole life I have had between 25 and 30 women. Maybe five good ones.

PLAYBOY: You wrote in your book that you were still a virgin at 20.

RODMAN: Well, I'm making up for lost time. My hormones run wild like the fever of typhus, baby.

PLAYBOY: Why such a late start?

RODMAN: When you live in the community I was in, with no money, and you're not good-looking. I didn't have shit. Never went to the school prom. I didn't even like girls. Look, when you are just a motherfucking guy in the neighborhood trying to survive, it's not a sexual environment.

PLAYBOY: "Not good-looking"? Is that what you think when you look in the mirror?

RODMAN: I don't look at mirrors. I'm too fucking ugly.

PLAYBOY: We could easily round up 100 women who would jump at the chance to sleep with you tonight.

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RODMAN: I just don't like mirrors.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were so asexual you didn't masturbate until you were 19?

RODMAN: That's right. But the first time, I was already an expert. Just about jerked the head off it. [*He mimes wrestling a fire hose.*]

PLAYBOY: You've said you try to be faithful to whomever your current girlfriend may be. If she's not in town you sometimes satisfy yourself. You even gave your hands sexy names.

RODMAN: Monique and Judy. In case I get frustrated and confused, I always know they can help my ass out. If Monique gets tired, turn to Judy.

PLAYBOY: Not everyone is so candid about masturbating.

RODMAN: Masturbation happens 1.6 billion times a day. Every man and woman does it. It's like the wildfires of California, baby, so we may as well say it.

[*By now we had changed venues again. We were at a club called Drink and Eat Too. Even louder than the Rio, it was jammed with drinkers, dancers and Rodman-watchers. The watchee stood in a corner behind the bar, which was a step above the floor. From there he peered impassively down at all the faces upturned toward him. We had given up our talk for the night; Drink was too loud. Then Rodman shouted, "Reporter, reporter!" We were under way again.*]

PLAYBOY: You say your goal in life is freedom, being free of society's rules or even those of the NBA. When do you feel free?

RODMAN: Having sex.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more. What do you want in bed?

RODMAN: I want a woman who's free. That means she's independent and desirable. I could use some independence in a woman, too. Usually when I have sex I am in control, I'm dominant, but I'd like some woman to get on top of me and be in control for half an hour, do me for a half hour. Then we'd be even.

PLAYBOY: What makes a man good in bed?

RODMAN: Confidence. He should be confident in his dick. And eat pussy bigtime, too. Go down under and have a fucking groundhog for lunch, that's my advice.

PLAYBOY: Yet you wouldn't do that with Madonna.

RODMAN: That was a flash in the past. Can we leave Madonna alone? She's a good woman. I hope she gets what she wants.

PLAYBOY: That was gallant. OK, let's talk about your job. How does today's NBA compare with the league of ten years ago, when you were a rookie?

RODMAN: It's going downhill. The younger players have a whole different vibe, a different game. Some are big stars before they even play in our league, and right away they want to be more famous. Everyone wants to shoot. Everybody wants to be a big fucking star. But there are only about 20 real stars, and maybe four shining stars, in the league. Maybe one ultimate star.

PLAYBOY: Jordan? Or you?

RODMAN: Who cares? I just rack and roll.

PLAYBOY: You said four shining stars. Name them.

RODMAN: No, you name them. Go ahead. Knock yourself out.

PLAYBOY: Jordan, Shaq, you and Little Penny.

RODMAN: I don't care. I don't like the whole athlete phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it made you rich? Tonight we watched you playing blackjack and craps with $1000 chips. You must have had $30,000 in front of you.

RODMAN: I've got between $25 million and $50 million, and I fucking E.F. Huttoned it, dude. I earned it.

PLAYBOY: You got the money and three championship rings for being a great rebounder, the one who's famous for how much he studies the game. Even your critics say you might have the best court sense since Magic Johnson. Chamberlain was bigger and possibly better, but aren't you the thinkingest rebounder?

RODMAN: I study my craft. I can visualize the court, the ball and the action on the rim all at once. Never the other player. I think the game, not the people in it.

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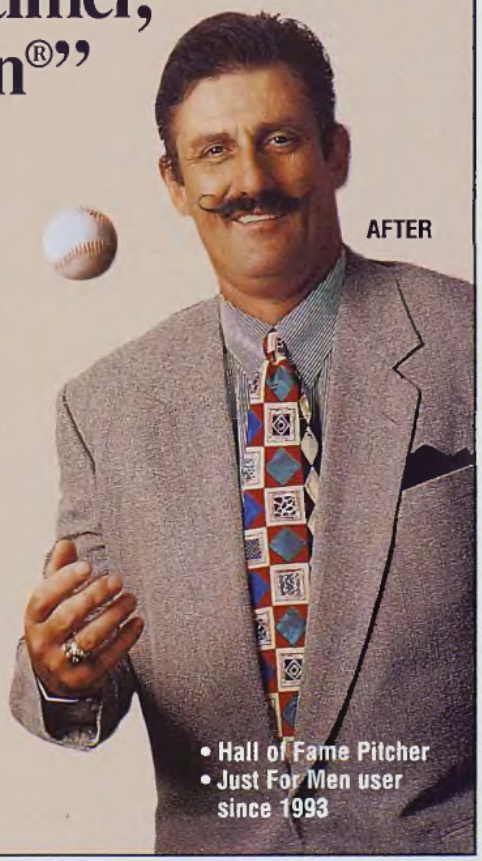

PLAYBOY: When you joined Chicago you spent hours in the gym rebounding for Jordan and Scottie Pippen.

RODMAN: Studying. Programming my mind. I study the people who shoot the ball. The way they like to shoot, where the ball likes to come off when they miss—you get a feel for it. Then when the game starts I can let my mind relax and go into that feel, the flow of the game. It's like rolling dice. Sometimes you get a feel for the dice. You can feel a seven coming. The ball is funny like that; I'll watch the ball—even watching a game on TV—and know if it's going off to the right or to the left.

PLAYBOY: Do you think teenagers such as Kevin Garnett, Kobe Bryant and Jermaine O'Neal know their craft?

RODMAN: They're not here just because somebody said they were good, are they? They have real talent. They had the feeling, now they have to show us they're that good. I think they can do it, but they haven't yet.

PLAYBOY: Are younger players worth what they're getting paid?

RODMAN: Paying players $90 million is ridiculous. Even $30 million—think of the lifetimes people work to get that much money. If you're going to pay players $90 million, I say they should run the team. Get out of the way. But if you are going to pay this ridiculous money, pay the players who are worth it. Not the ones who haven't done it yet. Pay the ones who win. Pay the ones who are out there giving you 110 percent every night.

PLAYBOY: People might be surprised to hear Dennis Rodman complain about overhyped NBA players.

RODMAN: Fine, but you know what? I am about to do something that has never been done in the history of sport. Before next season I am going to sign a $9 million or $10 million contract and tell the team, "If I'm not worth it, don't pay me. If I don't play up to that contract, keep the money." I'll play the whole year for free.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that?

RODMAN: That's right.

PLAYBOY: This is a pledge you're making here tonight?

RODMAN: It is. I'm already giving money back. When I come off suspension, I'm giving my pay to charity for the first 11 games. That's a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: Does it sting to be suspended—kicked out of the game for a month?

RODMAN: It gave me time to clear my head. Sometimes my life is so fucked up I don't know what's happening to me. I need time.

PLAYBOY: You're no longer part of Nike's ad roster, are you?

RODMAN: So I have no Nike deal. Nike is a swoosh in the past.

PLAYBOY: The league has threatened serious action if you misbehave again. There has been talk of a lifetime ban. Pippen says you learn nothing from all your crime and punishment. Will you be more careful?

RODMAN: No. If I fuck up, I fuck up. I live in the here and now, and I am not dead yet. But if I die tomorrow, I'll die with a smile on my face.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you punch a coach tomorrow. Could you smile at a lifetime ban?

RODMAN: That won't happen. They will never do that. I am too much of a hot commodity. The NBA won't say goodbye to me. They need me. The NBA is a cripple and I am the crutch. Ha! They tell me to act like a typical athlete, but they are playing both sides of the fence. I get attention. They profit off me. But I am jiving those fogies and they can't do a damn thing about it.

PLAYBOY: The Bulls reportedly ordered you to tone it down. How did that work? Did coach Phil Jackson or owner Jerry Reinsdorf call you in?

RODMAN: They don't talk to me. In a sense they want to control me, but they really want me to go out in the games and do my thing.

The NBA won't say goodbye to me. They need me. The NBA is a cripple and I am the crutch.

PLAYBOY: You loved Chuck Daly, your first pro coach. Then his championship team was dismantled. Daly was bounced and you were traded.

RODMAN: Chuck Daly was a loving, caring man who let you be a man. We won championships. It was a phase I went through.

PLAYBOY: Are you a role model?

RODMAN: No. I don't ask people to look up to me. Nobody in the world is a role model except to his own kids. People think athletes and entertainers are role models for kids, but they're wrong. Kids today have more options than we ever had. They don't need me to show them. These kids are 15 years old, partying their asses off. Every day is Woodstock. But I do ask people to respect the individuality I bring to the table.

PLAYBOY: You are a role model for individualists.

RODMAN: People say they don't want our young black kids looking like Dennis Rodman. I'm not asking for that. If it's what they choose, that's their business.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to be back with the Bulls next year?

RODMAN: Very much.

PLAYBOY: Do you care whether Jackson coaches next year?

RODMAN: It's important. You need to have confidence in a coach. I need a good vibe. I call Phil Jackson Lord of Lords—he is psychic. I have had two great coaches in my life, Chuck Daly and Phil Jackson. I don't want any more coaches.

PLAYBOY: If you were uncool enough to coach, what team rules would you have?

RODMAN: Show up for the game. Don't jive my ass. That's all you need.

PLAYBOY: Are you friends with Michael Jordan?

RODMAN: I told you I don't give a fuck about anybody in the NBA. I don't hang with athletes. Hanging with Michael Jordan is supposed to be big news? Please.

PLAYBOY: You trashed some stars in your book: David Robinson is gutless, Pippen can be intimidated. How did they react?

RODMAN: They didn't. I think they respected me for being myself.

PLAYBOY: Talk about a few of your colleagues. How would you describe Michael Jordan?

RODMAN: He's an intriguing, special performer.

PLAYBOY: Scottie Pippen?

RODMAN: A major star in his own world.

PLAYBOY: Charles Barkley?

RODMAN: The Reggie White of the NBA.

PLAYBOY: Shaquille O'Neal?

RODMAN: The future.

PLAYBOY: Do you think NBA commissioner David Stern would like to kick you out of the league?

RODMAN: I don't give a damn what David Stern thinks. He's not my fucking father. I don't care what Stern thinks, but I'll tell you what he thinks. He thinks I'm good for the league. David Stern is a closet Dennis Rodman fan.

PLAYBOY: Daly is often called your father figure. The same goes for James Rich, the Oklahoma mailman who took you into his home. Have you been looking for a father since Philander Rodman left when you were three years old?

RODMAN: I don't think that's true.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage without one?

RODMAN: I got used to it. Anyway, a man can't make you be a man. You have to do that yourself. You figure out that life is unpredictable and complicated and that you may not be happy. That's when you become a man.

PLAYBOY: Your father finally wrote to you last year. He sent you a letter from the Philippines.

RODMAN: I didn't get it.

PLAYBOY: After 32 years, he said he wanted to meet you.

RODMAN: He tried to. To me he's just another person trying to get a piece of the action. I don't hate the guy, but hey, I made it without him for all these years. If I met him I'd treat him like anybody else—like the people in the casino who want an autograph. After I got through

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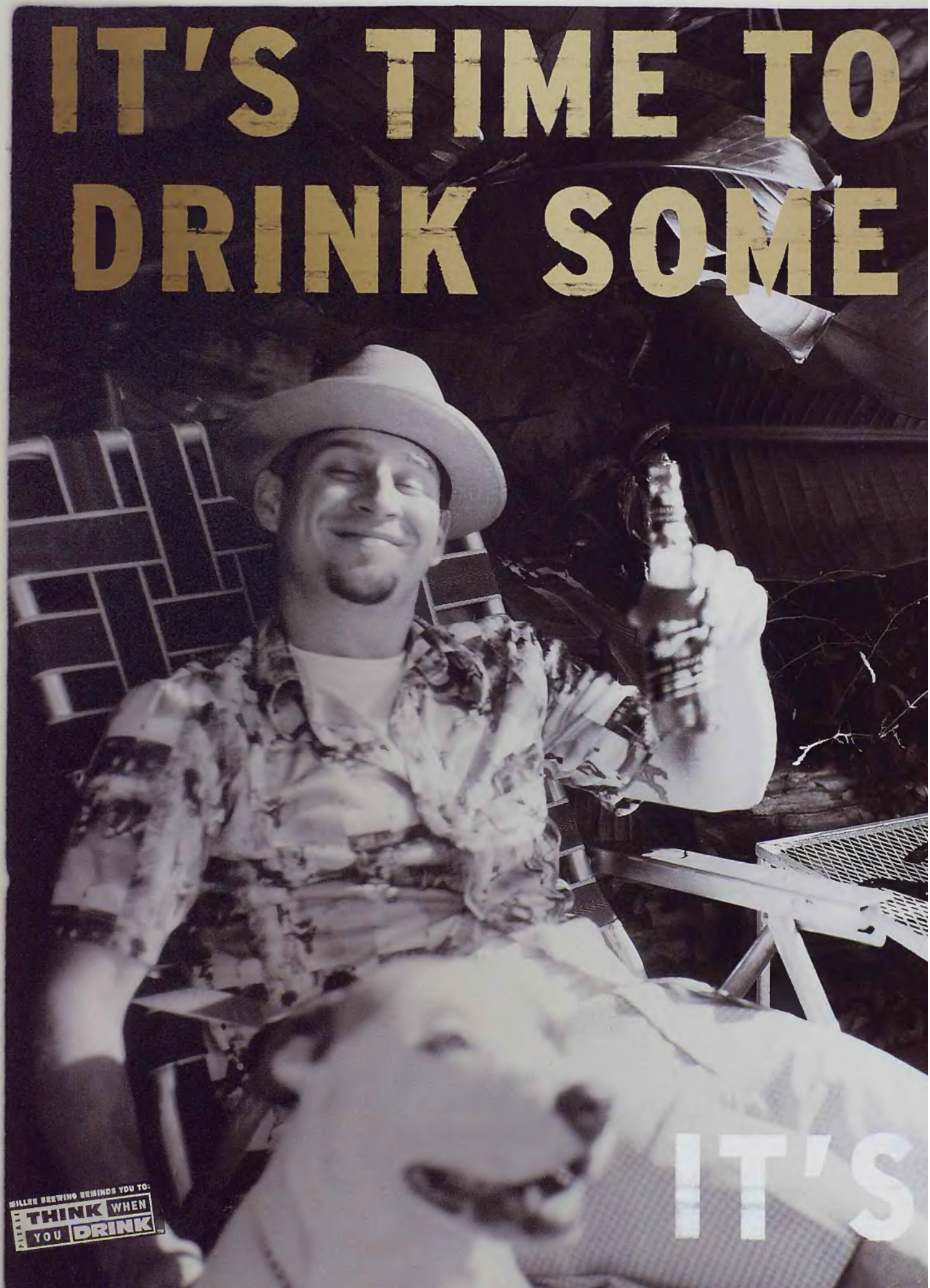
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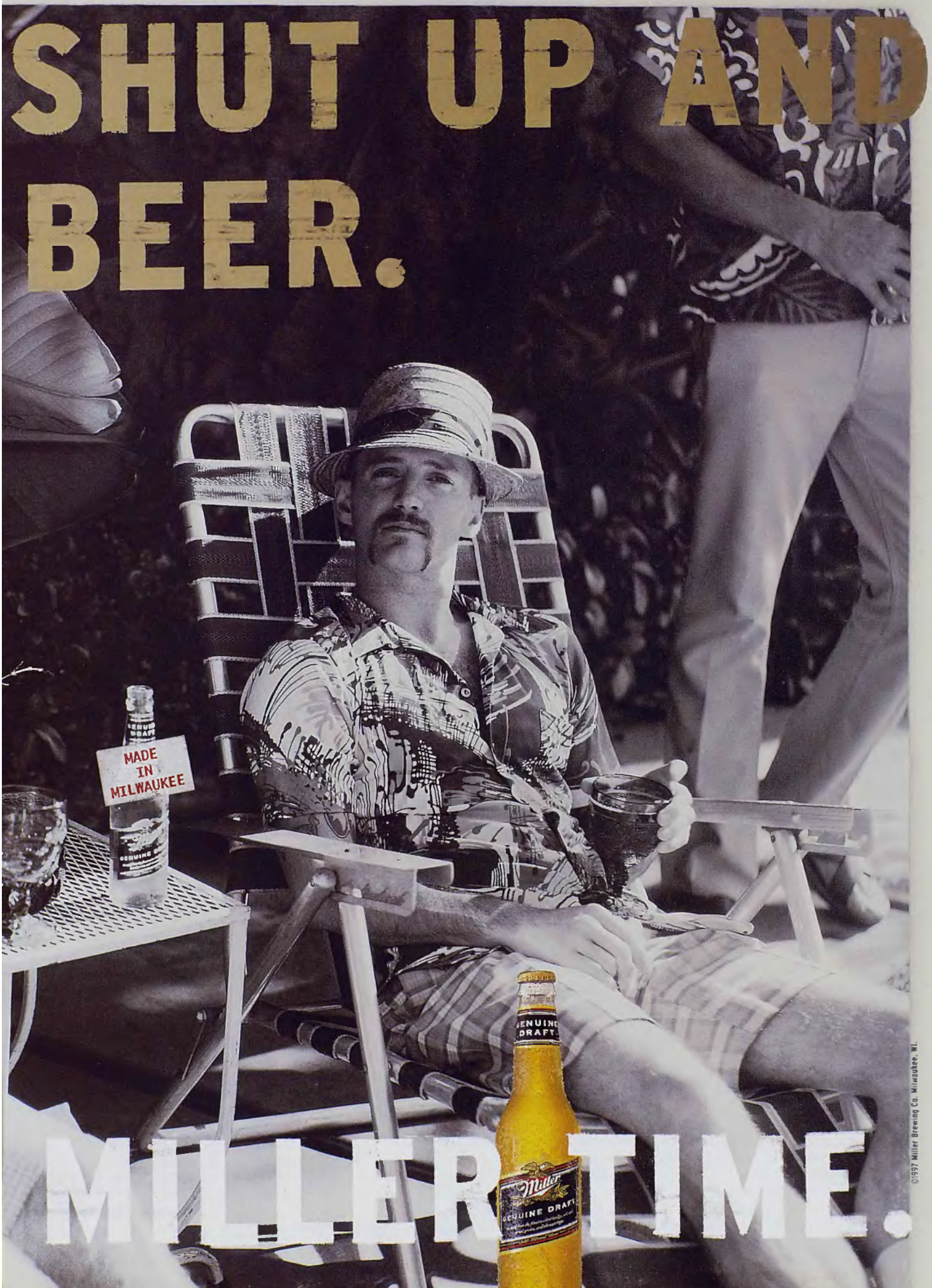
SHUT UP AND
BEER.
MADE
IN
MILWAUKEE
MILLER TIME.
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with everybody else I would shake his hand, too, and say, "How you doing? Nice to meet you."

PLAYBOY: And move on.

RODMAN: That's it.

PLAYBOY: Like your vindication with the photographer. What goes around——

RODMAN: Comes around.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were so shy as a kid that you had to be pushed off the school bus?

RODMAN: I wasn't really who I am until later. I was shy. I had the same feelings as the other kids, but on the outside I was just going through the motions. Other kids don't give you the option of being happy, being yourself.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try religion?

RODMAN: Went to church every Sunday until I was 21. I grew up Christian, Baptist, but I could be it all. I do believe in a holy spirit. I don't think you need to go to church to pray. That almighty spirit is everywhere. God is out there working.

PLAYBOY: Does he or she have a special plan for you?

RODMAN: No. I have no purpose at all. I mean, we can always pray to the holy spirit to whisk us away and make everything better, but who knows if that prayer gets there? It's only a mirage.

PLAYBOY: It's probably safe to say that your God isn't some bearded giant wearing a white robe.

RODMAN: Totally safe.

PLAYBOY: Maybe white robes and a boa?

RODMAN: Who knows? He might have on a thong.

PLAYBOY: There is a bit of your legend that doesn't make sense—your theft of 50 watches when you were a janitor at DFW airport. Everyone in the airport can see the security cameras all around. Didn't you know you would be caught?

RODMAN: Maybe I did it to get caught. Sometimes in life you have to light some dynamite, see if it blows up.

PLAYBOY: In a bid for popularity, you gave free watches to almost everyone you knew.

RODMAN: I didn't need popularity. But I didn't need that many watches, and I didn't take them to sell them. It was more to try something different, see what happens.

PLAYBOY: You must have felt alone the night you spent in jail. What was it like in an airport jail?

RODMAN: It's a holding pen. They handcuff you. You sit and wait until the police come pick you up and take you to real jail.

PLAYBOY: Before you finally found basketball stardom at Southeastern Oklahoma State, the James Rich family took you in. You befriended teenager Bryne Rich after he killed a friend in a hunting accident, and you lived with the Riches almost as a son.

RODMAN: Bryne is still my best friend. We were a couple of lost souls. For us, life was fucking confusion plus a bunch of goddamn agony. You just hoped for some part-time happiness once in a while.

PLAYBOY: What do the Riches think of your celebrity?

RODMAN: They're not starstruck. Or they don't show it. One thing about people in Oklahoma, they don't show what they're thinking.

PLAYBOY: Did you dream of playing in the NBA?

RODMAN: Basketball wasn't my dream. I never considered it.

PLAYBOY: No posters of Chamberlain or Bill Russell?

RODMAN: If I had been like that, I wouldn't be here now. No, I didn't want to be in the NBA. But I always had an idea something was going to happen to me. It didn't start until I was over 30 years old and learned to express myself.

PLAYBOY: You were 31 when Detroit police found you sleeping in your truck outside the Palace in Auburn Hills. You had a loaded rifle with you. You have said you were thinking of killing yourself. Instead, you decided to change your life.

RODMAN: That was the beginning of salvation. I was 32 years old before I found out who I really am. From then on I just did it, whatever it was.

PLAYBOY: Soon came the tattoos, nose rings and wild hair.

RODMAN: If not for that I would have been more subdued, just an athlete. But I'm having my childhood again from zero to 20. Right now I might be five years old.

[*Soon the Rodman party was in the limo to Paradise, a nightclub where Dennis bought more rounds of drinks. He handed his Peruvian surfer friend, Pepe, a fistful of $1000 chips for safekeeping—the bulge in Pepe's pocket easily held $20,000 in chips. Paradise is a gentlemen's club, a lap-dance joint. No touching; topless women writhe to disco music a half inch from men who pay to be teased. Dennis, who had already bought numerous drinks and flagons of coffee, offered to buy another round—not drinks this time, but lap dances.*]

PLAYBOY: Thanks, but no thanks.

RODMAN: Come on. Just because you're married?

PLAYBOY: Exactly.

RODMAN: Your wife ain't God, man! She can't see through walls.

[*He playfully shoved us toward a dancer. Without thinking we shoved back. As bodyguard Williams shot us a glance it occurred to us: Had we just missed a chance to earn a quick $200,000? Once again, much of our subsequent talk was shouted over pounding disco music. Sometimes D, as his friends call him, was being "lapped" as we spoke.*]

PLAYBOY: How many of the breasts here are all-natural?

RODMAN: I'd say 40 percent. What are you drinking? Let's get three more Jägers over here.

PLAYBOY: Jägermeister—the shot-glass drink of champions. You have had more than a few tonight. How can you drink so much and still perform so well on the court?

RODMAN: What the fuck did you say?

PLAYBOY: Do you have a hangover cure?

RODMAN: There is no such thing as a hangover cure.

PLAYBOY: How can you drink so much and be so fit?

RODMAN: I'm talking to you, right? I am on fire! This will be a great interview for you. Because I prepared my mind, bro. I can prepare my mind to party or do business. I can do both. Now, I don't party like this during the season, at least not every day. You have to pick your times. There are times when you need to do business, be physically inclined, do your job. That's when I do business first and party later.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever alone?

RODMAN: Game days I keep to myself.

PLAYBOY: Your workouts are grueling. You'll lift weights for two hours before a game, then run the court and tussle with some of the world's finest athletes, then pump iron for two more hours before you shower. Is that how you get the alcohol out? How much weight do you lift in a day?

RODMAN: I can lift what the mind can endure.

PLAYBOY: What thoughts do you have when the ball is in play? Are you thinking in words?

RODMAN: It's a melody, brother. No matter what the tempo of the game, it's always a melody.

PLAYBOY: Off the court, can you control yourself?

RODMAN: [*Shrugs*] Sometimes I don't know what the fuck is going on. I don't. I really don't want to do some of the things I do.

PLAYBOY: What's taboo to you? Anything?

RODMAN: I don't believe in limits. Killing yourself is the only limit.

PLAYBOY: Bob Knight thinks you're a fake. He calls you "the greatest hustler in the history of mankind."

RODMAN: He said hustler?

PLAYBOY: Hustler.

RODMAN: Then call me Mr. Flynt! I'll be the number one hustler.

PLAYBOY: You wrote that there was a surge in AIDS awareness among NBA players after Magic Johnson announced he was HIV-positive.

RODMAN: Then it went back to the way it was. Athletes are like anybody else. They might plan to use a rubber, but then it doesn't feel right, so they take it off.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't every team have an AIDS meeting—some doctor or therapist coming in to tell all the players to use condoms?

RODMAN: That lasts about 15 minutes.

PLAYBOY: How much NBA sex do you think is safe sex?

RODMAN: It's probably about 50-50.

(continued on page 171)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who prizes education. To keep him informed and entertained, he relies on his favorite magazine. PLAYBOY reaches 15 percent more college men than *Men's Health* and four times as many as *Esquire*. Today is graduation—but not from PLAYBOY. More than 4.2 million men read it after finishing college. More than 1.2 million PLAYBOY men with degrees go on to professional or managerial careers. PLAYBOY—an asset on every résumé. (Source: Fall 1996 MRI.)

The Road To Oklahoma City

the startling details of timothy mcveigh's plot to make and place the bomb that killed 168 people in the worst act of domestic terrorism in u.s. history

ARTICLE BY BEN FENWICK

As a reporter in the Oklahoma City area, I covered the events and proceedings surrounding the bombing for several news organizations, most prominently Reuters. I was on the site an hour after the explosion. In early spring 1996 I obtained a 66-page chronology confirming that Timothy McVeigh bombed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, specifying steps he says he took to execute the act. What follows is a narrative of the Oklahoma City bombing based on the document, which was assembled by Jones, Wyatt & Roberts, counsel for McVeigh. The summary document seems to be based on interviews with McVeigh, various research sources and investigative reports. Portions of this story appeared in March on PLAYBOY's Web site. In the interim I have expanded on the online version, elucidating certain parts of McVeigh's account and addressing various inconsistencies.

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On April 18, 1995, five days before his 27th birthday, Tim McVeigh drove a yellow Ryder truck out of Kansas. He told his defense team that he pulled over at a rest stop on Highway 77, near Emporia. McVeigh wore sunglasses and had on a baseball cap over his buzz-cut reddish-brown hair. Under his jacket he carried a loaded semiautomatic Glock pistol in a shoulder holster.

McVeigh got out of the truck, unlocked the back door, slid it up and jumped in. He checked the load, a homemade bomb. The barrels, core and fuses hadn't shifted. He placed the truck's rental agreement and his fake ID into the middle of the high-yield section of the bomb. The tools used to make the bomb were already stashed there. He jumped out, then pulled down the door and locked it.

Late that night McVeigh reached the Blackwell exit of Interstate 35 near Ponca City, Oklahoma. He pulled into a truck parking lot so the truck could leak unnoticed onto the grass. The leak came from the load, not from the engine or fuel tank. Inside the truck was a mixture of 50-pound bags of fertilizer and 55-gallon barrels of nitromethane racing fuel. He walked into a motel to get a room, but apparently thought better of it and left. He went back to the truck and bedded down in its cab for the night. At seven A.M. he awoke and headed to Oklahoma City.

(According to my documentation, McVeigh mentions no accomplice in delivering the bomb. But his attorneys were skeptical, and when McVeigh took lie detector tests, he failed the parts that dealt with whether or not he had an accomplice that day in Oklahoma City.)

McVeigh told his interviewers that, as he reached Oklahoma City, he took I-35 to its junction with I-40, just southeast of downtown. He got on I-235 and turned off at the Harrison–4th Street exit, which took him into the heart of downtown, directly behind the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building. (McVeigh said he and former Army buddy Michael Fortier had cased the building in December 1994.) That morning, he drove west past the back of the Murrah building and turned north on a one-way street. He then turned right at Fifth Street and pulled over at a tire store. According to one ATF mock-up, he next reached down and yanked a wire under the seat.

The wire went through a hole drilled between the cab and the cargo area, where the bomb sat. According to a government source involved in the investigation, the wire was possibly attached to a pull-cord detonator, which burns with a flash when activated. The detonator flared and lit the five-minute backup fuse.

When McVeigh did this, he was only

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

a block from the front of the Murrah building. The action was irrevocable. Even if someone else had known what was about to happen, the explosion couldn't have been stopped. The fuse was burning in a locked truck, buried under tons of explosives, and could never be extinguished in time.

McVeigh drove the truck east to Fifth and Harvey, at the northwest corner of the building. The stoplight was red. While he waited for it to change, he reached down and pulled a second wire, the primary fuse. When the light turned green, he drove to the front of the Murrah building and parked.

McVeigh says that as he stopped the truck, his eyes met those of a woman coming down a set of steps into the building. She was white, in her mid-30s, with dirty-blonde hair.

He shut off the engine with the truck still in drive and set the parking brake. He took the key out of the ignition and dropped it behind the seat. Then he got out and locked the door behind him. McVeigh walked north across Fifth Street and through a parking lot adjacent to the Journal Record building. He believed no one had seen him except the woman. He crossed Robinson, walked to an alley behind the downtown YMCA, turned north and began jogging.

•

The conference room at the El Reno Federal Correctional Institution, about 30 miles west of Oklahoma City, in which McVeigh and his defense team held their discussions was supposed to be clean of recording devices (except, of course, those used by defense attorneys and investigators). From the beginning, McVeigh's lead attorney, Stephen Jones, complained that someone was bugging their conversations. He said McVeigh would give the defense information that could be known only to the team. Yet, when the defense would go to verify this information, Jones said, it would discover the FBI had left 15 minutes before its arrival. "I think you'll find wiretaps," Jones told me in 1995. "But they may be legal wiretaps."

The defense team officially complained to the federal district court in Oklahoma City, where the case was being handled. Although no public action was taken by the court, the incursions apparently stopped, and the defense continued its interrogations. McVeigh told the defense team about significant events in his life that led to the bombing of the Murrah building.

•

McVeigh said his racist ideology was formed in 1987 and 1988 when he worked for Burke Armored Car in Buffalo, New York. There, his "views of the world expanded." Part of McVeigh's job was to deliver money to inner-city check-cashing establishments. McVeigh explained to his defense team that he would drive past a three-block line of black people "waiting for their welfare checks." McVeigh would push his way through the line, gun drawn, to deliver the money.

It was during this time that McVeigh "began to see why this race was given derogatory names," reads a document prepared by the defense team. "During the rest of the month he would drive by their houses and would see them always sitting on their porches waiting for their check, hence the name of porch monkey."

McVeigh fell in with "the survivalist crowd." A survivalist, said McVeigh, is "someone who is prepared to overcome any obstacle that may be thrown at them that is not part of daily life, including stockpiling food for disasters such as economic, natural or man-made. It would also include defense buildup of armaments, including guns and ammunition, and barter items such as toilet paper, food and bullets that you put aside in case the dollar broke down and was worth nothing."

McVeigh's interest in survivalism and racism led him to *The Turner Diaries*, a book written in 1978 by William Pierce (under the pseudonym Andrew MacDonald), an aide to American Nazi Party founder George Lincoln Rockwell. The book chronicles the fall of the U.S. into anarchy and details the overthrow of the government by heroic, racist revolutionaries. *The Turner Diaries'* preachy, alienated characters, shrill racism and revolutionary dogma struck a chord in McVeigh. "I read it as a gun rights book," he said. He would buy the book for $10 and sell it at gun shows for half the price, just to disseminate its message.

The fictional revolutionaries in the book rid the country of Jews, blacks and betrayers of the white race. In one scene the protagonist, Earl Turner, encounters dead men and women hanging from lampposts and trees: "There are many thousands of hanging female corpses like that in this city tonight. . . . They are the white women who were married to or living with blacks, with Jews, or with other nonwhite males."

The Turner Diaries has sold more than 200,000 copies. More significant in terms of the Oklahoma City bombing is the description of how an ammonium nitrate–heating oil bomb was made and used to blow up FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C.: "My day's work started a little before five o'clock yesterday, when I began helping Ed Sanders mix heating oil with the ammonium nitrate fertilizer in Unit 8's garage. . . . It took us nearly three hours to do all 44 sacks, and the work really wore me out." (In fact, photocopies of parts of *The Turner Diaries* were found in McVeigh's getaway car.)

McVeigh started to collect barrels of water in his basement to protect himself against unforeseen disaster. He took up shooting every day—sometimes practicing the entire day. He saved his money to buy land outside of town so he could practice shooting.

•

In May 1988, at the age of 20, McVeigh joined the Army. (See *Timothy McVeigh, Soldier* in the October 1995 issue of PLAYBOY.) McVeigh said that he was disillusioned with the "I am better than you because I have money" syndrome.

In the Army, McVeigh met Michael Fortier and Terry Nichols. Both men were later implicated in the Oklahoma bombing plot. Fortier, who had helped with the conspiracy, eventually turned state's evidence against McVeigh.

During the Gulf war McVeigh had been a leader of men, an ace gunner who was awarded a Bronze Star and a Combat Infantry Badge. But the war was soon over. McVeigh quit the Army on December 31, 1991, several months after he had washed out of a Special Forces training program. The perfect soldier had lost his opportunity to become a Green Beret, and the effect was devastating.

He returned home to New York State. From early 1992 to early 1993, he worked for Burns International Security in Buffalo and lived with his father. His anger, fueled by loneliness and by disappointment with his Army experience, began to weigh upon him. He started to collect weapons and strident antigovernment propaganda.

He told his defense team he experienced a "heightened sense of awareness of what the news was really saying." When he watched the TV news, he got angry at politicians for "mixing politics and the military," angry at the government for "strong-arming other countries" and angry at the "liberal mind-set that all things could be solved by discussion." Politicians did not want to face "tough questions or give tough answers, nor did they want to make tough decisions," said McVeigh. But then the government got tough at Ruby Ridge and at Waco. McVeigh described those incidents as "defining events" in his life.

In late 1992, before moving out of his father's house, McVeigh joined the Ku Klux Klan in Harrison, Arkansas.

(continued on page 158)

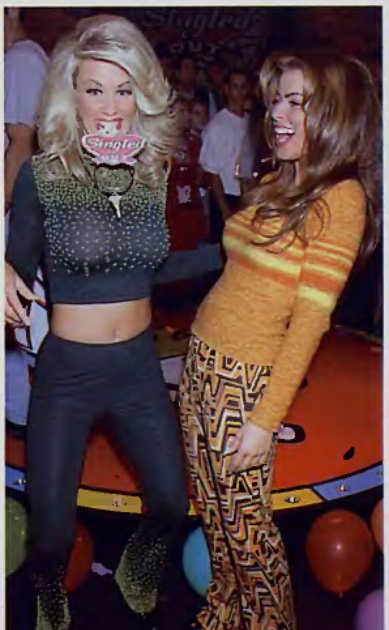
"Er, besides a good blow job, do you have another formula for true happiness?"

ELECTRA MAGNETISM

a year after we discovered her, the world feels carmen's irresistible attraction

WHO'S THE hottest TV babe of them all? A few years ago the answer was clear to every American male who had eyes and a pulse. It was Pam—Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson, who made *Baywatch* (a.k.a. *Babewatch*) the planet's most-watched show. Then along came Jenny McCarthy, our Playmate of the Year 1994. All she did was leap from MTV's dating show *Singled Out* into films and onto posters, hit records, *The Jenny McCarthy Show* on MTV and her own NBC sitcom. Now comes our latest hottest-of-all girl: Carmen. After we introduced Carmen Electra in May 1996, her career caught fire. Carmen, 25, is not only MTV's new *Singled Out* girl, she has also signed on as the newest *Baywatch* star—a bustier, brunette, late-Nineties answer to Pam. What kind of woman can fill the shoes of such superblondes? "Me. I'm ready for anything," Carmen told us when we met last year. And while she was one of roughly a zillion pretty girls seeking stardom, we saw something special in her. Prince felt the same voltage, but the records he made with rapper Carmen fizzled. Her PLAYBOY gig was a hit, however, and now Carmen sizzles.

Only a year ago Carmen was toiling in a little-noticed nightclub act, singing songs such as *Carmen on Tap*, written by her mentor, Prince. Then she caught the eye of the man known as Hef. Her PLAYBOY layout, which she slyly calls "slightly nude," helped lead to her new job as hostess of MTV's *Singled Out*. Carmen made her MTV debut (below) by clowning with Jenny McCarthy and co-host Chris Hardwick.



How to succeed in TV? Start with talent and great looks. Carmen, who hails from Cincinnati, was winning beauty pageants before she was ten. "Even then I was always performing, trying to be sexy," she says. Now she doesn't have to try. Carmen's patented "booty shake" on *Singled Out* is spontaneous and sexy. Of course, she plays it straighter on *Baywatch*, where she's sandy and sexy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Cue cards held up on the *Singled Out* set instruct the audience to GO NUTS! Those signs may no longer be needed, for Carmen sets off sporks wherever she goes. Is she merely our latest success story, or will Carmen Electra be a star who will outlast Jenny and Pam? Stay tuned.

the mill has taken a piece

of half the men in plunkettsburg.

it's terribly dangerous work. why

will no one tell me what it is?

IN THE BLACK MILL

fiction By MICHAEL CHABON

IN THE FALL of 1948, when I arrived in Plunkettsburg to begin the fieldwork I hoped would lead to a doctorate in archaeology, there were still a good number of townspeople living there whose memories stretched back to the time, in the final decade of the previous century, when the soot-blackened hills that encircle the town fairly swarmed with savants and mad diggers. In 1892 the discovery, on a hilltop overlooking the Miskahannock River, of the burial complex of a hitherto-unknown tribe of Mound Builders had set off a frenzy of excavation and scholarly poking around that made several careers, among them that of the aged hero of my profession who was chairman of my dissertation committee. It was under his redoubtable influence that I had taken up the study of the awful, illustrious Miskahannocks, with their tombs and bone pits, a course that led me at last, one gray November afternoon, to turn my overladen fourth-hand Nash off the highway from Pittsburgh to Morgantown, and to navigate, tightly gripping the wheel, the pitted ghost of a roadbed that winds up through the Yuggogheny Hills, then down into the broad and gloomy valley of the Miskahannock.

As I negotiated that endless series of hairpin and blind curves, I was afforded an equally endless series of dispiriting partial views of the place where I would spend the next ten months of my life. Like many of its neighbors in that iron-veined country, Plunkettsburg was at first glance unprepossessing—a low, rusting little city, with tarnished

PAINTING BY DAVID HODGES

onion domes and huddled houses, drab as an armful of dead leaves strewn along the ground. But as I left the last hill behind me and got my first unobstructed look, I immediately noted the one structure that, while it did nothing to elevate my opinion of my new home, altered the humdrum aspect of Plunkettsburg sufficiently to make it remarkable, and also sinister. It stood off to the east of town, in a zone of weeds and rust-colored earth, a vast, black box, bristling with spiky chimneys, extending over some five acres or more, dwarfing everything around it. This was, I knew at once, the famous Plunkettsburg Mill. Evening was coming on, and in the half-light its windows winked and flickered with inner fire, and its towering stacks vomited smoke into the autumn twilight. I shuddered, and then cried out. So intent had I been on the ghastly black apparition of the mill that I had nearly run my car off the road.

"'Here in this mighty fortress of industry,'" I quoted aloud in the tone of a newsreel narrator, reassuring myself with the ironic reverberation of my voice, "'turn the great cogs and thrust the relentless pistons that forge the pins and trusses of the American dream.'" I was recalling the words of a chamber of commerce brochure I had received last week from my hosts, the antiquities department of Plunkettsburg College, along with particulars of my lodging and library privileges. They were anxious to have me; it had been many years since the publication of my chairman's *Miskahannock Surveys* had effectively settled all answerable questions—save, I hoped, one—about the vanished tribe and consigned Plunkettsburg once again to the mists of academic oblivion and the thick black effluvia of its satanic mill.

•

"So, what is there left to say about that pointy-toothed crowd?" said Carlotta Brown-Jenkin, draining her glass of brandy. The chancellor of Plunkettsburg College and chairwoman of the antiquities department had offered to stand me to dinner on my first night in town. We were sitting in the Hawaiian-style dining room of a Chinese restaurant downtown. Brown-Jenkin was herself appropriately antique, a gaunt old girl in her late 70s, her nearly hairless scalp worn and yellowed, the glint of her eyes, deep within their cavernous sockets, like that of ancient coins discovered by torchlight. "I quite thought that your distinguished mentor had revealed all their bloody mysteries."

"Only the women filed their teeth," I reminded her, taking another swallow of Indian Ring beer, the local brew, which I found to possess a dark, not entirely pleasant savor of autumn leaves or damp earth. I gazed around the low room with its ersatz palm thatching and garlands of wax orchids. The only other people in the place were a man on wooden crutches with a pinned-up trouser leg and a man with a wooden hand, both of them drinking Indian Ring, and the bartender, an extremely fat woman in a thematically correct but hideous red muumuu. My hostess had assured me, without a great deal of enthusiasm, that we were about to eat the best-cooked meal in town.

"Yes, yes," she recalled, smiling tolerantly. Her particular field of study was great Carthage, and no doubt, I thought, she looked down on my unlettered band of savages. "They considered pointed teeth to be the essence of female beauty."

"That is, of course, the theory of my distinguished mentor," I said, studying the label on my beer bottle, on which there was printed Thelder's 1894 engraving of the Plunkettsburg Ring, which was also reproduced on the cover of *Miskahannock Surveys*.

"You do not concur?" said Brown-Jenkin.

"I think that there may in fact be other possibilities."

"Such as?"

At this moment the waiter arrived, bearing a tray laden with plates of unidentifiable meats and vegetables that glistened in garish sauces the colors of women's lipstick. The steaming dishes emitted an overpowering blast of vinegar, as if to cover some underlying stench. Feeling ill, I averted my eyes from the food and saw that the waiter, a thickset, powerful man with bland Slavic features, was missing two of the fingers on his left hand. My stomach revolted. I excused myself from the table and ran directly to the bathroom.

"Nerves," I explained to Brown-Jenkin when I returned, blushing, to the table. "I'm excited about starting my research."

"Of course," she said, examining me critically. With her napkin she wiped a thin red dribble of sauce from her chin. "I quite understand."

"There seem to be an awful lot of missing limbs in this room," I said, trying to lighten my mood. "Hope none of them ended up in the food."

The chancellor stared at me, aghast.

"A very bad joke," I said. "My apologies. My sense of humor was not, I'm afraid, widely admired back in Boston, either."

"No," she agreed, with a small, unamused smile. "Well." She patted the long, thin strands of yellow hair atop her head. "It's the *mill*, of course."

"Of course," I said, feeling a bit dense for not having puzzled this out myself. "Dangerous work they do there, I take it."

"The mill has taken a piece of half the men in Plunkettsburg," Brown-Jenkin said, sounding almost proud. "Yes, it's terribly dangerous work." There had crept into her voice a boosterish tone of admiration that could not fail to remind me of the chamber of commerce brochure. "*Important* work."

"Vitally important," I agreed, and to placate her I heaped my plate with colorful, luminous, indeterminate meat, a gesture for which I paid dearly through all the long night that followed.

•

I took up residence in Murrough House, just off the campus of Plunkettsburg College. It was a large, rambling structure, filled with hidden passages, queerly shaped rooms and staircases leading nowhere, built by the notorious lady magnate, "the Robber Baroness," Philippa Howard Murrough, founder of the college, noted spiritualist and author and dark genius of the Plunkettsburg Mill. She had spent the last four decades of her life, and a considerable part of her manufacturing fortune, adding to, demolishing and rebuilding her home. On her death the resultant warren, a chimera of brooding Second Empire gables, peaked Victorian turrets and baroque porticoes with a coat of glossy black ivy, passed into the hands of the private girls' college she had endowed, which converted it to a faculty club and lodgings for visiting scholars. I had a round turret room on the fourth and uppermost floor. There were no other visiting scholars in the house and, according to the porter, this had been the case for several years.

Old Halicek, the porter, was a bent, slow-moving fellow who lived with his daughter and grandson in a suite of rooms somewhere in the unreachable lower regions of the house. He too had lost a part of his body to the great mill in his youth—his left ear. It had been reduced, by a device that Halicek called a Dodson line extractor, to a small pink ridge nestled in the lee of his bushy white sideburns. His daughter, Mrs. Eibonas, oversaw a small staff of two maids and a waiter and did the cooking for the dozen or so faculty members who took their lunches at Murrough House every day. The waiter was Halicek's grandson, Dexter

(continued on page 90)

"Whoa . . . and no underwear. He really is a bell ringer."

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Opposite page: "Back home above the Arctic Circle," she thinks, "we used to eat boys like this for breakfast." "Touch her thigh?" he wonders. "No problem!" What he's wearing: The cotton poplin suit is by MNW Wardrobe ($750) and the stretch cotton-blend shirt is a V-neck by Katharine Hamnett ($135). The armhole is cut high, but there's plenty of give. Nicole Forhi did the leather belt ($78) and loafers ($170). The woman's outfit is by Guess.

"He reminds me of my first boyfriend," she ruminates. "Of course, everybody looks good in Prada." While he's thinking: "I smell strawberries. And champagne. And honey. Mmm." His clothes: The ice-creamy sweater is all cashmere, all Proda ($370). The stretch linen pants are by Prada also ($360). His outfit is an expression of the new minimalism. It's cool, not cold, and has a soft edge. Note the comfortable creose to his white pants—they're pressed without being stiff. Her dress is by Konae & Onyx.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER/TEXT BY CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

TIGHT SQUEEZE

START WORKING OUT. THIS SEASON'S SLIM FASHIONS FIT CLOSE TO THE BODY

It's a summer fashion shoot in the dead of winter. Everyone arrives at the loft in down jackets, sulky and bulky. The photographer turns up the heat, breaks out the machine-age chairs and tosses fluffy things underfoot. Winter hits the floor in a pile. Summer jumps off the hangers—close-fitting clothes in soft tones. Among young designers, the trend is to use tight stretch fabrics. It's a less drapey look than the usual casualwear, yet just as relaxed. Models gather. At first, they touch one another's clothes tentatively. Sensual stuff, this. Smiles break the ice. There's no fancy gender-bending here. Boys will be boys and girls will be flirty.

Opposite page: "One more button and I've got this guy hooked," she's plotting, while he laments: "This never happens in my street clothes. I'm throwing out all my jeans." He's wearing a $1500 Gucci suit, made of wool and mohair, with a silk French-cuffed shirt (also by Gucci, $395). He's also gone cosual by wearing a form-fitting shirt outside his flot-front pants. This page: "Maybe a storm will hit," she thinks, "and we'll be snowbound." What he's thinking: "These pants have a lap of luxury. And the headrest, yes." His three-button suit is nylon, from Dolce & Gabbona's D&G line ($1000). Katharine Hamnett did the nylon print shirt ($150). Her outfit is by Kanae & Onyx.

"Is it what he's wearing," she muses, "or is his skin really this smooth?" "She doesn't love me," he worries. "She's just after my clothes. OK, so use me. All I ask is to see her come out of my bathroom weoring nothing but this shirt." Techie fabrics are a big reoson the new clingy cuts drape so well. The buttondown shirt cousing all the fuss is by MNW. It's made of stretch nylon ond costs $115. Logo belt buckles are a must-have. This one is by Nicole Farhi ($85). And for $275 you can own this pair of cotton seersucker pants by Eugene Lumpkin.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

What she's thinking: "Cool belt buckle. I wonder how it warks." What he's thinking: "I'm in a Soho loft, sitting on a rug, with a beautiful girl nuzzling me all day. And I'm getting paid for it. Sweet." What he's not wearing: rings, bracelets or gold chains. Keep the accessories to a minimum for a softer image. A belt with a slide buckle (DKNY, $85) and a pair of wraparound shades (Emporio Armani, $165) are all that's needed to complement the ribbed knit shirt by Calvin Klein ($295). It's silk and rayon and has a johnny collar. The poplin khakis are also by Calvin Klein ($245). His slide sandals are by DKNY ($155).

BLACK MILL *(continued from page 82)*

I was no closer to understanding the terrible work to which people sacrificed the bodies of their men.

Eibonas, an earnest, good-looking, affable redhead of 17 who was a favorite among the college faculty. He was intelligent, curious, widely if erratically read. He was always pestering me to take him out to dig in the mounds, and while I would not have been averse to his pleasant company, the terms of my agreement with the board of the college, who were the trustees of the site, expressly forbade the recruiting of local workmen. Nevertheless I gave him books on archaeology and kept him abreast of my discoveries, such as they were. Several of the Plunkettsburg professors, I learned, had also taken an interest in the development of his mind.

"They sent me up to Pittsburgh last winter," he told me one evening about a month into my sojourn, as he brought me a bottle of Ring and a plate of Mrs. Eibonas' famous kielbasa with sauerkraut. Professor Brown-Jenkin had been much mistaken, in my opinion, about the best-laid table in town. During the most tedious, chilly and profitless stretches of my scratchings-about in the bleak, flinty Yuggoghenies, I was often sustained solely by thoughts of Mrs. Eibonas' homemade sausages and cakes. "I had an interview with the dean of engineering at Tech. Professor Collier even paid for a hotel for Mother and me."

"And how did it go?"

"Oh, it went fine, I guess," said Dexter. "I was accepted."

"Oh," I said, confused. The autumn semester at Carnegie Tech, I imagined, would have been ending that very week.

"Have you—have you deferred your admission?"

"Deferred it indefinitely, I guess. I told them no thanks." Dexter had, in an excess of nervous energy, been snapping a tea towel back and forth. He stopped. His normally bright eyes took on a glazed, I would almost have said a dreamy, expression. "I'm going to work in the mill."

"The *mill*?" I said, incredulous. I looked at him to see if he was teasing me, but at that moment he seemed to be entertaining only the pleasantest imaginings of his labors in that fiery black castle. I had a sudden vision of his pleasant face rendered earless, and looked away. "Forgive my asking, but why would you want to do that?"

"My father did it," said Dexter, his voice dull. "His father, too. I'm on the hiring list." The light came back into his eyes, and he resumed snapping the towel. "Soon as a place opens up, I'm going in."

He left me and went back into the kitchen, and I sat there shuddering. *I'm going in.* The phrase had a heroic, doomed ring to it, like the pronouncement of a fireman about to enter his last burning house. Over the course of the previous month I'd had ample opportunity to observe the mill and its effect on the male population of Plunkettsburg. Casual observation, in local markets and bars, in the lobby of the Orpheum on State Street, on the sidewalks, in Birch's general store out on Gray Road where I stopped for coffee and cigarettes every morning on my way up to the mound complex, had led me to estimate that in truth, fully half of the townsmen had lost some visible portion of their anatomies to Murrough Manufacturing, Inc. And yet all my attempts to ascertain how these often horribly grave accidents had befallen their bent, maimed or limping victims were met, invariably, with an explanation at once so detailed and so vague, so rich in mechanical jargon and yet so free of actual information, that I had never yet succeeded in producing in my mind an adequate picture of the incident in question, or, for that matter, of what kind of deadly labor was performed in the black mill.

What, precisely, was manufactured in that bastion of industrial democracy and fount of the Murrough millions? I heard the trains come sighing and moaning into town in the middle of the night, clanging as they were shunted into the mill sidings. I saw the black diesel trucks, emblazoned with the crimson initial M, lumbering through the streets of Plunkettsburg on their way to and from the loading docks. I had two dozen conversations, over endless mugs of Indian Ring, about shift schedules and union activities (invariably quashed) and company picnics, about ore and furnaces, metallurgy and turbines. I heard the resigned, good-natured explanations of men sliced open by Rawlings divagators, ground up by spline presses, mangled by steam sorters, half-decapitated by rolling Hurley plates. And yet after four months in Plunkettsburg I was no closer to understanding the terrible work to which the people of that town sacrificed, with such apparent goodwill, the bodies of their men.

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I took to haunting the precincts of the mill in the early morning as the six o'clock shift was coming on and late at night as the graveyard men streamed through the iron gates, carrying their black lunch pails. The fence, an elaborate Victorian confection of wickedly tipped, thick iron pikes trailed with iron ivy, enclosed the mill yard at such a distance from the mountainous factory itself that it was impossible for me to get near enough to see anything but the glow of huge fires through the begrimed mesh windows. I applied at the company offices in town for admission, as a visitor, to the plant but was told by the receptionist, rather rudely, that the Plunkettsburg Mill was not a tourist facility. My fascination with the place grew so intense and distracting that I neglected my work; my wanderings through the abandoned purlieus of the savage Miskahannocks grew desultory and ruminative, my discoveries of artifacts, never frequent, dwindled to almost nothing, and I made fewer and fewer entries in my journal. Finally, one exhausted morning, after an entire night spent lying in my bed at Murrough House staring out the leaded window at a sky that was bright orange with the reflected fire of the mill, I decided I had had enough.

I dressed quickly, in plain tan trousers and a flannel work shirt. I went down to the closet in the front hall, where I found a drab old woolen coat and a watch cap that I pulled down over my head. Then I stepped outside. The terrible orange flashes had subsided and the sky was filled with stars. I hurried across town to the east side, to Stan's Diner on Mill Street, where I knew I would find the day shift wolfing down ham and eggs and pancakes. I slipped between two large men at the long counter and ordered coffee. When one of my neighbors got up to go to the toilet, I grabbed his lunch pail, threw down a handful of coins and hurried over to the gates of the mill, where I joined the crowd of men. They looked at me oddly, not recognizing me, and I could see them murmuring to one another in puzzlement. But the earliness of the morning or an inherent reserve kept them from saying anything. They figured, I suppose, that whoever I was, I was somebody else's problem. Only one man, tall, with thinning yellow hair, kept his gaze on me for more than a moment. His eyes, I was surprised to see, looked very sad.

(continued on page 162)

"I now pronounce you man and wife—you may make your move."

up, up & away

haunted by the mere idea of sexual dysfunction?

medical science has some great news

for you and your penis

DR. IRWIN GOLDSTEIN is testing the future, and it's one hell of an improvement. For more than two decades, Dr. Goldstein, a professor of urology at Boston University School of Medicine, has been one of a small group of internationally recognized medical pioneers researching that shadowy male nightmare, impotence. Within days of the celebrated 1983 American Urological Association meeting at which G.S. Brindley, an audacious British researcher, dropped his pants for a personal demonstration of his penis injection therapy, Goldstein had his own patients using the needle. The technique is now the most widely employed in impotence treatment. Over the years, Goldstein has applied virtually every worthwhile remedy in recent medical history—including permanently erect and pump-operated implants, vacuum tubes, surgical bypasses to improve blood flow to the noble organ, and those erection-stimulating injections. But what he's now testing on a grateful collection of New Englander volunteers is the incandescent dream of millions of men who wilt as romance blooms.

A pill. A simple, portable, familiar, aspirin-like answer to a wretched problem. Though hundreds of thousands of men have satisfactorily regained their sex life with existing therapies, those techniques have their drawbacks. For many, if not most, beleaguered men, a pill could mean avoiding the permanent commitment of

article By Michael Parrish

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

implant surgery; the sometimes dubious pleasure and wobbly erections caused by pumping oneself up with a vacuum tube; and the logistics and occasional pain of the needle—which can involve fumbling in the bathroom, trying to inject the right amount of medicine into the right place in one's penis.

Instead, a man who would otherwise be unable to perform in the grand love dance could unobtrusively swallow a small pill with a gulp of champagne, throw another log on the fire and in as little as 20 minutes be as hard as a cucumber—despite physical problems, psychological problems or almost any other problems.

"We're in the midst of an exciting revolution," says Goldstein enthusiastically, "a new area of sexual medicine called sexual pharmacology."

What Goldstein means is a drugstore for the penis. Erections are produced with drugs that are delivered to one's member, or to the controlling brain, in simple ways—pills, tiny pellets, perhaps creams, or through an occasional shot, like a flu vaccination. "Each week there's a new, innovative mechanism and a new delivery system," Goldstein says. Most of these near-miraculous drug therapies are in various stages of testing, but some could be approved by the Food and Drug Administration within the next year. Farthest down the road is the prospect of the simplest technique so far envisioned: the shot, a gene-therapy injection every three to six months that would keep a man's system primed.

But for the immediate future, the pill is the best and brightest hope for many men faced with impotence. Terry Payton is the urological nurse clinician in Goldstein's office. Since the Seventies Payton's role has been to provide tech support to thousands of Goldstein's patients—using therapies both approved and still in testing. "Stand by," says Payton, raising both eyebrows. "The pill is going to change everything. Everything."

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Most men do not know the most important and heartwarming facts about male impotence, which is less prejudicially described these days as erectile dysfunction.

First, a lot—a whole lot—of men experience it sooner or later, and usually long before they've lost their intellectual fascination with lust. According to the National Institutes of Health, as many as 20 million American men regularly have so much trouble getting a workmanlike erection that they can't have intercourse. Other sources estimate that 140 million men worldwide are affected. Even a sex-crazed teenager can be impotent in the clutch, but as men age, the numbers turn grimmer. The most detailed survey so far—the *Massachusetts Male Aging Study*—found that among men 40 to 70 years old, more than half had a problem getting and staying hard.

Second, despite the mythology, while psychological factors can often be part of the predicament, most men are impotent primarily because they have a physical problem with their plumbing. This is not a disease of unmanly mental hang-ups or problems getting over separation from your mother; it's one of plumbing—bad arteries and veins, for the most part. Masters and Johnson were dead wrong (as William Masters later gamely admitted) when they announced in the Sixties that more than 90 percent of male impotence is psychologically based. Today, the Impotence Institute of America estimates that impotence has a physical cause in 85 percent of sufferers.

Third, even before the new generation of drugs arrives, these physical problems can usually be remedied one way or another. And insurance companies now cover some of the bills.

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The first real treatment—and likely to remain the treatment of last resort—was the implant. Semirigid implants, as their name describes, are two bendable rods that will get a man into a vagina but can sometimes be hard to hide under a business suit. Inflatable, hydraulic implants, refined over more than 20 years of use, give a dependable, solid erection come hell or high water and with a minimum of fuss—discreet squeezes of a pump mechanism hidden in the scrotum take a man up or down. Each year about 20,000 American men opt for some sort of implant, costing from $10,000 to $15,000, according to the *Harvard Health Letter*. The AUA recently estimated that the patient satisfaction rate for the more advanced hydraulic implants ranged from 83 percent to almost 96 percent, depending on the type of device.

Less formal, off-the-record conversations with several women involved with implanted men showed that they too were pretty damned satisfied with implants. Predictability and longevity—because the penis stays hard after ejaculation—were big factors for women. One claimed that she had not yet given in to her recurring fantasy to inflate her boyfriend as he sleeps, for a midnight ride.

The downside is certainly worth pondering, however. Implant surgery changes the penis permanently. Tissue is damaged when the implant is put in place, diminishing the ability to achieve an erection naturally. The implants can become infected, the machinery can break down, some men end up with shorter or far different erections than they're accustomed to and the recovery from surgery is by all accounts agonizing—what Goldstein calls the "mad month." After recovery, a few men also become what some researchers call "timid pumpers"—men too squeamish to properly rock and roll with the device.

Surprisingly, another widely used mechanical solution—involving no surgery—is the medical version of those plastic vacuum tubes alleged to enlarge the penis. In fact, a vacuum pulls blood into any bodily appendage. "If you put your earlobe in a negative atmosphere," notes Goldstein, "you draw blood into it." The AUA reports that three quarters of the men who start using vacuum devices are happy enough to keep using them, and that in one study, 84 percent of the men—and almost 90 percent of their partners—said they were satisfied with the technique. Comfortably married couples seem to like these best, and one manufacturer alone recently reported having sold more than 300,000 vacuum devices at $400 a pop.

Drawbacks include having to haul the machine around, the interruption in foreplay while the man pumps up and the need to have skilled, personal instruction to make it function correctly. Erections last about a half hour and require a tension ring around the base of the penis in order to hold the blood in place. This often makes for an erection that's wobbly at the base, since no blood is stored on the other side of the ring.

Other current therapies rely on an irony of the penis: It must relax in order to get hard. In ordinary circumstances, as a man becomes focused on the object of his affection, his brain tells nerves to release substances that relax spongy tissue in two long tunnels running the length of the penis. Blood pumps in, the penis swells and this swelling pinches off the normal exit veins—trapping the blood and maintaining an erection until ejaculation. If the nerves don't get the message, or if blocked or crushed arteries don't let enough blood in, or if damaged veins let the blood leak out too soon, nothing, or not much, happens, and the spongy-tissue cells stay constricted like tiny sphincters.

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But it has long been known that smooth-muscle tissue—common in other parts of the body as well as in the spongy tunnels of the penis—can

(continued on page 96)

Talk about the girl next door. In May 1988, glamour photographer Helmut Newton enhanced his kinky image by juxtaposing naked women with the naked power of high-performance motorcycles. The result? An offbeat, erotic portfolio, aptly titled *Helmut's Angels*. This shot stars a Kawasaki 600 Ninja—a light but powerful bike with a top speed of 141 miles per hour and an 85-horsepower engine—and an outgoing neighbor who is obviously impressed.

up, up & away *(continued from page 94)*

Even without upping his dosage, he regularly enjoys three-hour erections from a shot.

be relaxed by direct contact with certain drugs. What the brave Brindley demonstrated on himself—and allowed urologists in the front rows of the auditorium to examine by hand, to be sure he wasn't hiding an implant—was the injection of a drug directly into the smooth-muscle cells in the tunnels of the penis. By 1995, Caverject (Pharmacia & Upjohn Co.'s brand name for a synthetic prostaglandin called alprostadil) had become the first drug approved by the FDA for treating impotence.

Alprostadil is also the active drug in the tiny pellets called the Medicated Urethral System for Erection, or MUSE, for which Vivus Pharmaceuticals (based in Menlo Park, California) received FDA approval early in 1997. The product, which resembles a rabbit food pellet, is released a little over an inch up the man's urethral tube using a simple disposable plastic plunger. The pellets come in four dosage levels and deliver 80 percent of the goods to the smooth muscles within ten minutes. The erections can last up to an hour, depending on the dose. Vivus recommends using its product no more than twice every 24 hours, which may appeal to men for financial reasons. These erections are expected to cost $19 to $24 each, depending on the dosage.

It's a little early to tell how popular this system will be among the erection-challenged. In a clinical study, Vivus found that as many as 96 percent of the men thought MUSE was easy to use—not a description that would come to mind for most men using injections. And in a three-month home trial of MUSE, testing almost 1000 couples, 65 percent of the men had erections, compared with 19 percent using the technique but receiving only a placebo. About 11 percent of the men experienced the most common side effect—described by Vivus as "transient penile pain"—and the discomfort was enough that about one percent of the men stopped using the technique during the tests.

As for injection therapy, there are other drugs still not formally approved but commonly prescribed by knowledgeable doctors. These include two other smooth-muscle relaxers: phentolamine and papaverine. Increasingly, such drugs are being used in combination with alprostadil. Among the differences is cost. Caverject is as much as $25 a hard-on, while the two other drugs cost about $3 a shot.

The most widely mentioned side effect of injections is occasional pain in the penis, though care must also be taken to avoid infection and to be on guard for a prolonged erection, which can cause permanent damage. Some studies also suggest that the injections can become less effective over time. Despite all this, something of a subculture of narco-studs has developed—featuring incredible tales of movie-celebrity swordsmen and septuagenarian party animals.

A recent article in the online magazine *Slate* includes a cartoon illustration of three older gents presumably discussing their latest sexual conquests over tea at the "Penile Injection Club" as part of a cautionary tale about messing with mother nature as we age. In fact, *Slate* reports, hundreds of thousands of American men of all ages now regularly inject themselves, taking advantage of the most widely prescribed impotence therapy today. According to the *Harvard Health Letter*, injections just plain work 94 percent of the time in impotent men, regardless of their problems. And patients report that injections work their wonders in 15 minutes or less.

"Who wants to give himself a shot there?" admits Frank, a former bus driver who has had trouble getting erections since he was a teenager. But after the pinprick of pain there are compelling advantages.

"It's been a blessing for me," Frank says, laughing. "I'm 51. I'll take anything I can get." After he started the injections (and before he and his long-suffering wife split up), his wife became extra excited when they were going to have sex, because she knew that it would be a prolonged event. Though doctors try to titrate dosages that will give their patients a one-hour erection, men commonly jack a bit more medicine into their syringes. Frank says that even without upping his dosage, he regularly enjoys three-hour erections from a shot. (If erections last four hours, men are advised to get to an emergency room for a counteracting injection of phenylephrine, before damage ensues.) And since he's begun seeing other women, Frank has yet to meet one who has been turned off by his sexual preparations, he says, particularly when they hear of the extended forecast.

Meanwhile, Frank's estranged wife has spread the word among his friends' wives that they too can experience a wildly improved sex life. But his pals with erection problems don't like the idea of a needle either. And Frank himself has been testing one of the new pills, which he finds a significant improvement over injection.

"There are a million people like us out there, and just a few have the will to go through with that," says Frank. Referring to his friends, he adds, "They're all waiting to see how the pill makes out. And then they're going to come in."

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Dr. Leroy Nyberg is director of urology programs at the NIH. If there is a federal impotence czar, Dr. Nyberg is he. According to Nyberg, the pill and earlier advances in impotence treatment are largely the results of efforts made by the medical-appliance and pharmaceutical industries, which studied first the early implant devices and then the dashing Brindley's injection erection and said, "'Hey, this is something we can work on.'"

Research into the causes of impotence, notes Nyberg, is still carried on by academic researchers. The health-products companies, he says, "just look at how we can treat impotence. So they didn't help us understand what causes it—but they made rapid progress in the way it can be treated."

The lure is a potential market of colossal dimension. As impotent men have lately emerged blinking from the closet and learned that they don't have to feel guilty about their plight, they have begun to spend money on remedial measures. *Business Week* estimates that in 1995, men in the U.S. spent around $665 million on therapies for erectile dysfunction. And that is a drop in the ocean compared with the anticipated demand among well-heeled aging baby boomers seeking a convenient magic potion to bring back that hunka hunka burnin' love.

Typically, a new drug takes about 15 years and $400 million to be brought to market. So researchers at Pfizer Inc.'s labs in Sandwich, England were intrigued when a drug they were testing to combat angina—heart pain from inadequate blood flow—failed at that task but turned out to improve blood flow to the penis instead. Subjects kept reporting that, screw their hearts, they had started having all these marvelous

(continued on page 152)

"God, Roger, you're so masterful! Promise you won't rush me into anything."

CARRIE'S NEW LIFE

miss june's fairy tale is anything but typical

LIKE SEVERAL other Playmates you've seen, Miss June is a promising young actress. But that's the only typical thing about Carrie Stevens, who has gone from Graceland to Hollywood—and from tragedy to triumph—while growing from bubbly teen to independent woman. "My story is a strange fairy tale. It started when I was a groupie," she says. In fact, Carrie's tale starts even earlier. She was born in Buffalo, where her father was a research scientist, and is a living reminder of his spectrophotometer. Its brand name: Carrie. "I was named after lab equipment," she says. Miss June combines her dad's logic with the artistic spirit of her mother, a painter, whom she followed to Memphis when her parents divorced. Teenager Carrie took countless tours of Graceland, dreaming of Elvis, wishing she were Priscilla Presley. Next came a real-life rock-and-roll dream. In 1987 she met Eric Carr, drummer for Kiss. She was 18, he was 37. For the next four years Carr was both a father figure and a lover to Carrie. "We lived it up, loving every minute together," she says. "Then Eric got sick." He died of a rare form of cancer in 1991, and Carrie mourned for years. She's finally put her life back together and now, at 28, says, "I'm ready to be happy again.

Miss June is a familiar figure on the Los Angeles stage, where she is both an actress and a producer (top right). Privately, she seeks substance, not glitz. "I did the rock lifestyle," she says. "Now I'd rather be with a starving poet than a wealthy rock star."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Excited again. Maybe even in love."

Miss June has some highly unusual beliefs. Rebirthing, for one. More a style of deep meditation than reincarnation, rebirthing is Carrie's way of expressing her spirituality. "There is a wholeness to life. I nursed Eric and sort of helped him out of this world, just as he had helped me grow up in the world. Now I think it's time to take the next step," she says. After being spotted in a dentist's waiting room by a Hollywood talent agent, Carrie landed roles on the soap opera *Days of Our Lives* as well as on TV's *Weird Science* and *Pauly*, with Pauly Shore. Small parts in films led to her lead role in *Jane Street*, a Playboy TV movie. She also drew raves onstage in the play *Autumn Romance*. Critics called her "gorgeous," even "succulent." One reviewer pleased her more by writing, "Carrie Stevens sweetly dispatches truth and wisdom." But it wasn't Carrie's acting that led her to us. It was her weird science. "I was in my rebirthing class when the thought hit me. Could I be in PLAYBOY?" It was an outré concept for a woman whose idea of foreplay is reading Shakespeare in bed. "But I tried out, and here I am, Miss June.

This is new to me." We couldn't imagine a better rebirth.

Until her meditation session, Carrie never dreamed of posing for us. Now she's thankful she waited so long. "I'm glad I'm doing this now instead of when I was 18. What would I have said then? 'Hi, I'm Carrie and I like rock stars!'" And just as she was no typical groupie when she was 18, Miss June isn't only a good-looking actress today. A survivor who always seeks "the things that truly matter, beauty and integrity," she has become the director of her own fairy tale.

Carrie's pet peeve? "Men who dart their tongues into your mouth—I hate lizard kissers!" Something slower and more romantic is in order for a woman of her persuasions.

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cassie Stevens

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 114

BIRTH DATE: 5-1-69 BIRTHPLACE: Buffalo, NY

AMBITIONS: To live in love, enjoy every day, stay humble and grateful, and to fulfill my spiritual purpose.

TURN-ONS: Getting flowers from someone special, poetry, a good listener, intense chemistry, mystery, spontaneity.

TURNOFFS: Users and moochers, bad kissers, disrespect, too-tight jeans, whiny baby talk, long messages on my answering machine, shallow thinking, being underestimated.

BEST FIRST DATE: He cooked me dinner and had the table set beautifully, lit candles, and left a gift on my plate. Then we listened to music and enjoyed each other all night!

MY MAN: He has a soft voice, a brilliant mind, a poet's heart—and he's a great kisser!

BEST WAY TO MAKE UP: Under the stars on the hood of a car.

6th Grade – with my Farrah haircut

An actress at 20, my first 8x10 glossy.

Halloween '96

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young executive was working late one evening. As he stepped out of his office to get some coffee he saw the boss standing by the office shredder, a piece of paper in his hand. "Do you know how to work this thing?" the older man asked. "My secretary's gone home and I don't know how to run it."

"Yes, sir," the eager underling replied. He turned on the machine, took the paper from the other man and fed it in.

"Oh, thanks," his boss said. "One copy will be fine."

After a long sequence of lovemaking, the doctor glanced adoringly at his ladylove, who dozed next to him. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pang of guilt. "Relax, Howard," he told himself. "You're not the first doctor to sleep with one of his patients."

"No," another inner voice scolded, "but, you're a veterinarian!"

COMPUTER VIRUS OF THE MONTH: The PBS. Your programs stop every few minutes to ask for money.

A 60-year-old man walked into a drugstore and asked the girl at the checkout, "Do you have condoms here?"

"Sure. What size are you?"

"I'm not really sure."

"Well, just let me check," she said, walking around the counter. She unzipped his pants, took a feel and then picked up the microphone. "Extra-large condoms to the checkout. Extra-large condoms to the checkout." A stockboy brought the condoms and the man paid and left.

A while later, a 30-year-old man walked up to the checkout. "Do you sell condoms here?" he asked.

"Sure, but what size do you need?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Well, just let me check." She unzipped his pants, took a couple of tugs and then picked up the microphone, "Large condoms to the checkout. Large condoms to the checkout." The stockboy brought the condoms, the man paid and left.

Later, a 16-year-old came into the store. "Um, ah, do you guys sell condoms here?" he asked the girl at the checkout.

"Yep," she said, "what size do you need?"

"I don't know," he replied.

She unzipped his zipper for a feel and then picked up the microphone. "Cleanup at the checkout, please. Cleanup at the checkout."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: As the six-year-old passed his parents' bedroom he heard a lot of moaning, groaning and thumping coming from within. Taking a peek, the boy caught his mom and dad in the act. But before his father could even react, the boy cried out, "Oh boy, horsey ride! Daddy, can I have a ride?"

Relieved that he would get out of a lengthy explanation, dad eagerly agreed and let his son hop on while in midstroke. Before long, the tempo picked up and soon mom resumed moaning and gasping. "Hang on tight, Daddy," the boy cried out. "This is the part when me and the paperboy usually get bucked off."

What's the difference between Michael Jackson and a supermarket bag? One is made of plastic and is dangerous to children; the other is used for carrying groceries.

A young lady on vacation headed for the deck of the hotel's roof for some sun. Since no one was around, she slipped off her bathing suit to get an overall tan. Lying on her stomach, nearly asleep, she heard someone running up the stairs and quickly grabbed a towel.

"Excuse me, miss," the flustered hotel manager panted. "The hotel doesn't mind you sunning on the roof, but we would very much appreciate you wearing your bathing suit."

"What difference does it make? No one can see me up here."

"Not quite true," said the embarrassed man. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: How do you know if a guy has a high sperm count? His girlfriend has to chew before swallowing.

The ailing business magnate announced the completion of his will. His young wife would be well provided for, but the family home would revert to his four children in the event she remarried. "I don't want another S.O.B. warming his hands around my fireplace."

"And," his wife muttered, "what makes you think I'd marry another S.O.B.?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"That's the Marquis de Sade, but not to worry—he's just here on a book-signing tour."

ARTICLE

BY A.J. BENZA

THE PERILS OF ADULTERY

WHEN IT COMES TO MATTERS OF THE TWO-TIMING HEART, IT'S BEST TO KNOW HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT

Eighty percent of all married men cheat on their wives in this country. The other 20 percent cheat in Europe. *Ba-da-bum.*

Girls, if you happen to be reading this, I wish I were kidding. I wish I were a stand-up comic and that that statement were my show-closing line. The one that sends you out the door in a fit of laughter and has you asking your husband a half hour later at home, "That's not really true, what that comic said about all men cheating on their wives, is it, honey?" And your husband, after clearing his throat to assemble a coherent thought, coughs back, "Hell no, baby. That guy's exaggerating. You know I would never hurt you like that. Now, move over an inch or so. I think you're lying on the remote."

If you'd like to close out the last leg of the 20th century believing that monogamy is a sacred and sanctified way of life in your house, go right ahead. I believe the messages in fortune cookies, so who am I to judge? But I would be willing to bet on a stack of Masters and Johnson sex manuals that there have been times when you've wondered, when you've felt your safe little world rock and tremble from the tips of your toes to the highest hair on your head. Those times when Kevin let the pot roast go cold or Jimmy's poker game went long again or Johnny's Acura died on the highway six miles from the nearest pay phone or Frankie came home smelling like Chanel No. 5. They're all good men. They tuck their children into bed and never forget your birthday and have no philandering in their pasts. So why would you ever think that they have cheating on their minds?

I'll tell you why. Because we're men, plain and simple. We're a different animal. And as *(continued on page 118)*

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

DADS & GRADS

THE PERFECT GIFTS FOR POMP AND POP

DADS: Clockwise from top left: Sony's compact SC55 Hi-8 camcorder with a three-inch LCD screen and a 40x digital zoom (about $1800). Pierre Croizet award-winning Extra Extra cognac in a decanter ($225). Elsa Peretti–designed thumbprint snifter from Tiffany & Co. ($25). Nava Milano Design Group's Italian leather portfolio from Luminaire ($345). Panasonic's KX-F900 fax machine and 900-MHz cordless phone ($400). The Power Circle titanium driver by Square Two Golf is available in a right-hand-only model with a ten-degree loft and a 55-degree lie ($250). Hamilton's dual-time-zone American Traveler wristwatch ($375). Giorgio Armani silk tie from Saks Fifth Avenue (about $85). Lunettes Cartier's Giverny model sunglasses have a platinum frame accented with bubinga-wood temple pieces ($1250). Chrome aftershave splash by Azzaro combines the scents of spicy citrus fruits with musky notes ($35). Sony's MZ-R30 portable minidisc recorder and player delivers 15 hours of playback with a lithium-ion battery and two AA batteries and has editing capabilities (about $600).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
Panasonic
SPARE CHARGE
CHARGE
TONE
FLASH
REDIAL/PAUSE
MUTE
MIC
SP-PHONE
Panasonic
HELP
DIRECTORY
MENU
RESOLUTION
AUTO RECEIVE
FAX
KX-F900
IN USE
LOCATOR/
INTERCOM
VOLUME
RINGER
SP-PHONE
STOP
START/COPY
900MHz

STEINER
COMMAND
RCA
Miller
Heeren
Hornsby
Mathematical
Sixth Edition
SCOTT, FORESMAN
LITTLE, BROWN

GRADS: Clockwise from top left: Steiner 8x30 Firebird T binoculars with a brushed titanium finish and UV-T lens coating (about $300). Housed in the Bag of Tunes sack is a removable sound system (about $350, not including installation) that includes a cassette, receiver and speakers. It fits on the handlebars of most motorcycles. Eau de Toilette Natural Spray by Swiss Army Brand Parfum (about $50). Cuvée Dom Pérignon Vintage 1990 (about $90) stands next to two crystal champagne flutes by Iittala of Finland ($35 for the pair). Silk cigar-motif tie by Lee Allison ($75). Airspeed Titanium Chronograph with a matching band, by Revue Thommen ($1250). RCA's PROV 950-HB Hi-8 camcorder with a four-inch liquid crystal display screen (about $1400). Python-style pewter-framed sunglasses by Revo ($275). Compaq's PC companion allows you to access, exchange and organize information with Windows-based computers ($500 to $650, depending on configuration).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

ADULTERY *(continued from page 113)*

Tell her I'm exaggerating. I'll cover for you. I do it for my married friends all the time.

far as fidelity goes, the genders are worlds apart. Even when our heart belongs to you, our mind wanders over to her, even if our bodies don't. Can I be frank? It's a dick thing. And sometimes there's no explanation other than what a famous comedian once told me: You show me the most beautiful girl in the world, and I'll show you a guy who's tired of fucking her.

•

For many men, the science of cheating—or the pursuit of illicit pleasure—is an endeavor that ends only when life ends. How many other things do we take to the grave? Or more accurately, how many other things do we hone, shape, form and practice with as much pleasure and painstaking precision as infidelity, or at least thoughts pertaining to it?

I know men from every rung of the economic ladder, men who have made their fortunes in all fields, and I know for certain that nothing brings them closer than talking about pulling off the perfect affair.

I carefully set up a roundtable dinner of men who have lived their other lives as wolves, rogues and rakes. And I quickly discovered the most common passion among them is correcting the current rumor that too many of "us" are getting caught.

There's sound reason for concern: Men have been getting sloppier (Joey Buttafuoco), more brazen (Gary Hart), more famous (Bill Clinton), more careless (Hugh Grant) or doing it too close to home (Robin Williams). "When you get caught cheating, it isn't an end to cheating," one of my dining companions said. "It's just an end to the particular way you were cheating."

Here are some of the rules of the road. Commit most of them to memory and keep them in a safe spot. If your wife finds them and asks, "That's not really true, what that author says about all men cheating on their wives, is it, honey," clear your throat and tell her I'm exaggerating. It's all right, I'll cover for you. I do it for my married friends all the time.

•

The computer age is killing us. There was a time when beepers, car phones, faxes and voice mail were the perfect ways to keep in touch with your girlfriend. Not anymore. Get rid of them all.

Beepers, and the numbers they display, leave a wonderful paper trail for your wife to follow. A car phone is especially horrible the first time you forget to turn it off and it rings when your wife is with you. What do you do? If your wife answers it and it's *her*, you're dead. If you let it ring, your wife knows you have something to hide. So better than remembering to turn it off, just throw it out. Our grandfathers cheated all the time. You know how they did it? They carried a dime in their pocket and went to a pay phone. Phone booths, particularly the four-sided glass booths, are our friends. Use them.

And whatever you do, don't mess up your home phone with caller ID or any of that other mumbo jumbo. All it adds up to is your wife's first big collar. She'll feel like Nancy Drew for the rest of her life when you say you're calling from work and the number flashing on the caller ID box is definitely not your work number. "That's funny, honey, the phone says you're at 555-5272. When did your work number change?" Don't say I didn't warn you.

Even your office can prove disastrous, especially if you've got a secretary who has a crush on you or, as is often the case, is friendly with your wife. Lipstick kisses faxed to you anonymously during the workday generally give you up as a cheater. So do too many suspicious personal calls from a sultry-voiced female. Or unexplained afternoon absences.

Even e-mail has its downside. It's easy to direct a steamy missive to the wrong address in the office. Leaving messages on your computer is risky, too. Unless you respond immediately and then trash both her original letter and the one in your "sent" folder, you're asking for an appearance in divorce court.

But if you're a gadget guy, I realize you probably won't be able to part with all your gizmos. So if you must use a beeper, at least have her beep you in some kind of code only the two of you share. And if you must keep your $2000 state-of-the-art cell phone, never leave it at home or have it in the car when your wife is with you. And if your secretary weeds through your voice mail each morning, tell your girlfriend to always call in reference to a "credit problem" or "insurance policy" or "school council meeting"—something nondescript and boring.

Your best bet, my dinner guests agreed, would be to install a small, nonringing phone in the office that no one but you knows exists. Act as if it's your home phone and keep the outgoing message brief: "Hi, I'm not here right now. But if you leave your name and number, I'll call as soon as I get home." Simple. This way she feels like she has your work and home numbers and can reach you any time she desires. Sometimes that's all she needs.

Are you sitting down? Do you realize your wife can bust you via the Internet? For some stupid reason, American Express records all your charges on the Internet. That means with your credit-card number and a few taps of her fingers your wife can see that you racked up a $200 dinner bill at the Café Alibi on the same night that you told her you were attending a mandatory safe-driving course. This is really disturbing since, throughout the years, American Express has been wonderful in helping us sustain double lives. I have one friend who uses his green Amex card for business, his gold card for personal and family matters and his platinum card—which his wife doesn't know he has—for cheating. Also be careful of those year-end itemized statements American Express sends you. They're great for cheating on your taxes but hell if you're cheating on your wife.

The credit-card bust is a moot point with most of my pals since they resoundingly agree that a good cheater always uses cash. "If you see a man paying cash for a $45 lunch bill, he's cheating," one friend maintained. "Everybody uses credit cards these days. But using cash ensures that you don't leave a paper trail." Remember never to overtip when dining with a girlfriend. Despite the need to look like a big shot, overtipping ensures only one thing: The waiter will remember you. Who needs that, especially when your wife wants you to take her to the same restaurant a few nights later? "Nice to see you again so soon, sir." Be frugal. Nobody remembers a cheapskate.

Once a relationship with *her* has gone beyond intimate dinners, there is much more to consider and get busted for. Therefore, the man who decides to live a double life has to establish rules that must never be broken.

"If you choose Tuesdays or Fridays as the nights you go out with your friends, never, ever waver," one friend insisted. "Establish a routine. And this has to be drummed into your wife's head, so she knows that on this night she can never expect to see you earlier than one or two A.M."

My friend is rigid on this, to the point that he maintains, "Even if you

"I did with Harry just what you did with your Fred and, I must say, it's really worked out wonderfully!"

have nothing to do—all your girlfriends are busy or sick or whatever—go to a motel, rent two or three videos and come home late as usual. Establishing a routine and then maintaining it is paramount."

Our friend has been playing a four-man poker game every Wednesday night for the past 15 years. Except that it's really a five-man poker game. That way one guy gets to go out every fifth week with his girlfriend and his wife never gets wise to it.

Now's a good time to talk about covers. Not bedcovers, but the person you sometimes entrust your married life with while you're out living your other life. Your cover can't be a flake. He has to be extraordinarily smooth and know exactly how to run interference for you if your wife calls. You should never have to call him to say, "I was with you tonight if my wife calls, OK?" He'll automatically know how to handle it. Who makes a great cover? Use a guy your wife knows, someone whose name you drop every so often. First, you have to feel him out. Is he a rake, a rogue or a wolf? Perfect, he's your man. All you have to do is make sure he doesn't turn up anywhere near your wife on the nights in question.

Don't laugh, but a lot of guys I know use their mothers as covers. Yes, dear old mom. Remember, a lot of moms believe their sons are too good for their wives in the first place. So the idea that sonny boy is out having a good time for himself isn't such a horrible thought. "I've been going home and showering at my mom's house for seven years and my wife has no idea," a friend said. "Sometimes my mother doesn't even hear me come in. Sometimes she does, and she says, 'Did you have a good time tonight, son?' I tell her, 'Yeah, Mom,' and she says, 'That's nice.'

"Only one time did my mother confront me about my other life. But she softened a little bit when I told her, 'Mom, I'm your son, first. I'm her husband, second. Who do you care more about, me or her?' And that was that."

Sometimes the best cover is no cover at all. "I don't want anybody knowing where I am," one guy said. "In fact, I trust only me. When you get right down to it, I'm the only guy who can cover for me."

•

Unless you're a real fool, you've probably already heard of cheating's first cardinal sin: Don't shit where you eat. I realize that obsession can blind two people quicker than a water pistol filled with lye, but the first cardinal sin—and I'm not even sure of other cardinal sins, to be frank—is carved in stone. Bringing *her* to your house is taking out a billboard ad that says I'M AN IDIOT. One guy at our table tried it, only to have her "forget" her watch on the nightstand. Guess who found it?

If you're a traveling cheater, whereby you live your other life on the road, you'll probably never get caught. So have a drink on me. But there are still some guidelines you have to follow to keep your other life breathing.

For starters, never answer your hotel room phone. Have the hotel operator screen your calls. Nothing ruins a party quicker than a phone call from the wife when *she*'s in the bathroom disrobing. "One night I sat on my bed and listened to the phone ring 32 times," a friend said. "It rang 32 times and I didn't pick it up. It hurt like hell, but nothing hurts like your wife finding out something she doesn't need to know."

Proximity to shopping malls is an important thing to consider. If you're not planning on an overnight cheating spree, you might want to choose a spot that's close to a mall. Come home with something from Sears or Nordstrom and let that be the reason you were late for dinner. Again.

Nobody, and I mean nobody, has it better than businessmen in Toronto. The Toronto Blue Jays play in the Sky Dome. The Sky Dome is attached to a hotel. In fact, if you look closely when fly balls are shot turning into home runs, you can actually see men and women in the rooms. Trust me on this: The businessmen who hold season tickets for the Blue Jays hardly ever see the games, but I bet they can describe every nook and cranny in the attached hotel. I can just hear the conversations taking place in various suburban Toronto towns:

"Ah, Jesus, I almost forgot, hon. I have Blue Jays tickets tonight. It's my night and I can't get out of it. Christ, I don't even want to see this damn game. Oh well, I'll be home around 11, more like midnight if the traffic is anything like the last game."

You want a quick nightmare? I have one friend who got busted by his nine-year-old son. He had told his girlfriend to phone him at home on Sunday mornings between eight and ten because his wife would be at church. Of course, having your girlfriend call your home is stupid in itself, but one Sunday the phone rang around 8:30 A.M. My pal says, "Hi-ya, sweetie pie." Two hours later, his wife comes home and asks if anybody called. He says no, but then his son corrects him, "Yeah, Dad. Remember, Sweetie Pie called."

Everyone at my roundtable agreed that you can't slack off in bed at home. The minute your performance drops off, your wife will suspect infidelity. Make sure you play just as hard on the home court. Always try new techniques, different positions, new fantasies. Most men I spoke with seem to think that keeping a wife sexually happy holds her Nancy Drew tendencies at bay. But remember to be subtle. If you come home one evening and insist on doing the lambada as soon as the kids are asleep, you're busted.

Holiday time is especially troubling. You have to spend additional money buying extra gifts, and you spend more time in traffic. Plus you run the risk of bumping into your wife at the mall. Just to be on the safe side, most men I know buy the same gift for their wife and their girlfriend. That may sound strange, but it means you'll never screw up. Perhaps worse than your wife finding out that you bought something for another girl is your girlfriend finding out you spent more on your wife.

As much as men worry about getting busted on foreign turf—a restaurant, a hotel, the opera—it's actually in their own bedrooms when that horrible moment of discovery most often arrives.

"When I'm dating a blonde, I don't wear navy blue suits," a buddy said. "I stay with grays and browns. Nothing shows up better than a blonde hair on a navy blue suit."

My friend is right. Sometimes color-coordinating and cheating go hand in hand. You don't want to believe this, but sometimes her night is not a success until she knows she left a clue for your wife to uncover. And nothing works better than her hair on your suit jacket—or worse, her hair stuck in your zipper. There is no easy way out of that one.

Now's a good time to talk about hickeys. Those little red bruises on various parts of your body are always ugly. Why we thought it was cool to have six hickeys on our neck in the seventh grade is beyond me. At any rate, hickeys happen. And it takes only a second of carelessness. But we all know the feeling of reaching for a turtleneck on a sweltering August day when your wife, in her sundress, looks at you with confusion. There's no way around this: Just say no to hickeys. While we're at it, here's a quick word on back-scratching. We all want a woman to scratch our back when she reaches orgasm—it's like a warrior's mark. It has your friends at the tennis club thinking, Wow, he's got some animal on his hands. But in the end, those marks will give you away.

Her perfumes are a quick giveaway, as well. Wives can smell the difference between Chanel No. 5 and No. 19 from ten yards away. With *her*, establish from the get-go that you have a perfume

(continued on page 155)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Lisa Baker*

thirty years later, our favorite bridesmaid still takes the cake

Lisa's 1966 centerfold (top right) was so captivating that it qualified her to compete in a rare Playmate Play-off, in which readers ultimately bestowed on her the 1967 Playmate of the Year crown. Three decades later (above), Lisa reminds us that the voters made a wise choice.

TALK ABOUT being in the right place at the right time. Thirty-one years ago Lisa Baker was doing the bridesmaid routine for a friend in Los Angeles. What she didn't know was that the photographer hired to shoot the wedding had an imaginative eye—the kind that can pluck a pretty woman from a matrimonial lineup and envision her in, perhaps, something less. Before you could say "I do," Lisa ended up on the pages of PLAYBOY, first as Playmate of the Month (November 1966), then as Playmate of the Year (1967). Want to see more of Lisa today? Throw some rice and turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

In 1966 Lisa liked fast cars, hot jazz and down-to-earth men. She also wanted "to learn to slow down." But 30 years later she's still on the move, working in the Texas oil industry, seeing a certain lucky cowboy (above), operating her own mail-order company and, as we see here, looking great to boot.

AL SHARPTON HAS A DREAM

he's large, he's loud and he scares white people. can this swaggering agitator pick up the torch from martin, adam and jesse to do the political thing? just listen to him preach

PLAYBOY PROFILE

by Touré

The Reverend Alfred Charles Sharpton Jr. adjusted his chalk-striped, double-breasted suit and ran a thin comb through his shoulder-length, slowly graying mane. It was a Friday evening and the minister, activist and candidate for mayor of New York City was in his Harlem headquarters, a sprawling building called the Hall of Justice. Hundreds of New Yorkers were waiting to hear him speak in an auditorium down the hall. It was going to be a long night, and Sharpton had only a moment to make his point. But he wasn't going to rush.

He swaggered across the room, past a framed portrait of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and, with beaming pride, swept up a photograph from a table. It showed Sharpton leaning over to speak into the Reverend Jesse Jackson's ear as both men sat on a stage. Sharpton pointed to a second photograph, of a young Jackson sporting a large Afro and leaning over into Dr. King's ear moments before the legendary "I have been to the mountaintop" speech on the final evening of King's life. It was a present from Jackson on Sharpton's recent 42nd birthday. The photo was signed in gold ink: "Al, the struggle has continuity. Keep hope alive, Jesse Jackson."

And that was Sharpton's point: He is taking over from Jackson as America's preeminent black spokesman and leader. His challenge to New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani in September's Democratic primary guarantees a continuing media spotlight. Sharpton, of course, has long been in the New York spotlight. He became a celebrity activist in the mid-Eighties but was often dismissed as a shrill self-promoter. Once weighing in at over 300 pounds, he was clownishly fat to boot. Sharpton seemed like a combination of Malcolm X and William "Refrigerator" Perry. But in the past several years Sharpton has shed some of his incendiary style, along with more than 100 pounds. As he seeks a national audience from his New York pulpit he has already demonstrated, in New York state senatorial primaries in 1992 and 1994, that he can win votes.

"I'm 13 years younger than Jesse. He was 13 years younger than King. So in many ways it's like a continuation," Sharpton said. "Once a woman said to me, 'I grew up watching Malcolm and King. The only activism my kids know is you. And I hope you don't let 'em down.' She's right. What white America won't deal with is that in my generation, I am the Jesse Jackson."

Sharpton again smoothed the comb through his hair and followed his longtime chief of staff, Carl Redding, a former pro football player, out into the buzzing crowd. Sharpton strutted, melding a bull's brutishness with a rooster's righteousness. Just by walking Sharpton seemed to embody the character of New York: larger than life, outspoken, ethnic, epic. You could also see the black street style that makes him a pariah to many whites: "I'm a street nigger," Sharpton said, "I come out of the projects. We hung on the corners and we wore slick hair and we listened to James Brown and we whistled at the girls. That's who I am. But I'm also a candidate. So I'm making street niggers politically acceptable."

Sharpton does not campaign with speeches, he campaigns with preaching. He began preaching to crowds when he was four years old and has never stopped. Sharpton at a podium can sound the way some gutbucket soul music feels. His oratorical style weaves cadence, repetition, rhythm and tremendous passion with audience participation. One is apt to hear him exclaim, "Black folk have a bad habit."

"Well!" someone will call out.

"We love our dead leaders!"

"Yasss!"

"And kill our living leaders!"

"Tell it!"

"Soon as one of our leaders die, we hang up pictures all over the place. We change the street name up after them. But while they among us, we don't do nothing but criticize them. We are like vultures, we hang out at the cemetery."

"Come on, Rev!"

Tonight, up on the stage, he greeted his wife, Kathy, a former backup singer for James

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

Brown. Together, they stood at the podium and sang in gritty, soulful voices, "I believe I can fly!" from R. Kelly's song of the same name. It is Sharpton's unofficial campaign theme song. "I believe I can touch the sky!" they went on, as some in the crowd joined in. "Spread my wings and fly away! I think about it every night and day!"

Later, at home, they seemed like typical middle-class parents. Wife Kathy retired recently from the Army reserves, and Sharpton has a steady income (approximately $60,000 a year) from preaching and speechmaking. His average college campus fee is $3000. James Brown helps bankroll the family, in part by paying for the private educations of daughters Dominique and Ashley, 11 and 10. Kathy fixed dinner that night while the two girls watched Nickelodeon in their room with the sound blaring. Sharpton flipped through the day's mail: some bills, an autograph request, two pleas for help from people who said they were victims of discrimination, and a death threat. He paused to listen to the cacophony from his daughters' room.

"My kids are experiencing the decline of the trend that I grew up watching," he said a bit solemnly, referring to the election of black mayors in cities throughout the country. "In running for mayor," Sharpton said, "what I'm trying to do is hold a torch that America—of the Newt Gingrich to Giuliani era—has tried to put the flame out of. I must run for mayor, if for no other reason than because the kids behind me will aspire."

Sharpton remains a racial Rorschach test. Despite his mellowing, many whites continue to see him as Joan Didion, in her 1992 essay "Sentimental Journeys," put it: "clearly disqualified from casting as the Good Negro, the credit to the race. It was left, then, to cast Sharpton, and for Sharpton to cast himself, as the Outrageous Nigger." Despite Sharpton's attempts to appear more statesmanlike, many blacks continue to agree with boxing promoter Don King, who said, "Joan was on the money, 'cause he is an outrageous nigger. And I think that's good. We need more outrageous niggers. We got a lot of niggers that's sleeping, *sleeping* through a revolution. Sharpton is an outrageous nigger for good, fighting for his community."

Sharpton said he was uncomfortable with the label, though he prefers it to "Good Negro." He defined himself this way: "It's not a question of me sitting in a room saying, let me cast myself as this. I'm the natural result of a generation and of growing up around the 'outrageous niggers' of that generation. If one were to look past the sound bite and look at my mentors and my development, I couldn't have been anything else."

•

One day in 1958, three-year-old Al Sharpton came home from church, lined up his sister's dolls and preached to them. After a few months with the Raggedy Anns and Andys he was given a chance to preach to a few hundred real people at the family's church, the Washington Temple Church of God in Christ. Sharpton, at the age of four, preached from the Gospel of John (14:1): "Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me." He was nervous at first, but soon felt right at home.

By the time he was nine he was known in black holiness circles as Wonderboy. He lived with his parents, Al Sr. and Ada, 12-year-old sister, Cheryl, and 17-year-old half-sister, Tina, his mother's daughter from a previous marriage, in a middle-class neighborhood in Queens. One day in 1963 the family learned that Tina was pregnant with Al Sr.'s child. The family cracked forever. Tina moved out and gave birth to a boy named Kenneth. Sharpton fled with his mother and sister from their ten-room house to a five-room apartment in the projects in Brooklyn. Al Jr. began a lifelong search for a replacement for the father whom he has never forgiven.

Preaching continued to be Sharpton's life. "He was a child prodigy," said Jesse Jackson. "His interest in athletics and children's games, even dating, was limited." Sharpton was ordained at the age of ten, and began preaching in at least one church every Sunday, a ministry he has continued his entire life. His home church's elders took him on a Caribbean tour when he was ten (where, in Jamaica, he took it upon himself to meet the widow of Marcus Garvey) and arranged for him to tour with gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, to preach before her concerts. In the pulpit Sharpton developed and refined the oratorical and personal style that remains the root of the adulation and the scorn he draws. These days he visits close to 80 churches a year.

One day when he was 11, Sharpton was browsing in a bookstore and came across a 99-cent paperback about a black preacher and congressman from Harlem, the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. For a spell in the Sixties, the dashing Powell was one of the most famous black leaders in America. Joe Klein described him in *The New Republic* as "the first modern rogue civil rights leader, the progenitor of the badass school of black leadership." In 1967 Powell was expelled from Congress for a slew of offenses, including the misappropriation of government funds. (Two years later, however, the Supreme Court ruled that Powell had been unfairly excluded from Congress.) Today, a prominent boulevard in Harlem is named after him.

"This was amazing to me," Sharpton said. "Here's this guy fightin' for black people, pastorin' this church, congressman, do-or-die attitude, whites couldn't tell him nothin'. I mean, I really started admiring this guy." One Sunday in the mid-Sixties Reverend Sharpton walked into Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church in search of his idol. He walked out thinking he had seen God. He and Powell became fast friends.

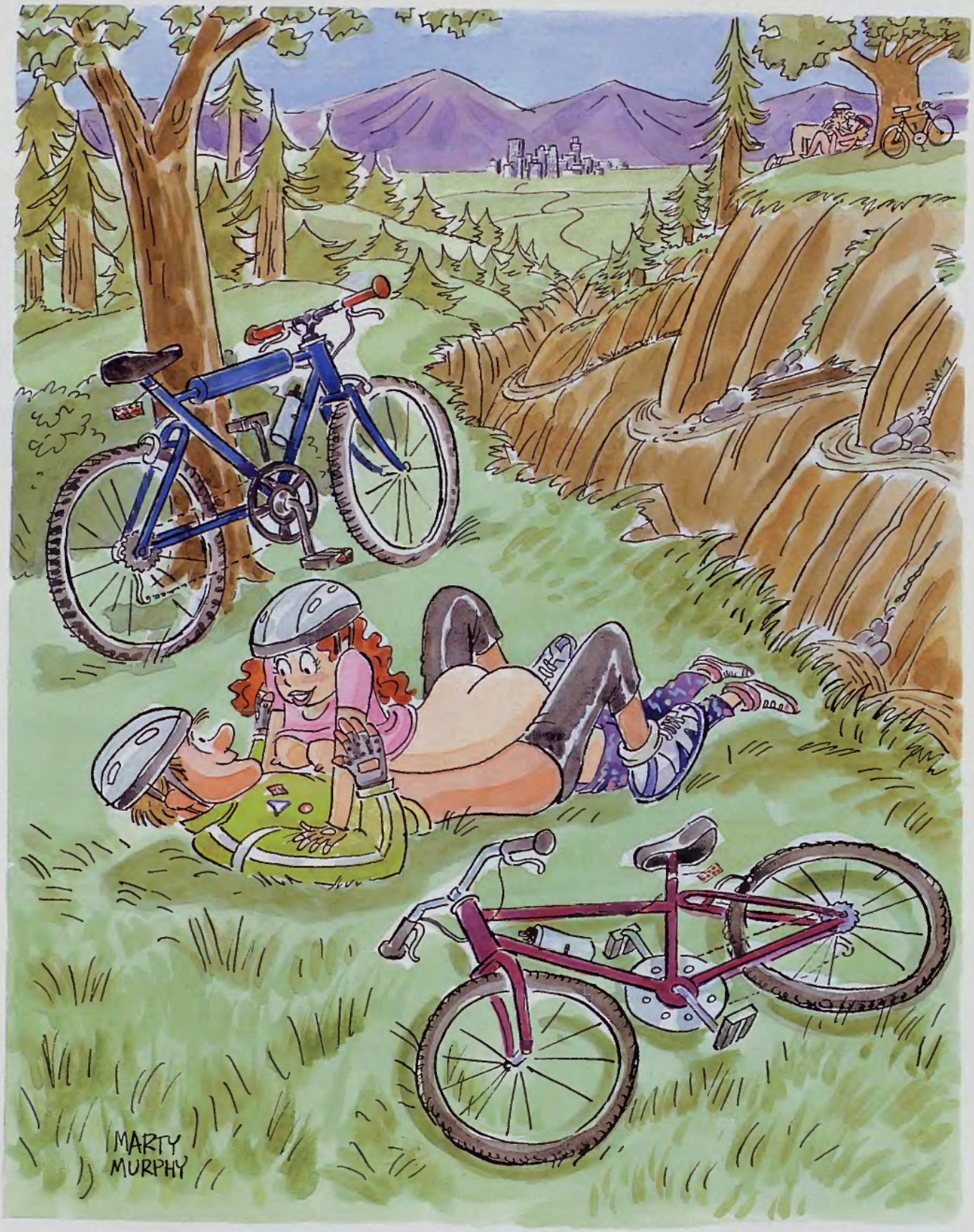
"Any time he came to town I attached myself to his entourage," Sharpton said. "He gave me a sense of a black man havin' power, but havin' arrogance with it. I was in his office one day and the secretary answered the phone and said, 'Congressman Powell, it's President Johnson on the phone.' Adam said, 'OK.' And she said, 'What'll I tell him?' He said, 'Tell him you'll give me the message.'"

One day in 1969 Powell appeared on *The David Frost Show* and took young Sharpton along. "The second question of the show," Sharpton recalls, "David Frost said, 'You've been described as a womanizer, a tax cheat, an agitator, a black racist. How would you, Adam Powell, describe yourself?' And Powell, without even thinking about it, said, 'I'm the only man in America, black or white, who doesn't give a damn.' I never forgot that don't-give-a-damn attitude. I mean, in the heat of controversy, I'd always think about Adam saying, 'I don't give a damn.'"

Also in 1969, 14-year-old Sharpton joined the New York branch of Operation Breadbasket, a Chicago-based civil rights organization that had grown out of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. He learned about protesting and community activism and quickly became Breadbasket's national youth director. He participated in a successful all-night sit-in at the Manhattan corporate offices of A&P, the supermarket chain, protesting unfair hiring practices. One day Breadbasket's national director, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, came to town. "In them days Jesse never wore a suit and tie," Sharpton recalls. "He had a big 'fro, a Martin Luther King medallion, a dashiki, the whole bit. So the first night I met Jesse I immediately saw him as the charismatic, flamboyant type, like Adam was. And I immediately became like a protégé to him."

Powell died in 1972, and the next

(continued on page 142)



"I <u>knew</u> there had to be more to this mountain biking than just mountain biking."

he is our official
custodian of the dictionary.
he keeps us sane
when others would drive us crazy

Brain Droppings

humor By George Carlin

Some Favorite Oxymorons

assistant supervisor
new tradition
original copy
plastic glass
uninvited guest
highly depressed
live recording
authentic reproduction
partial cease-fire
limited lifetime guarantee
elevated subway
dry lake
true replica
forward lateral
standard options

Unnecessary Words

There is a tendency these days to complicate speech by adding unnecessary words. The following phrases contain at least one word too many:

emergency situation
prison setting
risk factor
shower activity
peace process
crisis situation
surgical procedure
intensity level
leadership role
boarding process
belief system
learning process
flotation device
seating area
rain event
hospital environment
sting operation
confidence level
fear factor
evacuation process
healing process
free of charge
rehabilitation process
standoff situation
knowledge base
facial area
shooting incident
forest setting
daily basis
planning process
beverage items
blue in color

The best example of this problem is: "At that point in time." I've even heard people say, "At that particular point in time." Boy, that's really pinning it down, isn't it?

This typing process is beginning to tire out my finger area. Not to mention what it's doing to my mind situation. I think it's time to consider the break factor here, before I have a fatigue incident. *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

we proudly crown queen

Victoria Playmate of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Victoria Silvstedt spent New Year's Eve 1995 in Monte Carlo, at a party attended by Prince Albert and other dignitaries. "I could never have dreamed how my year would end. To go from my tiny village to being Miss December in PLAYBOY—my head is spinning," says the former Miss Sweden. Victoria's story began in Bollnäs, a speck on the map not far from the Arctic Circle. After high school she moved to Stockholm, where the tall blonde beauty turned heads. At 19, Victoria entered the Miss Sweden pageant, which she won with perfect swimsuit form and her iceberg-melting smile. Then came three years as a well-known Paris-based model. Finally, in early 1996, she acted on a lifelong fantasy: to be a centerfold girl in the U.S. PLAYBOY. Miss December 1996 made that dream come true in her typical go-for-it style. One day she simply appeared at the door of our West Coast offices in Beverly Hills. "I want to try out for Playmate," Victoria said. We were instantly convinced, and in her Playmate pictorial we called Victoria "blondeness perfected."

Something happened the moment December's PLAYBOY hit the stands. Within hours Victoria's photos were all over cyberspace, and she had an instant

Internet fan club. With modern fame measured in hit points, she was an international celeb. Fellow skiers did double takes: "Miss December?" Now she has another title: Victoria Silvstedt is our Playmate of the Year.

Soon after her Playmate appearance this past December, Victoria received a call from the folks at

Victoria gets more than kicks out of her PMOY gig. Her perks include o new 1997 Porsche (above) with o check for $100,000 in the glove box. Note the car's color: shiny silver. "I will drive it much too fast," she soys. Below and on the facing page, our latest dream date shows the form and playfulness that complete her Playmote of the Year credentiols. Will Victorio zoom to TV fame, too? Follow that Porsche.

Guess. Now she's the new Guess girl in a blockbuster national ad campaign. "I feel most comfortable in front of a camera," she says. Swedish TV has offered her a weekly series, but Victoria wants to succeed in the U.S., the land of her dreams. "Growing up in Bollnäs, I was dying to be here. Fashion, music, movies and TV—everything comes from America." When she was just a teen, one of her boyfriends, a heavy-metal musician, worshiped Metallica and took her to every Stockholm concert the band played. This year our new PMOY attended the American Music Awards as a backstage VIP. "I met Metallica! And Rod Stewart and Quincy Jones," she says. "This is what can happen to a girl in America." Happily single at 22, she recently split with her chic, possessive French amour. "He was OK when I was a model, but a PLAYBOY Playmate? *Non*. He freaked out. I was getting too much attention from other men." As her fan mail piled up in their apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, he said she had to choose between him and her American dreams. "So now I am alone," says Victoria. Which is not the same as celibate. When asked what she thinks of American men, she can't help smiling. "Now that I've tried them, you mean? Well, I can still say I love everything American." Yet Victoria isn't really one to play the field. At heart she is still the village girl from the land of real reindeer. "My heart is still Swedish," she says. And there she was on New Year's Eve 1996: not in Monte Carlo or New York but at her parents' home in Bollnäs, lighting homemade sparklers and Roman candles, fireworks in a snowy sky.

When Victorio gets in o lother, it doesn't meon she's mod. Here she attends to o little personal barbering ond (obove) lets us know in no uncertoin monner what's reolly on her mind.

In Sweden, they don't know what to think about my PLAYBOY pictures. People osk my mother, 'Will she do only porno now?' You see, we have a lot of dirty sex mogazines in my country but nothing pretty," Victoria soys. "The younger people who see me, girls os well os guys, support me. Even my mom is getting used to the ideo. She said, 'I can accept it, but pleose don't do it again.'" Oops.

Whatever her mother may think of her appearance here, Victoria isn't blushing. "I am so happy I can't stop smiling," she says. She hopes others follow her advice. *"Stå på er och var er själv. Det kommer du längst på!"* says Victoria. Rough translation: Be yourself. Keep moving, and you might get all you want!

AL SHARPTON (continued from page 126)

On television Sharpton was outsize, brash and dramatic, even by New York standards.

year Sharpton went backstage at a concert in Newark, New Jersey and met James Brown. In his autobiography, *Go and Tell Pharoah*, Sharpton said, "I thought that when I'd seen Adam Clayton Powell I'd seen God, but after I saw James Brown, I *knew* I'd seen God."

Sharpton soon started working for Brown as a promoter and learned about connecting with the masses. "James taught me to not be afraid to keep your natural, African-based style," Sharpton said. "James doesn't water down soul, or water down his black-based personality. James was one of the first superstars who made it off grassroots black people because James is the ultimate black street guy."

One sign of that identity is Brown's straightened hair. Ironically, in the Fifties, when Brown's career started, conking was an assimilationist attempt to imitate white people's hair. But over the decades it became an emphatic black gesture. Sharpton noted that straightening his naturally kinky hair to achieve an authentically black style "is a paradox." He vows he will never change it, in honor of Brown.

While working with Brown, Sharpton met Don King. In 1974 King was trying to convince Zairean president Mobutu Sese Seko to host the Muhammad Ali–George Foreman heavyweight title fight, called "the Rumble in the Jungle." Mobutu told King he would host the fight if James Brown performed. "So I meet Don," Sharpton recalled, "and he's got that hair and he's quoting Socrates and Plato and saying"—Sharpton cuts to a flawless imitation of King's loopy, circus showman's voice—"'Ya know, Reverend, I just got out the joint four years ago and I'm rehabilitated.' I said, 'What'd you go to jail for?' 'Murder!' I'm like, Whoa!"

Through the late Seventies and early Eighties Sharpton and King supported each other in various ways. King donated money to Sharpton's National Youth Movement, a grassroots community-action group he founded in 1971. NYM had a broad agenda that included protesting police brutality and boardroom discrimination. King also provided access to boxers and celebrities for NYM events. Sharpton, in turn, helped convince black athletes such as James "Bonecrusher" Smith and Mike Tyson that they should employ a black promoter, namely King. In 1984 Sharpton helped King secure the rights to promote the Jackson Family Victory Tour, then traveled with the tour helping the Jacksons with community relations in each city. Sharpton said Don King taught him "to believe in your ideas, to try to do something nobody ever did and to go for the dramatic moment to project your story."

It was also in the early Eighties that Sharpton found himself in a conversation with a man who turned out to be an FBI informer, and who taped the meeting. According to Sharpton, "The government, posing as a boxing promoter, called a meeting and then turned the meeting from talking about boxing to talking about drugs. On the tape I clearly said I wasn't into that." Sharpton described the encounter as "a failed entrapment attempt by the government. Obviously, or they would have indicted me."

Nevertheless, Sharpton soon began collaborating with the FBI. "When they came after me to turn on Don King I wouldn't do it. I told 'em, 'Let's go after some drug dealers.'" For several years he was an informer, dealing with organized crime and drug investigations. But, according to *New York Post* columnist Jack Newfield's book *Only in America: The Life and Crimes of Don King*, Sharpton did inform on King, providing the FBI with tapes of conversations. Sharpton denies this.

While Sharpton was working for the FBI, New York's racial climate turned searingly hot. First, in September 1983, a black teen named Michael Stewart lapsed into a coma while in the custody of transit police and later died. Then, in October 1984, 66-year-old Eleanor Bumpurs, a 300-pound emotionally disturbed black woman, was shot twice and killed by police who had come to evict her from her apartment because she was late with her rent. The six police officers, who were equipped with the usual weapons and bulletproof vests, maintained that Bumpurs menaced them with a ten-inch kitchen knife. In December 1985, Bernhard Goetz shot four black teens on the subway. The void in black leadership in New York was obvious. "In many ways," said a source close to Sharpton, "the fact that we didn't have somebody out there stirring things up was what allowed somebody like Al Sharpton to rise. I think that had Jesse and others not continued in that vein, an Al Sharpton would probably never have happened."

In the early hours of December 20, 1986 Sharpton got a phone call that told of another outrage that had happened just hours earlier. Three black men had walked into a pizzeria in a predominantly white New York neighborhood called Howard Beach to call for help after their car had broken down. They soon found themselves face-to-face with a group of white men screaming, "Niggers, you don't belong here!" The three black men tried to run away. One escaped. One was caught and beaten. Michael Griffith, 23, ran onto a highway, where he was struck and killed by a car.

Mayor Ed Koch told a press conference that afternoon that Griffith and his friends were "chased like animals through the streets." Koch compared the incident to "the kind of lynching party that took place in the Deep South." Nevertheless, no single black leader arose to denounce the crime—until a few days after the Koch press conference. Then Sharpton went to the Howard Beach pizzeria and roared, "We did not have our children so they could be target practice for some white mobs that can't behave themselves!" He led a tense march of hundreds of blacks (and a handful of whites) through the streets of Howard Beach. The crowd chanted "This is not Johannesburg" while hundreds of locals screamed racist slurs. Hundreds of police officers kept the peace while every television news show in town recorded the noisy, dangerous scene. On television Sharpton was outsize, brash and dramatic, even by New York standards. He combined the flamboyant arrogance of Adam Clayton Powell and the street sense of James Brown with the hustler's theatricality of Don King. Later, Sharpton paid homage to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. "Dr. King," Sharpton said, "embarrassed America in breaking down segregation. People around the world saw kids with water hoses on them. Well, we did the same thing. When they saw on TV people in Howard Beach standing there with watermelons, calling us niggers, they couldn't say it wasn't racism. All of the scholarly speeches in the world couldn't have done that. Two seconds on the news does that."

Sharpton became, for better and worse, a star. Then he got into trouble.

In late November 1987 in Wappingers Falls, New York, a small Hudson Valley town 80 miles north of Manhattan, a 15-year-old black girl named Tawana Brawley, who'd been missing for four days, was found, alive, in a plastic garbage bag. Her body was smeared with feces and someone had

(continued on page 173)

20 QUESTIONS

JULIANNA MARGULIES

er's heart-stopping nurse on what we'd find underneath her scrubs and in her medicine cabinet, and why toast is nature's perfect food

Born in New York City and raised in England and France, Julianna Margulies never intended to become an actress. Her love was art history and roaming through the world's great museums. However, during her first year at Sarah Lawrence College, she studied theater as a creative outlet and soon found herself cast in productions. After graduation, Margulies forged a successful theater career in New York (including a part in "The Substance of Fire"), which led to appearances on "Homicide" and "Law and Order." While visiting a friend in Los Angeles, Margulies auditioned for a guest role in the pilot episode of "ER." Impressed with her work, executive producers Steven Spielberg and Michael Crichton chose her for the role of nurse Carole Hathaway. "ER" is consistently among the top five programs in the Nielsen ratings and is the highest-rated drama series in more than 20 years. Members of the cast have been nominated for many acting awards, but Margulies is the sole recipient of an Emmy. She has also been nominated for Golden Globe and Screen Actors Guild awards. Her career has recently expanded to the big screen with co-starring roles in "Paradise Road" opposite Glenn Close and "Traveller" with Bill Paxton.

Robert Crane cornered the kinetic Margulies at a coffeehouse in Santa Monica. He reports: "Despite her hectic seven-day-a-week filming schedule (four spent on a movie in New York, three on "ER" in Los Angeles), Margulies is a nonstop energy source focused on her work. She loves what she does. She also has the most intense and groomed eyebrows I've ever stared at."

1.

PLAYBOY: You have been dubbed Crash Cart—an apparent reference to your celebrated clumsiness. Under what circumstances are you more graceful?

MARGULIES: Probably when I'm in a beautiful dress, going out for the evening, when I try to have some sort of grace and walk with a little elegance. It doesn't seem to be my style for the most part. I'm kind of proud of my bruises.

My extreme clumsiness happens when I'm not thinking very well. We were filming the show once and were running down the hallway with a gurney. We turned a corner, and I got stuck between a door and the gurney. It was one of the most painful things I've ever felt. The set doctor checked to see if I still had a pelvic region, and we did the shot over.

2.

PLAYBOY: What actual nursing skill would you like to have?

MARGULIES: I worry that when someone is really choking, I'm not going to know how to do the Heimlich maneuver. And I'd love to be able to save a life. That is the ultimate, isn't it?

I was at the gym when a girl fainted. Everyone turned to me, and I was on the treadmill going, "I play a nurse on TV. What am I going to do?" It's flattering, though, when they turn to me, because I must be doing my job right.

3.

PLAYBOY: What's easier, putting a catheter in an attractive guy or in an unattractive guy?

MARGULIES: It would be easier to put a catheter in an attractive guy because at least you could stare at his face and get some relief. It's a disgusting job, but somebody's got to do it. If the guy is unattractive, you get the job done quicker. I have never put a catheter in anyone, so I'm bullshitting this whole thing.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to feel attractive in scrubs? Do you keep your nurse's outfit at home for those special moments?

MARGULIES: It's hard, but I've come to terms with it. I just accept that I'm going to be a pink blob for the day, and I pray that I have a great T-shirt color underneath. I leave my uniform on the floor in my dressing room, hoping never to see it again. They're a thorn in my side, those pink scrubs.

5.

PLAYBOY: We heard that Steven Spielberg said you remind him of his ex-wife, Amy Irving.

MARGULIES: He said to me the first year we were shooting, "You remind me of my ex-wife." I don't think that's why I was hired. NBC and Warner pretty much brought me on, and then Michael Crichton had to OK it. I met Amy Irving recently at a restaurant and she said, "So apparently we're twins." It was great. Personally, I think I look like George Clooney. There are more men I look like than women, but I've heard that I look like Nancy Kerrigan, Kirstie Alley, even a dark-haired Michelle Pfeiffer. I've heard Madonna—imagine that. I think I look like an eastern European Jew, quite frankly.

6.

PLAYBOY: Among medical support people, which group is the hunkiest?

MARGULIES: No thought there. Firemen. I mean, they can swing you onto their shoulder with one arm and carry you down a ladder. Of course, you're going to want to end up with a doctor, because you'll have security for the rest of your life. But if it's just a matter of, you know, then you've got to go with the firemen.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which characters on *ER* have not achieved their erotic potential?

MARGULIES: Laura Innes—Dr. Weaver. Man, I think she is so sexy, and that hasn't been explored at all. She walks with a crutch, but that's just her character. She is so beautiful and sexy, and I can't wait for her to get a love interest. That's going to be fun. And then, of course, there's Abe Benrubi, who plays Jerry, the really big guy. I want to see him have sex.

8.

PLAYBOY: Rate your male co-stars' sexual heat.

MARGULIES: That would be like fucking your brother. These guys are the brothers I never had, and there is something so wrong with the idea of actually sleeping with any of them. Not that all four of them aren't desirable, they are, but it goes beyond that. It would be sick, unless of course we went back to Kentucky and tried it. I'm from New York, and in New York we don't do that.

9.

PLAYBOY: What discipline best describes courtship and love—dance, opera or hydraulics?

MARGULIES: One of the most erotic

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK SELIGER

things you can do is spend all night dancing with someone, I mean, like, beautiful dancing, you know, or even sexy dancing. With disco, there's a rhythm and a mood that stays with you forever. I've always wanted to tango, but I don't know how.

10.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you would go back to waitressing rather than do a role you hate. Give us an example.

MARGULIES: There was one role I was supposed to do—the producers wanted me to cut my hair, straighten it, dye it red and play a vixen who gets into bed with a lot of stupid, ugly men. In order to live with myself, I decided it'd be better to sling hash for one more round. It was a TV show that aired once or twice. And I would have been stuck with short, red hair. Come on.

11.

PLAYBOY: You've lived, traveled and studied in Europe. What can a young woman learn there that she can't learn in the United States?

MARGULIES: She can learn a lot about history, culture and art—just walking down a street in Paris you're surrounded by it. She can learn a lot about great food. She would learn how to enjoy life, because that's what Europeans do. In so doing she would become much more grounded. Bodies aren't an issue. Breasts aren't an issue. I grew up going to topless beaches and it was never an issue. Then I came here and suddenly I was being stared at and was told I was doing the wrong thing. All of a sudden it was bad to have breasts. If Americans relaxed and allowed the body to be what it is, then we wouldn't make such a big deal out of sex. Girls are much more mature in Europe. I was the skinny, scrawny, boy-body with no breasts, and my friends who were the same age—12 years old—had breasts and their periods already. They were so much more advanced. On the other hand, I was street-smart and could handle a conversation at a young age.

12.

PLAYBOY: Have you received any letters from heartbroken men in Europe?

MARGULIES: Apparently we're very big in France right now, and I'm getting all these French love letters. French was my first language, but I'm so rusty at it that I sit there for hours trying to translate. I'm sure the letters are really beautiful, French being the most beautiful language in the world. I also get a lot of prison letters. I am going to be a prison wife to four or five different guys in the next few years. But, hey, we all have our destiny.

13.

PLAYBOY: What theme or homage show is *ER* ripe for?

MARGULIES: I would love to do a dream sequence so we could shoot in Hawaii for a week. I was trying to explain it to the producers. We work really hard, and it would be nice to go to Hawaii for ten days. You'd see Dr. Greene in a lei and a grass skirt, you know, doing that thing with his little glasses. Then you'd see this image of Laura without her cane, running in the sand, and Gloria sitting there with all these men around her, and nurse Hathaway playing the conga, feeling the rhythm. It really would be fun. And then we'd all wake up, like we were having our own little daydreams in different parts of the hospital. This is why I'm not a writer.

14.

PLAYBOY: Your father is a successful ad executive who has written many famous jingles. Complete the couplet "Plop, plop, fizz, fizz. . . ."

MARGULIES: My thing was, Dad, can you write for a car company so we can get BMWs or something? We have enough Alka-Seltzer in the house for a lifetime. As a kid, I wasn't allowed to watch television, so I never knew what a big deal that commercial was. When I got older and people asked me what my father did, I'd say, "Oh, he writes commercials. He wrote that Alka-Seltzer commercial." I never realized the impact it had. My father is a heavy-duty intellectual, so it's not his proudest moment. He finds it ironic that he spent four years studying philosophy and then wrote "Plop, plop, fizz, fizz" and got all of these accolades for it.

My father said to me recently, "I watch you on *ER* and you're my little girl. I see you on *Letterman*, I can't relate. You come out in these glamorous things and look so different from what I'm used to seeing." When I'm acting it's fine, but he doesn't get all the publicity stuff. It's hard for him to relate to it as a father. I understand that. It's very odd. In *Traveler,* the movie I did with Bill Paxton, I do a little striptease number. I'm wearing boxers and a bad Sears bra—my choice—that never comes off. I don't want my dad to see it. It's like Hollywood forgets that you're someone's little girl, you know.

15.

PLAYBOY: With all the Emmy nominations that *ER* has received, was it weird for you to be singled out the year that you won?

MARGULIES: Noah Wyle said to me the night that I won, "God, if that isn't poetic justice," because I wasn't really accepted in the beginning. It wasn't the cast—it was the publicity. I was kept out of everything, so I wasn't seen as part of the cast. They had spent the summer together doing publicity, and then I came on. They tried to keep me a secret. I didn't end up in any of the pictures, and no one knew who I was. The cast had already bonded, and I felt like an outsider. So when I won, it brought me into the loop. I was flattered, I was honored. It got me a raise.

16.

PLAYBOY: Seinfeld is the king of cereal. Is it true you're the queen of toast?

MARGULIES: When you toast something, the smell that permeates the house is so beautiful. There's something so grounded about bread. You know, "Give us this

"Uh-oh, it looks like there may be a dress code."

Friday 7:42pm
You're having a conversation.
(Without a modem.)
GORDON'S
WILDBERRY
FLAVORED VODKA
GORDON'S
EST? 1769
WILDBERRY
FLAVORED VODKA
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS PRODUCED FROM GRAIN
750 ML 30% ALC/VOL (60 PROOF)
PREPARED AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, PLAINFIELD, IL
UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF
ALEXANDER GORDON & CO., LONDON, ENGLAND
Flavored Vodka, 30% Alc/Vol. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
©1997 United Distillers USA, Inc., Stamford, CT.
Wildberry Flavored Vodka from
GORDON'S®
Pour the Boar!®
Drink right. Drink smart. Be responsible.

day our daily bread." And toasted bread is best when the butter melts just right, and you put a little jam on it. Light toast doesn't do it for me. It's got to be toasted pretty well. Not burnt, but just right. For Christmas I was given the toaster I've been waiting for my whole life. It looks like a Fifties radio, and it has four big slots so you don't have to cut the bread too thin. It has a timer for when you are out of the room, because you have to bring the toast up manually. It will keep the toast warm for ten minutes. That's heaven. It's from Williams-Sonoma. And I couldn't buy it for myself because I was embarrassed that it was so expensive. It sits on my kitchen counter with pride.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you an organ donor?
MARGULIES: Yeah. All of them. Proud to be one.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would we find in your medicine cabinet?
MARGULIES: You'd find Nyquil, which I just recently discovered. It's great. I had a slight cough and it put me out. That's my newest acquisition. You'd find a big bottle of Advil—I don't believe in suffering with cramps. You'd find old nail polish and nail polish remover, which I never use. You'd find old drugs, including Percodan and Percocet, that I never finished because they make me crazy. I've had friends say, "Listen, I'll buy those from you." For some reason I can't let go of them.

19.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances would you not revive a date?
MARGULIES: I've had one blind date in my life. I was a freshman in college and my sister set me up with a guy from her office. He sounded great on the phone. He picked me up at her house and he had on a dog collar and one of those earrings with a chain that went from his nose to his ear so if he snapped his head too far his earlobe would rip. And he was about 6'8". The worst date I've ever had. If he had passed out in the middle of the street, I'm not sure I would have woken him up. I probably would have just said goodbye.

20.

PLAYBOY: Will you stay with the show?
MARGULIES: If I can keep doing my two films a year, and do *ER*, yes. I love my character, but I have to be able to go off and do another character in order to keep her fresh. The producers are very understanding of that. I try to pick interesting projects. Ninety-eight percent of the Screen Actors Guild is unemployed. What am I going to do, complain? I don't think so.

"So then she said, 'Be an angel and let me drive. . . .'"

BRAIN DROPPINGS

(continued from page 128)

Some Favorite Euphemisms

(euphemisms actually observed)
blow job: holistic massage therapy
cheap hotel: limited-service lodging
loan-sharking: interim financing
kidnapping: custodial interference
mattress and box spring: sleep system
shack job: live-in companion
truck stop: travel plaza
used videocassette: previously viewed cassette
wife beating: intermittent explosive disorder
theater: performing-arts center
manicurist: nail technician
nude beach: clothing-optional beach
peephole: observation port
baldness: acquired uncombable hair
body bags: remains pouches
drought: deficit water situation
recession: a meaningful downturn in aggregate output
in love: emotionally involved
room clerk: guest-service agent

Even More Favorite Euphemisms

bad loans: nonperforming assets
seasickness: motion discomfort
gangs: nontraditional organized crime
civilian deaths: collateral damage
gambling joint: gaming resort
mole: beauty mark
garbage collection: environmental services
breast: white meat
thigh: dark meat
sludge: biosolids
genocide: ethnic cleansing
Jeep: sports utility vehicle
library: learning resources center
junk mail: direct marketing
soda jerk: fountain attendant
soldiers and weapons: military assets
third floor: level three
illegal immigrant: guest worker
Jet Ski: personal watercraft
loafers: slip-ons

More Favorite Oxymorons

mandatory options
mutual differences
nondairy creamer
open secret
resident alien
silent alarm
sport sedan
wireless cable
mercy killing
lethal assistance (Contra aid)
business ethics
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Fuck You, I Like These Kinds of Jokes

Anticlimax: What my uncle was good at.

Chess: The piece movement.

Seersucker: A person who blows clairvoyants.

Passing gear: Clothing worn by light-skinned blacks who wish to be thought of as white.

Outspoken: When you lose a debate.

Hormone: The sound a prostitute makes so that you'll think you're a real good fuck.

Drug traffic: Driving to your connection's house.

Sex drive: Similar to drug traffic, but with a different destination.

Douche: A female duke.

Octopus: An eight-sided vagina.

Trampoline: Sexual lubricant popular with sluts.

Parakeet: A keet that takes care of you until the real keet arrives.

Pussyfoot: Rare female birth defect requiring the use of open-toed shoes.

Beer nuts: The official disease of Milwaukee.

Cotton balls: The final stage of beer nuts.

Cowhand: An occupational disability common among dairy farmers.

Woodpecker: A 17th century prosthetic device.

Leatherette: A short sadomasochist.

Cap pistol: A small gun that can be hidden in your hat.

Attila the hon: A gay barbarian.

Killer Comic

It goes without saying that I'm not the only person who has noticed this, but I never got to spell it out before in my own way. Comedy's nature has two sides. Everybody wants a good time and a couple of laughs, and, of course, the comic wants to be known as a real funny guy. But the language of comedy is fairly grim and violent. It's filled with punch lines, gags and slapstick. After all, what does a comic worry most about? Dying! He doesn't want to die.

"Jeez, I was dying. It was like death out there. Like a morgue. I really bombed."

Comics don't want to die, and they don't want to bomb. They want to go over with a bang. And be a real smash. And if everything works out, if they're successful and they make you laugh, they can say, "I killed 'em. I slaughtered those people. I knocked them dead."

And what phrases does the audience use when they talk about the comic? "He's a riot." "A real scream." "A rib-splitting knee-slapper." "My sides hurt." "My cheeks ache." "He broke me up, cracked me up, slayed me, fractured me and had me in stitches." "I busted a gut." "I get a real kick out of that guy."

"Laugh? I thought I'd die."

The Pre Epidemic

Preboard, prescreen, prerecord, pretaped, preexisting, preorder, preheat, preplan, pretest, precondition, preregister. In nearly all of these cases you can drop the pre and not change the meaning of the word.

"The suicide film was not prescreened by the school." No, of course not. It was screened.

"You can call and prequalify for a loan over the phone. Your loan is preapproved." Well, if my loan is approved before I call, then no approval is necessary. The loan is simply available.

Name It Like It Is

The words fire department make it sound as if firefighters are the ones who are starting the fires, doesn't it? It should be called the extinguishing department. We don't call the police the crime department. Also, bomb squad sounds like a terrorist gang. The same is true of wrinkle cream. Doesn't it sound like it causes wrinkles? And why would a doctor prescribe pain pills? I already have pain! I need relief pills!

"Now, this is quite an interesting one."

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up, up & away

(continued from page 96)

erections. Pfizer began tests to turn the drug into an erection pill, eventually trying it out on thousands of volunteers in the U.K., U.S. and Australia. The Pfizer pill has become the most widely watched of the oral drugs in development.

"There's been quite a response in the test-patient population," says Pfizer spokeswoman Kate Robins with considerable understatement. Various studies have already shown that sildenafil, which Pfizer is marketing under the name Viagra, has improved erections in 88 percent to 92 percent of the men tested, no matter the cause of their affliction. In one test, most men got an erection within 19 minutes after they popped the pills.

Pfizer plans to submit test data to the FDA sometime in 1997, Robins says, though she repeats the routine industry caution that "a drug can crash and burn at any time." Knowledgeable people in the industry cite government regulators' questioning tests or unexpected side effects as reasons why a drug never makes it to market. So far, says Robins and independent researchers familiar with the testing, side effects have been limited to a few cases of headaches, flushing and nausea.

Vasomax is the proposed trade name of another pill being developed to treat impotence, this one by Zonagen Inc. Based on phentolamine, one of the drugs currently used in an injectable form, Vasomax relaxes the smooth-muscle cells in the penis, allowing blood to rush in—even if through nervousness or other causes the man has released adrenaline. Adrenaline, which constricts the cells, kills erections. Zonagen recently began final testing on Vasomax.

Tap Pharmaceuticals, partly owned by health care giant Abbott Laboratories, is developing a pill that could open a new front in the treatment of impotence. Tap's pill, based on apomorphine, is placed under the tongue, not swallowed. But the real difference is in how it works. While the other oral drugs—and injections and proposed creams, for that matter—directly affect the crucial penile muscle cells, apomorphine operates on the brain. Just as parts of the brain influence sight and hearing, others direct neurotransmitters that carry news of our urgent appetite to the penis, triggering an erection. Apomorphine works its wiles on one of these neurotransmitters. This intrigues researchers, because they know so little about such "centrally acting" drugs. Most research has been done on drugs that work directly on the penis.

Goldstein, who is testing the Pfizer and Zonagen pills on his patients, expects that both will make it to the marketplace, with one brand being more effective with particular kinds of impotence than the other.

Nyberg of the NIH is cautious but optimistic about oral drugs. "We know we can get drugs that work on the heart and we know that we can get drugs that work on the prostate—and have minimal side effects elsewhere," he says. "We're hopeful that we can also tailor these drugs, which are now pretty broad in their effects. I think eventually we will have an oral drug."

Gels and creams that are rubbed directly on the penis are also being tested, though some researchers think that these treatments may have a more limited market. The cream must penetrate several layers of skin and other tissue, which often means that the drug takes a roundabout route through the circulatory system. Researchers in one study of a cream that contained smooth muscle–relaxing drugs concluded that while the cream did bring out a bigger, better erection in most of the test subjects, it probably worked better for psychologically impaired rather than for physically impaired patients. Other creams that have been tested consistently produced that legendary bedtime bane, a headache. Researchers also worry that with anything one rubs on the penis, there could be side effects for one's partner as well.

"They haven't really worked," says Dr. Arnold Melman, professor and chairman of urology at Albert Einstein College of Medicine and Montefiore Medical Center in New York City. Dr. Melman, who has been a trailblazer in impotence research since 1971, is working on what he considers a better idea: gene therapy. The concept is preliminary but attractive.

"We're proposing that we change the threshold of erections," Melman says, "so that the [smooth muscles] will be more easily relaxed when sexual stimulus comes along." This would be done by changing the "tone" of the penis—by regularly augmenting the genes that control the threshold at which smooth muscles in the penis relax, allowing blood to rush in. Conceivably, what Melman calls a "little packet of extra genes" might be needed only every three to six months.

"It works in animals," says Melman. "We don't know if it will work in people." In Melman's animal studies, erections were significantly improved for up to three months with each treatment. "We think that's the next big wave," Melman says.

After the pills.

•

Many reputed therapies that are passionately discussed in locker rooms have few admirers among researchers, even though some doctor may have endorsed

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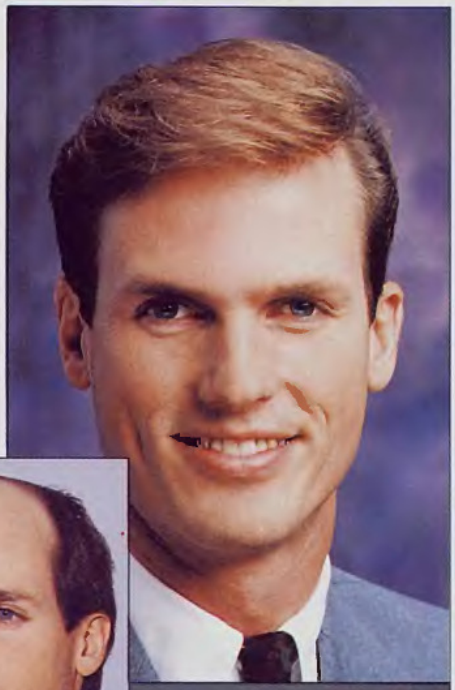

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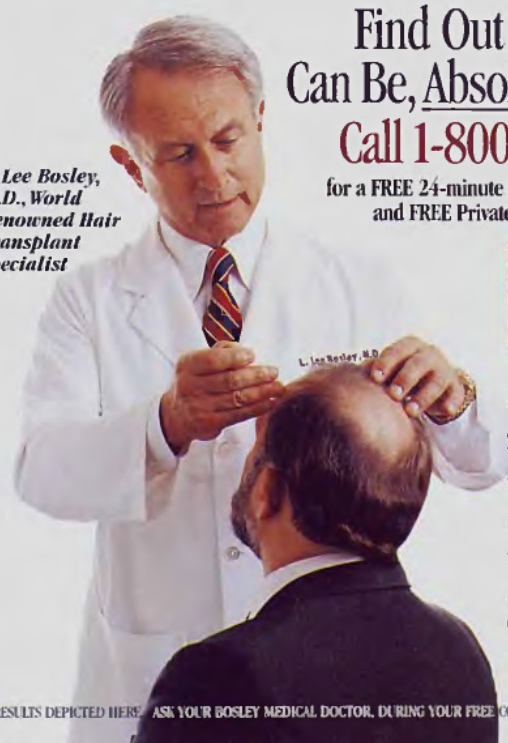

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them. Trazodone, for instance, an antidepressant drug, can produce an erection as one of its side effects, notes Melman, but a recent study has shown it to be not much more effective than a placebo—in effect, no more useful than wishful thinking. Likewise yohimbine, an extract from the bark of an African tree, widely considered to be an aphrodisiac, does a lot for male rats. In the decade or so that it has been available over the counter, plenty of men believe they have been helped by it too. Yet the few careful studies on humans have been disappointing, particularly compared with more conventional therapies. In its guidelines to treating physical impotence, issued in November 1996, the AUA found a success rate for yohimbine so low—less than 25 percent—that it is statistically indistinguishable from a sugar pill.

Hormones are another hot topic. Urologists agree that testosterone imbalances can hurt the libido—that streetcar of sexual desire—but testosterone doesn't much affect erections per se. Also, testosterone problems are actually rare and easily diagnosed with standard tests. While testosterone was once believed in medical circles to be a major factor in impotence, today it's practically a nonissue.

So-called superhormones touted by some doctors—first melatonin and now DHEA—don't have many advocates among the advance guard of veteran impotence researchers either. While they may help the old libido to feel better generally, no serious studies have shown that either of these hormones can help a guy with real erection problems.

"There certainly are people out there, patients, who say, 'Hey, this worked on me,'" says Nyberg. "But how do we define what their impotence was? What was the cause of it? We just don't have good data to say yes or no."

Goldstein is more blunt, as are other researchers. Few, if any, of the men who pass through Goldstein's clinic are interested in fiddling with DHEA supplements when a shot—or now a pill—predictably delivers a hard, sometimes hours-long, guaranteed flag-waver. Goldstein describes the DHEA frenzy as "one of the bigger scams on the planet."

•

One winter day, as a blizzard flogs the streets of Boston, Goldstein is an energetic ringmaster, moving from one patient to another in the X-ray department at Boston University Medical Center. Today he's assessing tests of the hydraulic workings of the men's penises. He and the nurses and technicians use various diagnostic aids, including machines that patients take home at night to attach to their penises. The next day, a computer readout graphs the time, size and hardness (or softness) of any nocturnal erections.

The tests today, however, are in-house. Many middle-aged and older men become impotent from years of smoking cigarettes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol or diabetes. But young men often lose their erections as a result of traumatic injuries to the groin. And it's no small problem. Goldstein estimates that 600,000 American men are impotent from such accidents.

Today Goldstein looks at young patients who could be candidates for bypass surgery, a treatment still in research and not yet fully endorsed by the AUA, which deems it "immature." Indeed, the AUA recommends that bypasses be performed only in such research environments as Goldstein's and Melman's.

As many serious cyclists know (Goldstein and his fellow researchers have interviewed more than a thousand cyclists), a bad fall on the bike's center bar can crush major blood vessels needed to fill the penis and cause an erection. Even the pressure of a bike's seat over time, for regular 100-mile riders, can foul up vital arteries down there.

Yet if everything else in the penis is working correctly, a bypass to restore blood flow can potentially fix the problem. Other conditions—such as hormonal imbalances, true psychological impotence and some cases of neurological damage—are also likely candidates for a long-term cure.

Goldstein's patients today are undergoing the dynamic infusion cavernosometry and cavernosography examination—better known around the office as the DICC (appropriately pronounced "dick") test. After they get a local anesthetic, they are injected with drugs that produce an erection. Then various procedures tell Goldstein if enough blood is coming in, if it's being properly trapped to maintain the erection and how the whole system is behaving. The details determine which therapies should work best for each patient.

One 16-year-old martial arts competitor is sitting on a gurney, penis in hand, watching it gradually deflate after the test. An opponent in a match had twice kicked him hard in the groin. The 16-year-old got a laugh from the fans in the bleachers when he yelled at the guy, "Stop kicking me in the balls." But in the months afterward, he had no erections. From Goldstein, he gets relatively good news. Goldstein wants to wait a couple of years, until the young man has grown more, but he can probably be permanently repaired with an arterial bypass to bring more blood to his wand.

A 27-year-old soccer player gets good news, too. He slipped and fell hard on a fence rail while retrieving a dead ball. Afterward, he went through a string of doctors who didn't know what to tell him until one referred him to Goldstein. "You're a go!" Goldstein now reassures him in a happy, booming voice. Everything works in his system except the incoming artery, which was crushed. An artery transferred from his stomach should bypass the obstruction and get his penis pumping up again.

Not so for other men this day.

Goldstein has been doing this surgery since 1981, trying to discover why it works in some cases but not in others. One fundamental has become gospel: If the erect penis leaks too much blood back out of the system, no bypass will restore the erection. And the long, complex surgery isn't worth it.

"Hold it, Clara. This is where we bring in my stuntman."

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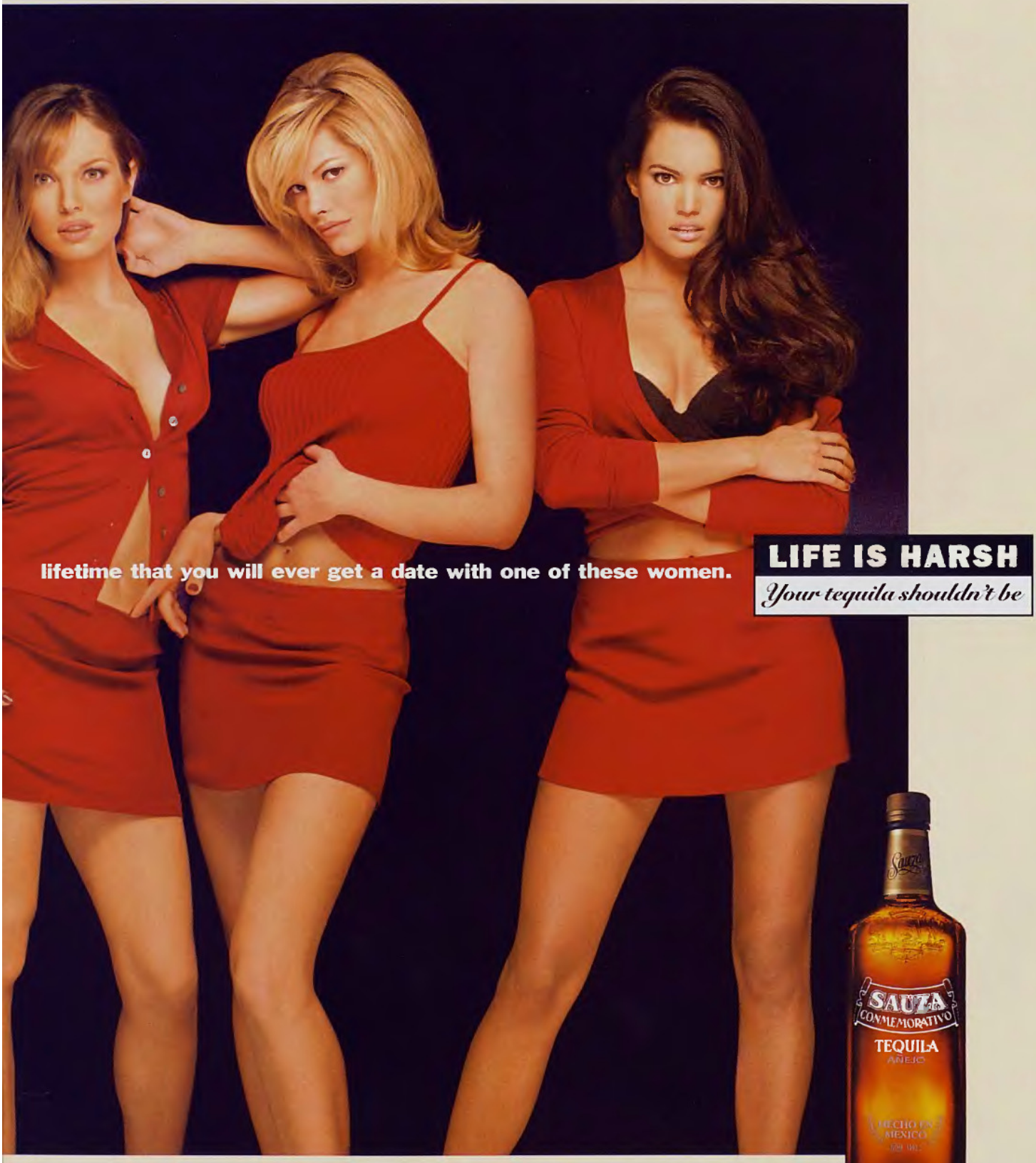

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Across the street at Boston University's Center for Advanced Biomedical Research, researcher Robert Moreland spends his time trying to understand the critical ratio of smooth-muscle to connective tissue necessary for an erection. When there's too much connective tissue, the erectile chambers leak. By testing different drugs and environments on cultures of smooth-muscle cells grown from tissue removed during implant operations, Moreland and his colleagues hope, ultimately, to be able to find ways to restore a healthy balance. "We can't fix that now," says Moreland. "But we're getting there."

That may not be soon enough for Goldstein's next patient, a 28-year-old fisherman who slipped and straddled the rail of a boat. Sadly, he gets the news that his leaking can't be fixed with surgery. His best hope now is the needle—and if that doesn't work, an implant. "I feel very bad telling you all this," says Goldstein, as tears well in the young man's eyes. "This is a problem that is permanent."

But far from hopeless, as Goldstein's patients who have taken first injections, and now the pill, point out. What makes longer-term patients grumpy these days, in fact, is that the new oral drugs aren't on the market yet. After Pfizer's earliest tests of Viagra were completed in England, the test subjects petitioned the company to be allowed to stay on the pill. The men in Goldstein's test groups who are nearing the end of their programs—and facing a return to the needle or other treatments until one or more oral drugs get FDA approval—are no happier.

A former Army MP and law enforcement veteran admits that for him, the pill doesn't give as hard, or lasting, an erection as the injection. "But it's a lot more comfortable," he laughs. "It's a big joke between my girlfriend and me. She comes in with a glass and the two pills and says, 'It's time for your medication.'" He's also been stopped at Customs when inspectors have found what looked like drug paraphernalia in his bags. Now at the beginning of a test series, he's hoping approval comes by the time he's out of the program.

A 42-year-old financial officer in a state agency, who damaged himself during a simple bedroom misstep with his wife ("she zigged and I zagged"), is not so optimistic. He has less than two months left with the test pills. And despite experience with needles as a frequent blood donor, he hasn't gotten used to injecting his own penis.

"As for the pill's side effects," he sighs, "the primary one is anxiety—knowing that you're at the end of the testing, and that you could be getting kicked out of the program shortly."

ADULTERY

(continued from page 120)

allergy. That means she cannot wear perfume on any night you see her. That works well with longtime affairs. But sometimes opportunity presents itself—however briefly. If you're talking about a one-night stand here, then you may have to be resourceful.

One guy I know worked up a sweat with a woman who wore a considerable amount of Calvin Klein's Eternity. He was panicked, until a brilliant thought occurred to him. He stopped off at a self-serve gas station and quickly doused his pants leg with gas. "The gas tank overflowed on me," he complained to his wife as he walked in the front door. Taking one whiff, she screamed, "Get in the shower, quick!" *Whew*, close one, but give him a cigar for fast thinking.

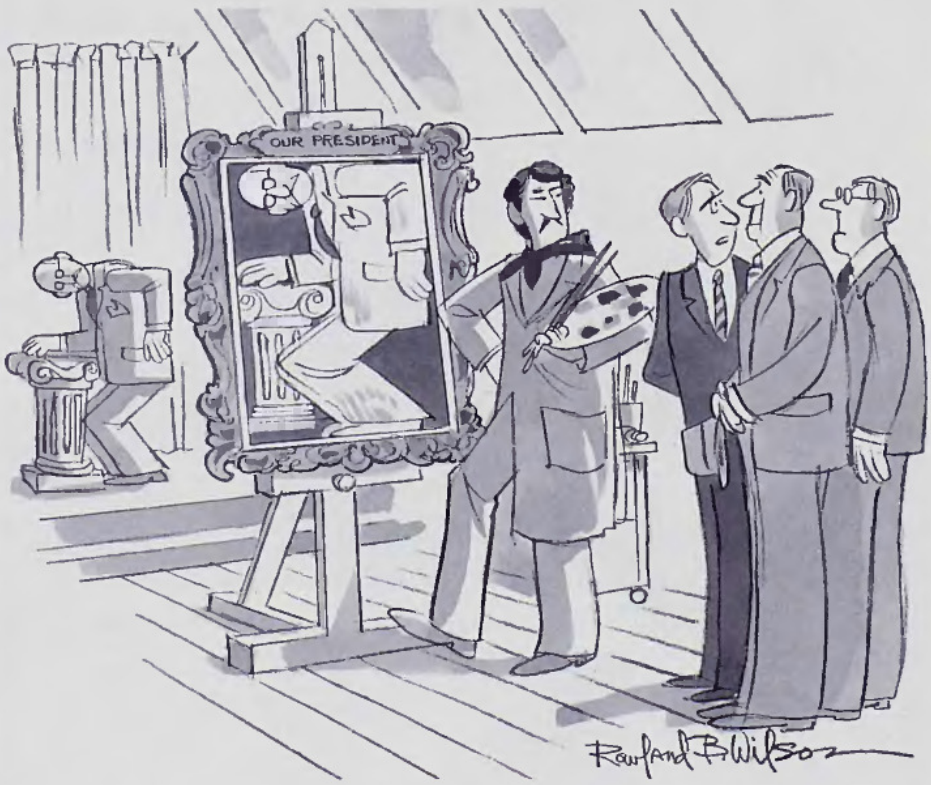
Thank God for cigars. You can always do what another one of my pals does after he's been with his girlfriend and is afraid traces of her soap or shampoo or oils are on his clothes. He heads straight to a bar and has men blow cigarette and cigar smoke directly at his suit.

It's always practical to keep an extra pair of underwear in your trunk or office. And it's important to be a one-color guy. If you leave the house in black boxers from the Gap and proceed to get them messy during a rendezvous, and all you have in your trunk are white Calvin Klein briefs, you're screwed the minute you get home and disrobe. Stay with white. It's common. It's easy. It's safe. And it could save your marriage.

Whatever you do, never set up one of your male buddies with one of *her* female friends. This is a big mistake. The only cheaters who double-date are the characters in *Goodfellas*. Nothing good can happen on a double date, and there's absolutely nothing that can happen to heighten your pleasure with *her*. Things can only go sour. Here's how:

First, you've already exposed yourself to two more people who know your other life. They'll tell two people, and then they'll tell two people—and so on. Second, your friend will likely fall in love with the girl he's been set up with. This is common—there's no explanation for it, but it happens. And when it does, watch out. One day he'll take you aside and tell you: "You know, you really can't keep doing this to *her*. She really loves you. It's time you made a decision to leave your wife or break it off."

"This actually happened to me," one friend said. "And I looked at him like, Are you out of your fucking mind? When did you get so righteous? This is *me* you're talking to." But it's not all your buddy's fault. What's happening is that your girlfriend is pouring her heart out to his girlfriend, and she's telling him and he's telling you. To quote Robert De Niro's warning to Ray Liotta in *Goodfellas*, when Liotta's screen wife is threatening to blow the whistle on De Niro's carousing: "I can't have her commiserating with my wife. I can't have it. You



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gotta take her back." Commiseration has been happening since the first grade. The only difference is that in the first grade it causes you embarrassment in front of your friends. When you're married, you lose half your earnings, the sports car and the Hamptons summer home. Friends can kill you; a best friend can do it better than anybody else.

As far as breaking up with *her* is concerned, remember: You have to get away smoothly and not feed her resentment. "I wanted to say that my son was deathly ill or something, but then I couldn't because I thought God would punish me and really make my son deathly ill," a friend said.

"I tried everything," another pal said. "I was grouchy. I was ambivalent. I kept ducking out of dates at the last minute. Finally she said to me, 'If you don't want to see me anymore, you don't have to pick a fight with me. Just leave.' She made it so easy."

He was lucky. It's not always that easy. One guy told me that his ex-girlfriend actually rented an apartment in a building right next door to him and his wife. He never knows what he's coming home to. And his wife often asks, "How come you won't even look at the new neighbor?" Oh, I don't know, maybe because she kept the Polaroid collection!

For a certain type of man, breaking up with her doesn't mean he's reformed. It merely means he's between affairs. And not all husbands cheat, of course. Some are guilty of no more than an infrequent one-night stand, followed by sleepless nights steeped in guilt.

Other men, like my friends at the table, can't help themselves. You know the type. He sits at home admiring his kids and telling his wife, "I love you. I couldn't imagine living without you." The next night he's saying the same thing to his girlfriend.

Why do they take such chances? One member of our roundtable tried to explain by telling the story of the scorpion and the frog.

A scorpion is trying to persuade a frog to give him a lift across a fast-moving stream. "I can't do that," protests the frog. "You'll sting me and I'll die."

"Don't be ridiculous," coaxes the scorpion. "If I kill you, I'll drown. Why would I do that?"

The frog succumbs to the scorpion's logic and starts swimming with the scorpion riding comfortably on its back. About halfway through their watery journey, the scorpion stings the frog, injecting it with a fatal dose of poison.

"Why?" gasps the frog during its last seconds of consciousness. "You have doomed us both."

"I couldn't help it," says the scorpion. "It's my nature."

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OKLAHOMA CITY (continued from page 72)

McVeigh had loaded 20 50-pound bags of fertilizer by 6:30 A.M., when Nichols drove up.

Records indicate he obtained a KKK membership card.

McVeigh was living with his sister Patty and her family in Fort Lauderdale, Florida in early 1993. He claimed he worked briefly as an electrician. He also toured gun shows, selling weapons and military items. That was his main vocation until the day of the bombing.

McVeigh describes himself as depressed and frustrated during this time. Despite a two-week affair he claims to have had with a married woman shortly before leaving New York, McVeigh, according to investigators, had not "found a love in his life."

During a Miami gun show McVeigh met Roger Moore, a gun collector from Royal, Arkansas. Almost two years after their meeting, someone broke into Moore's house and stole $60,000 worth of guns, cash, coins and bullion. (McVeigh was reportedly at a gun show in Ohio at the time of the theft.) The government claims that McVeigh and Nichols "caused" the robbery in order to finance the bombing.

While McVeigh was in Florida, federal agents invaded the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. When the first shoot-out was broadcast on CNN on February 28, 1993, McVeigh didn't hear the accompanying narration and didn't know the implications of what was happening. But he saw the footage of ATF agents climbing onto the roof and falling down as they were shot.

McVeigh recounts that he turned to Patty, who was watching the broadcast with him, and said, "Well, they must be doing something right. They are killing feds."

In March 1993 McVeigh went west to Arizona. On his way, he drove by Waco, where a standoff had developed between the Branch Davidians and the government. McVeigh approached a roadblock about five miles from the compound. He said that ATF agents and U.S. marshals would not let him pass. That they would block a "public road" infuriated him. Nationwide roadblocks and checkpoints were supposedly a sign that the New World Order was beginning its enslavement of the U.S. population. Internal passports—or even tattoos—would soon be required of travelers.

After a brief stay with Fortier in Kingman, Arizona, McVeigh went in the spring of 1993 to Decker, Michigan and joined his other Army buddy, Terry Nichols, and Terry's brother, James. According to McVeigh, the three stayed at Nichols' farm and discussed the Waco raid. They decided to go to Waco and start a rally. On April 19, as McVeigh was changing the oil in his car, James yelled from the house. The Branch Davidian compound had caught fire.

McVeigh watched the flames rise and consume nearly all the people inside. He watched the Branch Davidian flag catch fire and flutter away in ashes. His worst fears about the government were confirmed when the ATF raised its flag at half-mast over the smoldering ruins.

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McVeigh said the decision to "go on the offensive" was made before August 1994. A bomb would be made. Roger Moore's house would be burglarized to finance the building of the bomb. (McVeigh cased Moore's house in September.) By the end of September, McVeigh had more than 4000 pounds of ammonium nitrate fertilizer in various storage facilities. Nitromethane racing fuel was bought from several racetracks. (According to the defense document, at one racetrack in Texas McVeigh said he bought three drums of nitromethane for $900 cash per drum. The seller didn't ask for a name. McVeigh claims to have found the source for nitromethane by hanging around funny-car pit areas. He was also offered 55-gallon drums of the fuel for $1000 a drum from a source in Manhattan, Kansas.) He obtained plastic barrels in Florence, Kansas: six black ones with full-size lids, six white ones with smaller lids and one blue barrel. The white barrels were free at the Hillsboro Milk Co-op and the black ones cost $12 each. That fall McVeigh and Terry Nichols also allegedly broke into a Martin Marietta quarry in Marion, Kansas and stole 300 sticks of dynamite and 600 blasting caps.

McVeigh drove to Arizona in October with the stolen explosives, but Fortier hadn't yet rented a storage shed for them—a job he had apparently agreed to do. As a result, McVeigh had to find someplace else to store them.

There was a strong kinship between McVeigh, his dropout Army buddy and his wife, Lori. McVeigh spent Thanksgiving 1989 at Fortier's house, meeting Fortier's mother, Irene. McVeigh lived with the Fortiers off and on for more than a year. According to McVeigh, they did drugs together on a regular basis, including crystal meth and pot.

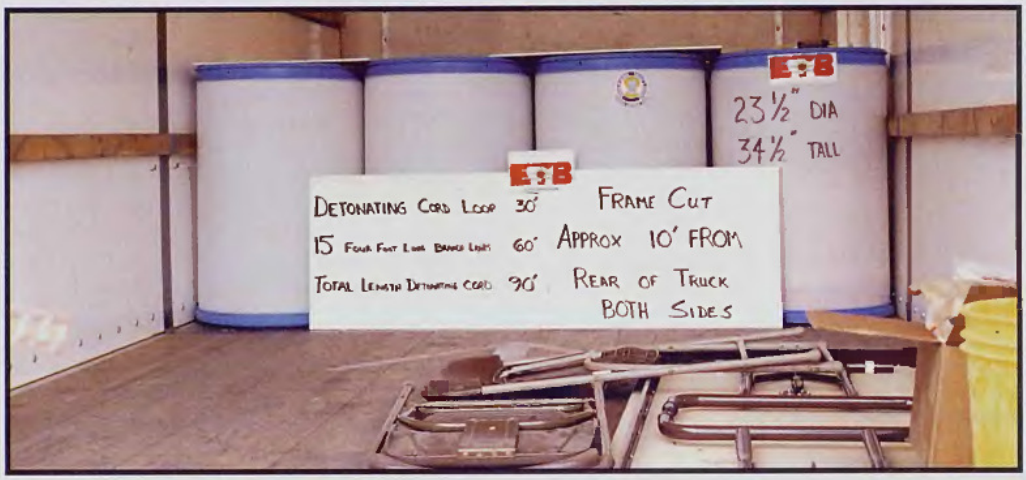
In May and August 1994, McVeigh claims he set off small bombs with Lori and Mike Fortier in the Arizona desert. In July 1994 McVeigh had been best man at Mike and Lori's wedding. Lori supposedly became angry with McVeigh in August 1994 when McVeigh sold $180 worth of explosives to Mike, so McVeigh spent some time with Terry Nichols in Kansas, buying fertilizer.

In mid-December 1994 McVeigh and Fortier left Kingman for Council Grove, Kansas, the location of one of their storage sheds. They decided to take a side tour to Oklahoma City to check out the Murrah building.

McVeigh told investigators he had already decided against placing a bomb in

SOLVING THE PUZZLE

These previously unpublished photographs were taken by a veteron Oklahoma police officer who worked on the search-and-rescue effort at the bomb site. Eight days after the blast, ATF ogents prepored o mock-up of the truck bomb in o lot one block northeast of the Alfred P. Murroh Federal Building. The Ryder truck used in the bombing, with a 20-foot bed, corried o three-ton bomb. A security comera recorded an image of the truck in front of the building just before the explosion.



HOW THE BOMB WAS BUILT

This eerie truck interior was set up by the ATF on April 27, 1995 to show the most likely way the bomb was constructed. These plastic borrels probobly formed the core, though the exoct configurotion remains uncertain. Timothy McVeigh had been gathering components since September 1994, buying ommonium nitrate fertilizer, diesel fuel, heating oil ond nitromethane from vorious sources around the country. Detonoting cord allegedly was stolen from o gravel quarry in Morion County, Kansas.

FIRST PIECE OF EVIDENCE

The force of the explosion blew the reor oxle of the Ryder truck about 400 feet west of the bomb site. "I could see and hear on object coming, moking that whizzing sound like a boomerang," said one occupant of the cor pictured ot left. The axle housing, which hit the Ford Festivo, bore a vehicle identification number thot investigotors used to troce the truck to Elliott's Body Shop, o Ryder rentol outlet in Junction City, Konsas. The truck's front oxle wos found a block eost of the bomb site.

TOTAL DEVASTATION

A firemon stands with two Oklahomo City K-9 policemen ot the front of the Murroh building. Trees can be seen through the remaining skeleton. The explosion wos felt 40 miles owoy and left a crater 30 feet wide and eight feet deep. In downtown Oklahomo City, 337 buildings were damaged by the bomb. Broken gloss rained from the sky for five minutes after the blast. Of the 168 people killed by the bomb, 19 were children.

Kansas City or in Little Rock. He and Nichols looked for a federal building in Dallas while buying nitromethane at a racetrack, but the phone book showed no single federal building. They selected Oklahoma City instead.

McVeigh and Fortier drove around the Murrah building twice, then went through a side alley and parked in the lot across the street. They sat there and stared at the nine-story structure. Fortier told McVeigh the elevator shaft would keep the building from collapsing completely. They spoke for a few minutes, but McVeigh's friend became nervous. "Let's leave," Fortier said, and they did.

They returned to Kansas and rented a gray sedan (McVeigh says it was a Chevy Caprice, but other sources indicate it was a Ford Crown Victoria) at the airport in Manhattan for Fortier to drive home in. They took the car to the Council Grove storage shed and packed up 30 stolen guns. McVeigh told Fortier he could keep 50 percent of the profit. They parted, McVeigh going to a friend's house in Michigan and Fortier going back to Kingman in the rental car. As McVeigh headed to Michigan, his car—carrying the blasting caps in the trunk—was rear-ended. The caps didn't explode.

Back in Arizona, as the date selected for the bombing got closer, McVeigh says Fortier became reluctant to participate. Finally, on April 5, 1995, the two drove into the desert to talk. Fortier told McVeigh he couldn't go through with the bombing. McVeigh kept to his plan and returned to Kansas.

On April 13, 1995, as McVeigh was driving to Geary State Fishing Lake in Kansas in order to find a place to build the bomb, the Pontiac station wagon he had bought from James Nichols blew a head gasket. McVeigh remained one night at Geary, then managed to get the car to a garage the next day. At Tom Manning's Firestone in Junction City he traded the Pontiac, plus $250, for the 1977 yellow Mercury Marquis that would be the getaway car. He switched license plates, screwing his original one on the Marquis "nice and solid, two screws right on top," he said.

On April 15 McVeigh paid for the Ryder truck he would use in the bombing, then drove the Marquis to Oklahoma City on Easter Sunday, April 16. He was, according to the document, followed by Terry Nichols in an unspecified vehicle. He parked the car at a parking lot he had picked out previously.

When he dropped off the car, he took the license plate off the rear bumper (Oklahoma doesn't require front plates), then backed the car close to a wall. He left a note inside the front windshield, covering the vehicle identification number on the dash, asking that the car not be towed. Nichols wasn't there, so McVeigh walked up the street toward the Murrah building. At NW Sixth and Broadway, the document claims McVeigh saw Nichols. Nichols stopped in the middle of the street, picked up McVeigh and drove him back to Kansas. The document also notes that the two stopped at a McDonald's in Arkansas City, Kansas.

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Early on the morning of the 18th, McVeigh waited for Nichols in Herington, Kansas, but Nichols didn't show. McVeigh drove to the storage shed and began to load the empty barrels. Then he loaded seven boxes of gel, which weighed 50 pounds each. McVeigh had loaded 20 50-pound bags of fertilizer by 6:30 A.M., when Nichols drove up. Nichols wanted to wait until sunrise to finish, but McVeigh said no. Nichols helped McVeigh load 70 50-pound bags of fertilizer and three 55-gallon drums of nitromethane. McVeigh then drove the Ryder truck to Geary Lake. Nichols arrived separately and the two began to mix the components: seven 50-pound bags of fertilizer and seven 20-pound buckets of nitromethane for each 55-gallon drum. They weighed the buckets on a bathroom scale. According to the document, a couple arrived with their boat about ten A.M. approximately 50 yards from where McVeigh and Nichols were preparing the bomb. The couple stayed for an hour trying to decide whether or not to put their boat in the water.

When they finished, Nichols nailed down the barrel lids and McVeigh changed clothes and gave Nichols his dirty clothes to dispose of. Nichols also took the 90 empty fertilizer bags. The rest of the tools were placed in with the bomb. Nichols shook McVeigh's hand and wished him luck. At noon, according to the document, McVeigh drove the truck out of the park.

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McVeigh says that he was about 20 feet behind the YMCA on Robinson, almost to the parking lot, when the bomb went off at 9:02 A.M. on April 19. The explosion threw him against the wall of the building. He stepped over a fallen power line and continued down the alley, pulling out his earplugs as he did so. He was still wearing his baseball cap.

He crossed Broadway and continued east. Broken glass crunched beneath his feet. Nearly every window in downtown Oklahoma City was shattered. McVeigh crossed under the Santa Fe Railroad tracks that divide Oklahoma City's west side from its east side.

As he approached the building where he had parked his car, McVeigh met a mail delivery man who looked at him and said: "Man, for a second I thought that was us that blew up."

"Yeah, so did I," McVeigh said. He walked on and passed another building, where the owner of a shop stood looking at his shattered storefront. Finally McVeigh reached his car.

He checked the Mercury over, unlocked it and got in. He put the key in the ignition and tried to start it. The motor hesitated for half a minute before it started. McVeigh sat calmly for another half a minute, hearing the sirens of police cars responding to the explosion. He slid the transmission into drive. But it didn't catch at first. He hit the gas, and the transmission caught. By his account, he drove out of the lot and through the alley to Eighth and Oklahoma. At Broadway and NW Seventh Street he had to wait for police cars to pass. He went up Broadway to NW Tenth. He crossed over the highway. Then he pulled out onto I-235. He headed north on 235 to I-35 and was on his way back to Kansas.

Shortly after ten A.M. an Oklahoma state trooper came flying up behind McVeigh. When he got beside McVeigh, he slowed down. Then the police cruiser slowed further and the officer turned on his overhead lights. McVeigh pulled over and rolled down his window. But the trooper motioned McVeigh to come back. McVeigh walked to the cruiser.

Trooper Charlie Hanger asked McVeigh a few questions. At one point McVeigh said he was driving cross-country. Hanger thought it odd that McVeigh was wearing a jacket. Then Hanger noticed a bulge under the jacket.

"You don't have to worry about it," McVeigh said. Hanger put a gun to McVeigh's head, then disarmed him, read him his Miranda rights, handcuffed him and transported him to the Noble County jail in Perry, Oklahoma.

He was arrested on a misdemeanor charge for carrying a concealed weapon. But that was all McVeigh had done at that point, as far as Hanger could tell. The officer booked him in around 11 A.M. McVeigh still had the earplugs in his possession when he was arrested.

McVeigh's name came up on the national crime index computer. The record showed he'd recently been booked into jail. McVeigh was minutes away from being released when the call came in from the ATF.

McVeigh was perhaps tripped up by his paranoia. Had he not taken off that license plate (presumably he did it so his car wouldn't be identified at the crime scene), he probably would not have been pulled over. He told investigators the Mercury's plate was left in a storage locker with some other items, including a sleeping bag, a rucksack and a rifle. The plate was supposed to be a signal, McVeigh said. If after a certain point it was still there, he was either caught or dead. If the plate was gone, he had gotten away.

Although the other items were found, the license plate never was.

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BLACK MILL

(continued from page 90)

"You shouldn't be here, buddy," he said, not unkindly.

I felt myself go numb. I had been caught.

"What? Oh, no, I—I——"

The whistle blew. The crowd of men, swelled now to more than a hundred, jerked to life and waited, nervous, on the balls of their feet, for the gates to open. The man with the yellow hair seemed to forget me. In the distance an equally large crowd of men emerged from the belly of the mill and headed toward us. There was a grinding of old machinery, the creak of stressed iron, and then the ornamental gates rolled away. The next instant I was caught up in the tide of men streaming toward the mill, borne along like a cork. Halfway there our group intersected with the graveyard shift and in the ensuing chaos of bodies and hellos I was sure my plan was going to work. I was going to see, at last, the inside of the mill.

I felt something, someone's fingers, brush the back of my neck, and then I was yanked backward by the collar of my coat. I lost my footing and fell to the ground. As the changing shifts of workers flowed around me I looked up and saw a huge man standing over me, his arms folded across his chest. He was wearing a black jacket emblazoned on the breast with a large M. I tried to stand, but he pushed me back down.

"You can just stay right there until the police come," he said.

"Listen," I said. My research, clearly, was at an end. My scholarly privileges would be revoked. I would creep back to Boston, where, of course, my committee and, above all, my chair would recommend that I quit the department. "You don't have to do that."

Once more I tried to stand, and this time the company guard threw me back to the ground so hard and so quickly that I couldn't break my fall with my hands. The back of my head slammed against the pavement. A passing worker stepped on my outstretched hand. I cried out.

"Hey," said a voice. "Come on, Moe. You don't need to treat him that way."

It was the sad-eyed man with the yellow hair. He interposed himself between me and my attacker.

"Don't do this, Ed," said the guard. "I'll have to write you up."

I rose shakily to my feet and started to stumble away, back toward the gates. The guard tried to reach around Ed, to grab hold of me. As he lunged forward, Ed stuck out his foot, and the guard went sprawling.

"Come on, professor," said Ed, putting his arm around me. "You better get out of here."

"Do I know you?" I said, leaning gratefully on him.

"No, but you know my nephew, Dexter. He pointed you out to me at the pictures one night."

"Thank you," I said, when we reached the gate. He brushed some dust from the back of my coat, handed me the knit stocking cap, then took a black bandanna from the pocket of his dungarees. He touched a corner of it to my mouth, and it came away marked with a dark stain.

"Only a little blood," he said. "You'll be all right. You just make sure to stay clear of this place from now on." He brought his face close to mine, filling my nostrils with the sharp medicinal tang of his aftershave. He lowered his voice to a whisper. "And stay off the beer."

"What?"

"Just stay off it." He stood up straight and returned the bandanna to his back pocket. "I haven't taken a sip in two weeks." I nodded, confused. I had been drinking two, three, sometimes four bottles of Indian Ring every night, finding that it carried me effortlessly into profound and dreamless sleep.

"Just tell me one thing," I said.

"I can't say nothing else, professor."

"It's just—what is it you do, in there?"

"Me?" he said, pointing to his chest. "I operate a sprue extruder."

"Yes, yes," I said, "but what does a sprue extruder *do*? What is it *for*?"

He looked at me patiently but a little remotely, a distracted parent with an inquisitive child.

"It's for extruding sprues," he said. "What else?"

•

Thus repulsed, humiliated and given good reason to fear that my research was in imminent jeopardy of being brought to an end, I resolved to put the mystery of the mill out of my mind once and for all and get on with my real business in Plunkettsburg. I went out to the site of the mound complex and worked with my brush and little hand spade all through that day, until the light failed. When I got home, exhausted, Mrs. Eibonas brought me a bottle of Indian Ring and I gratefully drained it before I remembered Ed's strange warning. I handed the sweating bottle back to Mrs. Eibonas. She smiled.

"Can I bring you another, professor?" she said.

"No, thank you," I said. Her smile collapsed. She looked very disappointed. "All right," she said. For some reason the thought of disappointing her bothered me greatly, so I told her, "Maybe one more."

I retired early and dreamed dreams that were troubled by the scratching of iron on earth and by a clamoring tumult of men. The next morning I got up and went straight out to the site again.

For it was going to take work, a lot of work, if my theory was ever going to

bear fruit. During much of my first several months in Plunkettsburg I had been hampered by snow and by the degree to which the site of the Plunkettsburg Mounds—a broad plateau on the eastern slope of Mount Orrert, on which there had been excavated, in the 1890s, 36 huge molars of packed earth, each the size of a two-story house—had been picked over and disturbed by that early generation of archaeologists. Their methods had not in every case been as fastidious as one could have hoped. There were numerous areas of old digging where the historical record had, through carelessness, been rendered illegible. Then again, I considered, as I gazed up at the ivy-covered flank of the ancient, artificial hillock my mentor had designated B-3, there was always the possibility that my theory was wrong.

Like all the productions of academe, I suppose, my theory was composed of equal parts of indebtedness and spite. I had formulated it in a kind of rebellion against that grand old man of the field, my chairman, the very person who had inculcated me with a respect for the deep, subtle savagery of the Miskahannock Indians. His view—the standard one—was that the culture of the builders of the Plunkettsburg Mounds, at its zenith, had expressed, to a degree unequaled in the Western hemisphere up to that time, the aestheticizing of the nihilist impulse. They had evolved all the elaborate social structures—texts, rituals, decorative arts, architecture—of any of the world's great religions: dazzling feats of abstract design represented by the thousands of baskets, jars, bowls, spears, tablets, knives, flails, axes, codices, robes and so on that were housed and displayed with such pride in the museum of my university, back in Boston. But the Miskahannocks, insofar as anyone had ever been able to determine (and many had tried), worshiped nothing, or, as my teacher would have it, Nothing. They acknowledged neither gods nor goddesses, conversed with no spirits or familiars. Their only purpose, the focus and the pinnacle of their artistic genius, was the killing of men. Nobody knew how many of the unfortunate males of the neighboring tribes had fallen victim to the Miskahannocks' delicate artistry of torture and dismemberment. In 1903 Professor William Waterman of Yale discovered 14 separate ossuary pits along the banks of the river, not far from the present site of the mill. These had contained enough bones to frame the bodies of 7000 men and boys. And nobody knew why they had died. The few tattered, fragmentary blood-on-tanbark texts so far discovered concerned themselves chiefly with the recurring famines that plagued Miskahannock civilization and, it was generally theorized, had been responsible for its ultimate collapse. The texts said nothing about the sacred arts of killing and torture. There was, my teacher had persuasively argued, one reason for this. The deaths had been purposeless; their justification, the cosmic purposelessness of life itself.

Now, once I had settled myself on spiteful rebellion, as every good pupil eventually must, there were two possible paths available to me. The first would have been to attempt to prove beyond a doubt that the Miskahannocks had, in fact, worshiped some kind of god, some positive, purposive entity, however bloodthirsty. I chose the second path. I accepted the godlessness of the Miskahannocks. I rejected the refined, reasoning nihilism my mentor had postulated (and to which, as I among very few others knew, he himself privately subscribed). The Miskahannocks, I hoped to prove, had had another motive for their killing: They were hungry; according to the tattered scraps of the Plunkettsburg Codex, very hungry indeed. The filed teeth my professor subsumed to the larger aesthetic principles he elucidated thus had, in my view, a far simpler and more utilititarian purpose. Unfortunately, the widespread incidence of cannibalism among the women of a people vanished 4000 years since was proving rather difficult to establish. So far, in fact, I had found no evidence of it at all.

I knelt to untie the canvas tarp I had stretched across my digging of the previous day. I was endeavoring to take an inclined section of B-3, cutting a passage five feet high and two feet wide at a 30 degree angle to the horizontal. This endeavor in itself was a kind of admission of defeat, since B-3 was one of two mounds, the other being its neighbor B-5, designated a "null mound" by those who had studied the site. It had been thoroughly pierced and penetrated and found to be utterly empty; reserved, it was felt, for the mortal remains of a dynasty that failed. But I had already made careful searches of the 34 other tombs of the Miskahannock queens. The null mounds were the only ones remaining. If, as I anticipated, I found no evidence of anthropophagy, I would have to give up on the mounds entirely and start looking elsewhere. There were persistent stories of other bone pits in the pleats and hollows of the Yuggoghenies. Perhaps I could find one, a fresh one, one not trampled and corrupted by the primitive methods of my professional forebears.

I peeled back the sheet of oiled canvas I had spread across my handiwork and received a shock. The passage, which over the course of the previous day I had managed to extend a full four feet into the side of the mound, had been completely filled in. Not merely filled in; the thick black soil had been tamped down

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and a makeshift screen of ivy had been drawn across it. I took a step back and looked around the site, certain all at once that I was being observed. There were only the crows in the treetops. In the distance I could hear the Murrough trucks on the tortuous highway, grinding gears as they climbed up out of the valley. I looked down at the ground by my feet and saw the faint imprint of a foot smaller than my own. A few feet from this, I found another. That was all.

I ought to have been afraid, I suppose, or at the least concerned, but at this point, I confess, I was only angry. The site was heavily fenced and posted with NO TRESPASSING signs, but apparently some local hoodlums had come up in the night and wasted all of the previous day's hard work. The motive for this vandalism eluded me, but I supposed that a lack of any discernible motive was in the nature of vandalism itself. I picked up my hand shovel and started in again on my doorway into the mound. The fifth bite I took with the little iron tooth brought out something strange. It was a black bandanna, twisted and soiled. I spread it out across my thigh and found the small, round trace of my own blood on one corner. I was bewildered, and again I looked around to see if someone were watching me. There were only the laughter and ragged fingers of the crows. What was Ed up to? Why would my rescuer want to come up onto the mountain and ruin my work? Did he think he was protecting me? I shrugged, stuffed the bandanna into a pocket and went back to my careful digging. I worked steadily throughout the day, extending the tunnel six inches nearer than I had come yesterday to the heart of the mound, then drove home to Murrough House, my shoulders aching, my fingers stiff. I had a long, hot soak in the big bathtub down the hall from my room, smoked a pipe and read, for the 15th time at least, the section in *Miskahannock Surveys* dealing with B-3. Then at 6:30 I went downstairs to find Dexter Eibonas waiting to serve my dinner, his expression blank, his eyes bloodshot. I remember being surprised that he didn't immediately demand details of my day on the dig. He just nodded, retreated into the kitchen and returned with a heated can of soup, half a loaf of white bread and a bottle of Ring. Naturally after my hard day I was disappointed by this fare, and I inquired as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Eibonas.

"She had some family business, professor," Dexter said, rolling up his hands in his tea towel, then unrolling them again. "Sad business."

"Did somebody—die?"

"My uncle Ed," said the boy, collapsing in a chair beside me and covering his twisted features with his hands. "He had an accident down at the mill, I guess. Fell headfirst into the impact mold."

"What?" I said, feeling my throat constrict. "My God, Dexter! Something has to be done! That mill ought to be shut down!"

Dexter took a step back, startled by my vehemence. I had thought at once, of course, of the black bandanna, and now I wondered if I were not somehow responsible for Ed Eibonas' death. Perhaps the incident in the mill yard the day before, his late-night digging in the dirt of B-3 in some kind of misguided effort to help me, had left him rattled, unable to concentrate on his work, prey to accidents.

"You just don't understand," said Dexter. "It's our way of life here. There isn't anything for us but the mill." He pushed the bottle of Indian Ring toward me. "Drink your beer, professor."

I reached for the glass and brought it to my lips but was swept by a sudden wave of revulsion like that which had overtaken me at the Chinese restaurant on my first night in town. I pushed back from the table and stood up, my violent start upsetting a pewter candelabra in which four tapers burned. Dexter lunged to keep it from falling over, then looked at me, surprised. I stared back, chest heaving, feeling defiant without being sure of what exactly I was defying.

"I am not going to touch another drop of that beer!" I said, the words sounding petulant and absurd as they emerged from my mouth.

Dexter nodded. He looked worried.

"All right, professor," he said, obligingly, as if he thought I might have become unbalanced. "You just go on up to your room and lie down. I'll bring you your food a little later. How about that?"

•

The next day I lay in bed, aching, sore and suffering from that peculiar brand of spiritual depression born largely of suppressed fear. On the following morning I roused myself, shaved, dressed in my best clothes and went to the Church of St. Stephen, on Nolt Street, the heart of Plunkettsburg's Estonian neighborhood, for the funeral of Ed Eibonas. There was a sizable turnout, as was always the case, I was told, when there had been a death at the mill. Such deaths were reportedly uncommon; the mill was a cruel and dangerous but rarely fatal place. At Dexter's invitation I went to the dead man's house to pay my respects to the widow, and two hours later I found myself, along with most of the other male mourners, roaring drunk on some kind of fruit brandy brought out on special occasions. It may have been that the brandy burned away the jitters and anxiety of the past two days; in any case the next morning I went out to the mounds again, with a tent and a cookstove and several bags of groceries. I didn't leave for the next five days.

My hole had been filled in again, and this time there was no clue to the identity of the filler, but I was determined not to let this spook me, as the saying goes. I simply dug. Ordinarily I would have proceeded cautiously, carrying the dirt out by thimblefuls and sifting each one, but I felt my time on the site growing short. I often saw cars on the access road by day, and headlight beams by night, slowing down as if to observe me. Twice a day a couple of sheriff's deputies would pull up to the Ring and sit in their car, watching. At first whenever they

"Goddamn it, Warren, you know it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the ceremony!"

appeared, I stopped working, lit a cigarette and waited for them to arrest me. But when after the first few times nothing of the sort occurred, I relaxed a little and kept on with my digging for the duration of their visit. I was resigned to being prevented from completing my research, but before this happened I wanted to get to the heart of B-3.

On the fourth day, when I was halfway to my goal, George Birch drove out from his general store, as I had requested, with cans of stew, bottles of soda pop and cigarettes. He was normally a dour man, but on this morning his face seemed longer than ever. I inquired if there were anything bothering him.

"Carlotta Brown-Jenkin died last night," he said. "Friend of my mother's. Tough old lady." He shook his head. "Influenza. Shame."

I remembered that awful, Technicolored meal so many months before, the steely glint of her eyes in their cavernous sockets. I did my best to look properly sympathetic.

"That is a shame," I said.

He set down the box of food and looked past me at the entrance to my tunnel. The sight of it seemed to disturb him.

"You sure you know what you're doing?" he said.

I assured him that I did, but he continued to look skeptical.

"I remember the last time you archaeologist fellows came to town, you know," he said. As a matter of fact I did know this, since he told me almost every time I saw him. "I was a boy. We had just got electricity in our house."

"Things must have changed a great deal since then," I said.

"Things haven't changed at all," he snapped. He was never a cheerful man, George Birch. He turned, hitching up his trousers, and limped on his wooden foot back to his truck.

That night I lay in my bedroll under the canvas roof of my tent, watching the tormented sky. The lantern hissed softly beside my head; I kept it burning low, all night long, advertising my presence to any who might seek to come and undo my work. It had been a warm, springlike afternoon, but now a cool breeze was blowing in from the north, stirring the branches of the trees over my head. After a while I drowsed a little; I fancied I could hear the distant fluting of the Miskahannock flowing over its rocky bed and, still more distant, the low, insistent drumming of the machine heart in the black mill. Suddenly I sat up: The music I had been hearing, of breeze and river and far-off machinery, seemed at once very close and not at all metaphoric. I scrambled out of my bedroll and tent and stood, taut, listening, at the edge of Plunkettsburg Ring. It *was* music I heard, strange music, and it seemed to be issuing, impossibly, from the other end of the tunnel I had been digging and redigging over the past two weeks—from within mound B-3, the null mound!

I have never, generally, been plagued by bouts of great courage, but I do suffer from another vice whose outward appearance is often indistinguishable from that of bravery: I am pathologically curious. I was not brave enough, in that eldritch moment, actually to approach B-3, to investigate the source of the music I was hearing; but though every primitive impulse urged me to flee, I stood there, listening, until the music stopped, an hour before dawn. I heard sorrow in the music, and mourning, and the beating of many small drums. And then in the full light of the last day of April, emboldened by bright sunshine and a cup of instant coffee, I made my way gingerly toward the mound. I picked up my shovel, lowered my foolish head into the tunnel and crept carefully into the bowels of the now-silent mound. Seven hours later I felt the shovel strike something hard, like stone or brick. Then the hardness gave way, and the shovel flew abruptly out of my hands. I had reached, at last, the heart of mound B-3.

And it was not empty; oh no, not at all. There were seven sealed tombs lining the domed walls, carved stone chambers

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of the usual Miskahannock type, and another ten that were empty, and one, as yet unsealed, that held the unmistakable, though withered, yellow, naked and eternally slumbering form of Carlotta Brown-Jenkin. And crouched on her motionless chest, as though prepared to devour her throat, sat a tiny stone idol, hideous, black, brandishing a set of wicked ivory fangs.

Now I gave in to those primitive impulses; I panicked. I tore out of the burial chamber as quickly as I could and ran for my car, not bothering to collect my gear. In 20 minutes I was back at Murrough House. I hurried up the front steps, intending only to go to my room, retrieve my clothes and books and papers and leave behind Plunkettsburg forever. But when I came into the foyer I found Dexter, carrying a tray of eaten lunches back from the dining room to the kitchen. He was whistling lightheartedly and when he saw me he grinned. Then his expression changed.

"What is it?" he said, reaching out to me. "Has something happened?"

"Nothing," I said, stepping around him, avoiding his grasp. The streets of Plunkettsburg had been built on evil ground, and now I could only assume that every one of its citizens, even cheerful Dexter, had been altered by the years and centuries of habitation. "Everything's fine. I just have to leave town."

I started up the wide, carpeted steps as quickly as I could, mentally packing my bags and boxes with essentials, loading the car, twisting and backtracking up the steep road out of this cursed valley.

"Thank you all very much. You may now resume eating one another."

"My name came up," Dexter said. "I start tomorrow at the mill."

Why did I turn? Why did I not keep going down the long, crooked hallway and carry out my sensible, cowardly plan?

"You can't do that," I said. He started to smile, but there must have been something in my face. The smile fizzled out. "You'll be killed. You'll be mangled. That good-looking mug of yours will be hideously deformed."

"Maybe," he said, trying to sound calm, but I could see that my own agitation was infecting him. "Maybe not."

"It's the women. The queens. They're alive."

"The queens are alive? What are you talking about, professor? I think you've been out on the mountain too long."

"I have to go, Dexter," I said. "I'm sorry. I can't stay here anymore. But if you have any sense at all, you'll come with me. I'll drive you to Pittsburgh. You can start at Tech. They'll help you. They'll give you a job. . . ." I could feel myself starting to babble.

Dexter shook his head. "Can't," he said. "My name came up! Shoot, I've been waiting for this all my life."

"Look," I said. "All right. Just come with me, out to the Ring." I looked at my watch. "We've got an hour until dark. Just let me show you something I found out there, and then if you still want to go to work in that infernal factory, I'll shake your hand and bid you farewell."

"You'll really take me out to the site?"

I nodded. He set the tray on a deal table and untied his apron.

"Let me get my jacket," he said.

•

I packed my things and we drove in silence to the necropolis. I was filled with regret for this course of action, with intimations of disaster. But I felt I couldn't simply leave town and let Dexter Eibonas walk willingly into that fiery eructation of the evil genius, the immemorial accursedness, of his drab Pennsylvania hometown. I couldn't leave that young, unmarked body to be broken and split on the horrid machines of the mill. As for why Dexter wasn't talking, I don't know; perhaps he sensed my mounting despair, or perhaps he was simply lost in youthful speculation on the unknown vistas that lay before him, subterranean sights forbidden and half-legendary to him since he had first come to consciousness of the world. As we turned off Gray Road onto the access road that led up to the site, he sat up straight and looked at me, his face grave with the consummate adolescent pleasure of violating rules.

"There," I said. I pointed out the window as we crested the rise. The Plunkettsburg Ring lay spread out before us, filled with jagged shadows, in the slanting, rust-red light of the setting sun. From this angle the dual circular plan of

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the site was not apparent, and the 36 mounds appeared to stretch from one end of the plateau to the other, like a line of uneven teeth studding an immense, devouring jawbone.

"Let's make this quick," I said, shuddering. I handed him a spare lantern from the trunk of the Nash, and then we walked to the edge of the aboriginal forest that ran upslope from the plateau to the wind-shattered precincts of Mount Orrert's sharp peak. It was here, in the lee of a large maple tree, that I had set up my makeshift camp. At the time the shelter of that homely tree had seemed quite inviting, but now it appeared to me that the forest was the source of all the lean shadows reaching their ravening fingers across the plateau. I ducked quickly into my tent to retrieve my lantern and then hurried back to rejoin Dexter. I thought he was looking a little uneasy now. His gait slowed as we approached B-3. When we trudged around to confront the raw earthen mouth of the passage I had dug, he came to a complete stop.

"We're not going inside there," he said in a monotone. I saw come into his eyes the dull, dreamy look that was there whenever he talked about going to work in the mill. "It isn't allowed."

"It's just for a minute, Dexter. That's all you'll need."

I put my hands on his shoulders and gave him a push, and we stumbled through the dank, close passage, the light from our lanterns veering wildly around us. Then we were in the crypt.

"No," Dexter said. The effect on him of the sight of the time-ravaged naked body of Carlotta Brown-Jenkin, of the empty tombs, the hideous idol, the outlandish ideograms that covered the walls, was everything I could have hoped for. His jaw dropped, his hands clenched and unclenched, he took a step backward. "She just died!"

"Yesterday," I agreed, trying to allay my own anxiety with a show of ironic detachment.

"But what . . . what's she doing out here?" He shook his head quickly, as though trying to clear it of smoke or spiderwebs.

"Don't you know?" I asked him, for I still was not completely certain of his or any townsman's uninvolvement in the evil, at once ancient and machine-age, that was evidently the chief business of Plunkettsburg.

"No! God, no!" He pointed to the queer, fanged idol that crouched with a hungry leer on the late chancellor's hollow bosom. "God, what is that thing?"

I went over to the tomb and cautiously, as if the figure with its enormous, obscene tusks might come to life and rip off a mouthful of my hand, picked up the idol. It was as black and cold as space, and so heavy that it bent my hand back at the wrist as I hefted it. With both hands I got a firm grip on it and turned it over. On its pedestal were incised three symbols in the spiky, complex script of the Miskahannocks, unrelated to any other known human language or alphabet. As with all of the tribe's inscriptions, the characters had both a phonetic and a symbolic sense. Often these were quite independent of one another.

"Yu . . . yug . . . gog," I read, sounding it out carefully. "Yuggog."

"What does that mean?"

"It doesn't mean anything, as far as I know. But it can be read another way. It's trickier. Here's tooth . . . gut—that's hunger—and this one——" I held up the idol toward him. He shied away. His face had gone completely pale, and there was a look of fear in his eyes, of awareness of evil, that I found, God forgive me, strangely gratifying. "This is a kind of general intensive, I believe. Making this read, loosely rendered, hunger . . . itself. How odd."

"Yuggog," Dexter said softly, a thin strand of spittle joining his lips.

"Here," I said cruelly, tossing the heavy thing toward him. Let him go into the black mill now, I thought, after he's seen *this*. Dexter batted at the thing, knocking it to the ground. There was a sharp, tearing sound like matchwood splitting. For an instant Dexter looked utterly, cosmically startled. Then he, and the idol of Yuggog, disappeared. There was a loud thud, and a clatter, and I heard him groan. I picked up the splintered halves of the carved wooden trapdoor Dexter had fallen through and gazed down into a fairly deep, smooth-sided hole. He lay crumpled at the bottom, about eight feet beneath me, in the light of his overturned lantern.

"My God! I'm sorry! Are you all right?"

"I think I sprained my ankle," he said. He sat up and raised his lantern. His eyes got very wide. "Professor, you have to see this."

I lowered myself carefully into the hole and stared with Dexter into a great round tunnel, taller than either of us, paved with crazed human bones, stretching far beyond the pale of our lanterns.

"A tunnel," he said. "I wonder where it goes."

"I can only guess," I said. "And that's never good enough for me."

"Professor! You aren't——"

But I had already started into the tunnel, a decision that I attributed not to courage, of course, but to my far greater vice. I did not see that as I took those first steps into the tunnel I was in fact being bitten off, chewed and swallowed, as it were, by the very mouth of the Plunkettsburg evil. I took small, queasy steps along the horrible floor, avoiding insofar as I could stepping on the outraged miens of human skulls, searching the smoothed, plastered walls of the tunnel

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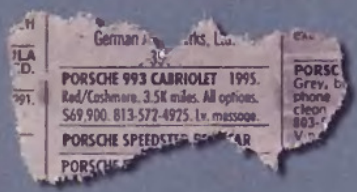

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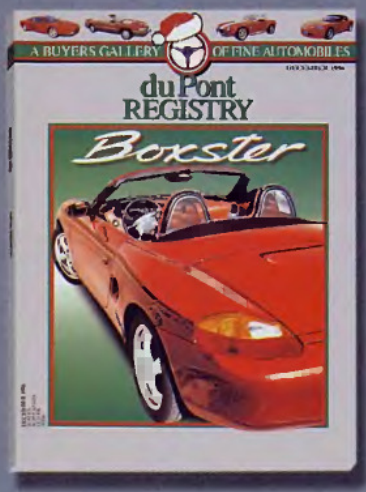

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for ideograms or other hints of the builders of this amazing structure. The tunnel, or at least this version of it, was well built, buttressed regularly by sturdy iron piers and lintels, and of chillingly recent vintage. Only great wealth, I thought, could have managed such a feat of engineering. A few minutes later I heard a tread behind me and saw the faint glow of a lantern. Dexter joined me, favoring his right ankle, his lantern swinging as he walked.

"We're headed northwest," I said. "We must be under the river by now."

"Under the river?" he said. "Could Indians have built a tunnel like this?"

"No, Dexter, they could not."

He didn't say anything for a moment as he took this information in.

"Professor, we're headed for the mill, aren't we?"

"I'm afraid we must be," I said.

We walked for three quarters of an hour, until the sound of pounding machinery became audible, grew gradually unbearable and finally exploded directly over our heads. The tunnel had run out. I looked up at the trapdoor above us. Then I heard a muffled scream. To this day I don't know if the screamer was one of the men up on the floor of the factory, or Dexter Eibonas, a massive hand clapped brutally over his mouth, because the next instant, at the back of my head, a supernova bloomed and flared brightly.

•

I wake in an immense room, to the idiot pounding of a machine. The walls are sheets of fire flowing upward like inverted cataracts; the ceiling is lost in shadow from which, when the flames flare brightly, there emerges the vague impression of a steely web of girders among which dark things ceaselessly creep. Thick coils of rope bind my arms to my sides, and my legs are lashed at the ankles to those of the plain pine chair in which I have been propped.

It is one of two dozen chairs in a row that is one of a hundred, in a room filled with men, the slumped, crew-cut, big-shouldered ordinary men of Plunkettsburg and its neighboring towns. We are all waiting, and watching, as the women of Plunkettsburg, the servants of Yuggog, pass noiselessly among us in their soft, horrible cloaks stitched from the hides of dead men, tapping on the shoulder of now one fellow, now another. None of my neighbors, however, appears to have required the use of strong rope to conjoin him to his fate. Without a word the designated men, their blood thick with the dark earthen brew of the Ring witches, rise and follow the skins of miscreant fathers and grandfathers down to the ceremonial altar at the heart of the mill, where the priestesses of Yuggog throw oracular bones and, given the result, take hold of the man's ear, his

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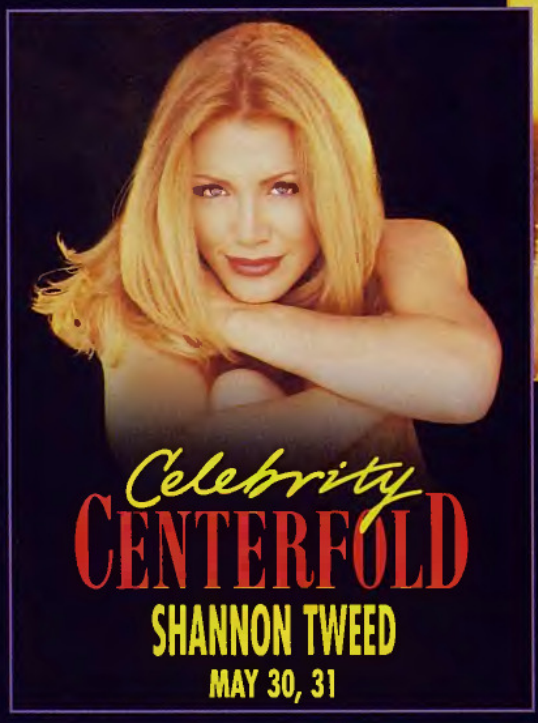

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Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 22, 30, 32, 36, 84–89, 114–117 and 183, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 22: "Foot Notes": **Sandals:** By *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. By *Adam Derrick*, at Louis of Boston, 617-262-6100. By *Bally*, 800-96-BALLY. By *Cole-Haan*, 800-488-2000. By *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's stores. By *Bruno Magli*, 800-624-5430. "Hot Shopping: Berkeley": *Dish*, 510-540-4784. *Wicked*, 510-883-1055. *Amoeba Music*, 510-549-1125. *Moe's Books*, 510-849-2087. *Jupiter*, 510-843-8277. "Short Cuts": *Giuseppe Franco* hair salon, 310-274-8967. **Shampoo and texture cream** by *American Crew*, 800-598-CREW. **Amplifying tonic** by *Michael diCesare*, 800-778-STYLE.

WIRED

Pages 30, 32: "Brain Savers": **Cellular phone accessories:** By *Lelser Ltd.*, from Miller Advertising, 212-929-2200, ext. 800. From *Codem*, 800-443-2005. "CB Revival": **CB radios:** By *Cobra*, 773-889-3087. By *Midland Radios*, 816-241-8500. By *Uniden America Corp.*, 800-297-1023. "Wild Things": **Static electricity device** from *Comp U Time*, 847-228-1600. **Video game keychain** from *Square Soft, Inc.*, 714-540-8822. **Storage system** by *Atlantic, Inc.*, 800-747-2660. **Receiver and CD changer** by *Magnavox*, 800-597-1790. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** From *Real World*, 800-768-6943. From *ASC Games*, 203-655-0032. From *Grolier*, 203-797-3530. From *Interact Accessories*, 410-238-1426. From *Books That Work*, 800-242-4546. By *Chivas Regal*, 800-CHIVAS-1. "Cyber Scoop": **Software** by *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400.

TRAVEL

Page 36: "Great Escape": *Crystal Creek Lodge*, http://www.crystalcreeklodge.com. "Road Stuff": **Clock radio** by *Sony Electronics, Inc.*, 800-222-7669. **Thermos** from *Runnin' Cool*, 800-58-COOL-1.

TIGHT SQUEEZE

Page 84: **Sweater and pants** by *Prada*, NYC, 212-327-0488. Page 85: **Suit** by *MNW Wardrobe*, at Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750. **Shirt** by *Katharine Hamnett*, at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. **Belt and loafers** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. Page 86: **Suit and shirt** by *Gucci*, at Neiman Marcus stores. Page 87: **Suit** by *D&G by Dolce & Gabbana*, at Riccardi, Boston, 617-266-3158. **Shirt** by *Katharine Hamnett*, at Neiman Marcus stores. Page 88: **Shirt** by *MNW*, at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. **Belt** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's stores. **Pants** by *Eugene Lumpkin*, at Moda, Washington, D.C., 202-298-8598. Page 89: **Belt and sandals** by *DKNY*, at select Bloomingdale's stores. **Sunglasses** by *Emporio Armani*, NYC, 212-727-3240. **Shirt and khakis** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein stores.

DADS & GRADS

Pages 114–115: "Dads": **Camcorder** by *Sony Electronics, Inc.*, 800-222-7669. **Cognac** from the *Westwood Importing Co.*, 313-869-4909. **Snifter** from *Tiffany & Co.*, at Tiffany & Co. stores. **Portfolio** from *Luminaire*, 312-664-9582. **Fax machine and cordless phone** by *Panasonic Co.*, 201-348-9090. **Golf club** by *Square Two Golf*, 800-526-2250. **Watch** from *SMH, Inc.*, 800-456-5354. **Silk tie** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Sunglasses** by *Cartier*, 800-447-7405. **Aftershave** by *Azzaro*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Portable minidisc recorder and player** by *Sony Electronics, Inc.*, 800-222-7669. Pages 116–117: "Grads": **Binoculars** from *Pioneer Research*, 800-257-7742. **Sound system** from *Davis Designs, Inc.*, 800-905-8515. **Cologne** by *Swiss Army Brand Parfum*, 800-447-7422. **Champagne** from *Dom Pérignon*, 800-621-5150. **Champagne glasses** by *Iittala of Finland* from Chiasso, 800-654-3570. **Silk tie** by *Lee Allison Designs*, at better men's clothing and tobacco stores or call 773-276-7172. **Watch** by *Revue Thommen*, 800-431-2996. **Camcorder** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **Sunglasses** by *Revo*, 800-843-7386. **PC companion** by *Compaq*, 800-OK-COMPAQ.

ON THE SCENE

Page 183: "Digital Sharpshooters": **Cameras:** By *Sony Electronics, Inc.*, 800-222-7669. By *Nikon*, 800-52-NIKON. By *Olympus America*, 888-55-DIGITAL. By *Sanyo*, 818-998-7322, ext. 561.

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foot, his fingers. A yellow snake, its venom presumably anesthetic, is applied to the fated extremity. Then the long knife is brought to bear, and the vast, immemorial hunger of the god of the Miskahannocks is assuaged for another brief instant. In the past three hours on this Walpurgis Night, nine men have been so treated; tomorrow, people in this bewitched town, that in a reasonable age, has learned to eat its men a little at a time, will speak, I am sure, of a series of horrible accidents at the mill. The women came to take away Dexter Eibonas an hour ago. I looked away as he went under the knife, but I believe he lost the better part of his left arm to the god. I can only assume that very soon now I will feel the tap on my left shoulder of the fingers of the town librarian, the grocer's wife, of Mrs. Eibonas herself. I am guiltier by far of trespass than Ed Eibonas and do not suppose I will survive the procedure.

Strange how calm I feel in the face of all this; perhaps there remain traces of the beer in my veins, or perhaps in this hellish place there are other enchantments at work. In any case, I will at least have the satisfaction of seeing my theory confirmed, or partly confirmed, before I die, and the concomitant satisfaction, so integral to my profession, of seeing my teacher's theory cast in the dustbin. For, as I held, the Miskahannocks hungered; and hunger, black, primordial, unstaunchable hunger itself, was their god. It was indeed the misguided scrambling and digging of my teacher and his colleagues, I imagine, that awakened great Yuggog from its 4000-year slumber. As for the black mill that fascinated me for so many months, it is a sham. The single great machine to my left takes in no raw materials and emits no ingots or sheets. It is simply an immense piston, endlessly screaming and pounding like the skin of an immense drum the ground that since the days of the Miskahannocks has been the sacred precinct of the god. The flames that flash through the windows and the smoke that proceeds from the chimneys are bits of trickery, mechanical contrivances devised, I suppose, by Philippa Howard Murrough herself, in the days when the revived spirit of Yuggog first whispered to her of its awful, eternal appetite for the flesh of men. The sole industry of Plunkettsburg is carnage, scarred and mangled bodies the only product.

One thought disturbs the perfect, poison calm with which I am suffused—the trucks that grind their way in and out of the valley, the freight trains that come clanging in the night. What cargo, I wonder, is unloaded every morning at the docks of the Plunkettsburg Mill? What burden do those trains bear away?

DENNIS RODMAN *(continued from page 68)*

In my whole life I have had between 25 and 30 women. Maybe five good ones.

PLAYBOY: Are we headed for a scourge of AIDS among pro athletes?

RODMAN: Why blame the athletes? Athletes didn't start the idea of fucking without condoms. They aren't role models and they don't set a goddamn precedent for society. Don't point to the athletes—they're just like anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Except for being young and rich and having lots of women begging them for sex.

RODMAN: Wear you out.

PLAYBOY: What if you learned you were HIV-positive? How would you react?

RODMAN: What can anyone do? Anybody who has it, what can you do but blame yourself?

PLAYBOY: Such a sad topic. We should try to lighten up. Tell us what you think is your best color.

RODMAN: White.

PLAYBOY: For purity.

RODMAN: Girls that are white. I like pink, too. The pink and white clouds of love.

PLAYBOY: What's your best feature?

RODMAN: Best feature? Muscle control. Talk about muscle control—"Oh, oh daddy!" It makes for the best fucking around.

PLAYBOY: You have women chasing you from coast to coast. *GQ* says you might be our greatest "vulva magnet." Is that a heavy reputation to carry around? Can you live up to your image as a sexual performer?

RODMAN: I don't see it like that. I don't have to prove myself.

PLAYBOY: You imply in your book that you sometimes fake in bed.

RODMAN: I did?

PLAYBOY: You say that sometimes you yell and shout to make the woman you're with feel good about her performance.

RODMAN: Look, I have sex a lot. Sometimes it's just going through the motions. I've faked. Women are always faking that shit—I'm just flipping the coin.

PLAYBOY: Another example of your versatility. You have also made headlines by wearing makeup and dressing in drag. Many people believe you're gay or bisexual, though you have never admitted having a gay experience. What's the current state of your sexuality?

RODMAN: I wouldn't be ashamed to say I was gay. I'm the first to say I would fuck a man's brains out. Giving it or getting it, taking or giving, don't matter—it's all about getting that sensation you want. And on that day I want to fuck a man, I'll announce it. I'll make sure everyone in the world knows I'm gay.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't actually done it yet.

RODMAN: I mentally masturbate. I have sex in my mind. It happens all the time.

PLAYBOY: Are you attracted to men?

RODMAN: We all have a little homosexual in us. We pat each other on the ass. We kiss. I kiss transsexuals. If I think a guy is attractive I can tell him, "You are a beautiful motherfucker." I'll hug him and kiss him.

PLAYBOY: If you kiss a man in friendship, does it matter if he's good-looking?

RODMAN: [*Pauses*] Yes.

PLAYBOY: What does your mother think when she sees you in makeup and a gown?

RODMAN: She doesn't care. She's got a new house.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wear women's clothing in private?

RODMAN: I wear it once in a while. It shows that I am not just an athlete. It shows that I'm not afraid of society. I'm unconventional.

PLAYBOY: You don't really have a gay streak, do you?

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RODMAN: I have done a lot for the gay community. I make it more acceptable. I am an entertainer, a phenomenon and a historical landmark.

PLAYBOY: You say you don't mind fantasizing about gay sex, but you always stop short of actually doing it.

RODMAN: Sex should be a mystery. You need some mystery to it. You don't have that if everybody's the same. And if that's not true then everybody would be gay and lesbian, wouldn't they?

[*We finished on Sunday in his penthouse suite at the Mirage, high above the special-effects volcano. Rodman was shirtless, stretching, just waking up for breakfast. It was four* P.M. *Rodman's female companion, Chicago businessman Bill Marovitz and bodyguard Williams were watching the NBA All-Star Game on TV. Rodman watched, but looked bored. He said the All-Star Game is overhyped. Forty-eight hours before his return to the court, Rodman spoke softly.*]

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were alone?

RODMAN: When I sleep, I'm alone.

PLAYBOY: Your agent, Dwight Manley, tells us that you sleepwalk. He'll be sleeping on the couch in your house or a hotel suite when you lumber out, push him aside and lie down.

RODMAN: No, no. That was kidding around.

PLAYBOY: But you do sleepwalk?

RODMAN: Sometimes. Everybody does.

PLAYBOY: That's not true.

RODMAN: Yes, you do it. Everybody sleepwalks once in a while.

PLAYBOY: Other than partying, have you prepared for the season's second half?

RODMAN: My mind is ready.

PLAYBOY: Do you have anything planned for your return?

RODMAN: Be in fucking character, that's it. When the camera is on, the shows begin.

PLAYBOY: You say you'll give your salary back next year if your performance doesn't measure up. Who decides whether you were good enough?

RODMAN: [*Smiling*] Me.

PLAYBOY: You say you don't plan ahead, but it sounds like you have all the bases covered. Is Bob Knight right about you?

RODMAN: They say I'm either a genius or the most stupid, illiterate motherfucker in the world. Some people call it clever. Do you know what I call it? Brilliant. I call it brilliant. Wile E. Coyote, that's me. Wile E. Coyote.

PLAYBOY: And celebrity?

RODMAN: It pays for me and my child.

PLAYBOY: You don't see your daughter much.

RODMAN: Alexis, she's going on nine. She's my role model. She's so beautiful. You know what breaks my heart? Seeing her so shy. All the kids talk behind her back. Even at the private school she goes to, she can't escape being my daughter. We talk on the phone and she says, "Daddy, I don't want to go to school." It's making me more sheltered. This fucking image of mine—sometimes I can't deal with it. I have two veins keeping me going—my emotion and my little girl.

PLAYBOY: You were a shy kid.

RODMAN: I'm still shy, brother. Watch me with Jay Leno. He'll ask something personal and I'll look down at the ground. I can't look up. I saw Jimi Hendrix on an old Dick Cavett show; he did the same thing. He was shy. Now I see Alexis doing that same look.

PLAYBOY: How often do you see your daughter?

RODMAN: I don't see her. My ex-wife has her. I have a stupid-ass ex-wife writing a book full of bullshit. We were married only 82 days, but now that I have a little pocket money, she thinks, I'll get rich off his fame. I'm like O.J. Everything I do, people want to make money off it.

PLAYBOY: Do you attempt to see your daughter?

RODMAN: I may have to get lawyers to get me the right to see her. I'd spend all the money it takes. And before I ever have another kid, I want to give my all to Alexis.

PLAYBOY: Do your family problems make you cynical?

RODMAN: No. They make me real. I accept them and go on.

PLAYBOY: What contact do you have with Annie, your ex-wife?

RODMAN: I call her and ask for Alexis.

PLAYBOY: Do you think men and women can learn to get along?

RODMAN: Of course not.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to get married again?

RODMAN: It's hard to go on a scavenger hunt. It's hard to tell who is real and who's only after your money. I had a girl sue me for giving her herpes, which I didn't do.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in marriage?

RODMAN: I think something happens when you get married. Maybe you made love to your wife before, but it's not the same because now you have to. And you can really make love to the same person only so many times; after that you just go through the motions. You're just fucking. You can make love to a girlfriend. You make love to your girlfriend and your standbys because you don't want to lose them, but you have got to fuck your wife.

PLAYBOY: Last basketball question. Do you have any responsibility to the NBA?

RODMAN: The NBA can kiss my ass. That's their responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Are you misunderstood?

RODMAN: I'm not crazy. I am not Hannibal Lecter. That's the shock of Dennis Rodman if you get to know me—I'm very calm. I am a tidal wave of calm and I'm right here [*pointing to his eyes*], looking at you.

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AL SHARPTON

(continued from page 142)

scrawled NIGGER and KKK on her body. She said she had been abducted and raped by a group of six white men, one of whom had worn a police badge. The police did not confirm her story and soon expressed skepticism.

Sharpton went to work, organizing marches and orchestrating Brawley's campaign for justice. He moved with special fury because, he said later in his autobiography, the case reminded him of "what happened between my father and my sister. The harder they attacked Tawana, the more I saw a vulnerable black woman, like my mother, who no one would fight for. At some point it stopped being Tawana and started being me defending my mother and all the black women no one would fight for. I was not going to run away from her like my father had run away from my mother, like so many other black men had run away."

Ten months later a grand jury concluded that Brawley's horrifying story was fabricated.

Not long before this embarrassment, *Newsday* had exposed Sharpton's secret work for the FBI. For many New Yorkers, his credibility was gone forever: "I just can't forgive a guy," says critic and columnist Stanley Crouch, speaking of the Brawley episode, "who was a part of a hoax that had that kind of a divisive effect on New York for that long. At some point along the way he must have known that it was a fraud."

For Ted Kennedy there is Chappaquiddick. For Jesse Jackson there is "Hymietown." For Al Sharpton there is his FBI work and Tawana Brawley.

•

During the late Eighties and early Nineties, a series of hate crimes rocked the New York area and Sharpton marched and made headlines through them all. He won respect from some, animosity from many and attention from all. A 1990 *Washington Post* editorial asked "why we in the news business give such prominence to professional provocateurs like Reverend Al. We distort the larger picture by training our blinding spotlight on an assortment of kooks, crazies and crackpots whose mission is to divide and polarize."

On January 12, 1991, as Sharpton prepared to lead a march in a Brooklyn neighborhood, Bensonhurst, where a black man named Yusuf Hawkins had been killed, a white man named Michael Riccardi stabbed Sharpton in the chest, just missing his heart. Sharpton was rushed to a hospital where, he wrote in his autobiography, he realized "that your life can go, can be taken from you, just like that. I realized that if my life was so fragile, so contingent, then I had to be

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more serious about what I was doing and saying, I had to be more careful about the message I was leaving people with. I realized I was a Christian activist, out of the tradition of Adam Clayton Powell, Martin Luther King and Jesse Jackson—a minister."

When he regained consciousness he asked to speak with Reverend Jackson. The two had known each other for more than 20 years but had not spoken for some time. Nevertheless, Jackson was at the hospital the next morning. "Jesse and I always have this relationship," Sharpton said, "where we love each other, but you know how men don't say that. He said, 'Well, I had to come 'cause Jackie [Jackson's wife] was crying and bothering me all night.' I said, 'Yeah, well, Kathy wanted me to call you.' It was that kind of thing. Then he prayed with me. I told him I wanted to do more with electoral politics and he said, 'Well, I've always been available to you since you were 14.' You know, that whole father thing."

Sharpton recovered completely and not long afterward he flew with Jackson to Las Vegas, where they spent five days taking in the Mike Tyson–Donovan "Razor" Ruddock fight and organizing a surprise birthday party for Jackson's wife. In Las Vegas, Sharpton said, they "reglued and got really, really tight." Ever since, the two men have spoken almost every day, usually at six in the morning.

His brush with death and rekindled friendship with Jackson seemed to mellow Sharpton. He became less shrill and more statesmanlike and, by 1992, people took notice. He put together his first political effort and finished a respectable third in the Democratic senatorial primary, getting 15 percent of the vote. Then-governor Mario Cuomo called him the primary's "classiest" candidate and "the real winner." Two years later Sharpton ran in another senate primary and received 26 percent of the vote.

Along the way, Sharpton devoted more of his time to battling corporate racism. In 1996, thanks to Sharpton's lobbying, a New York television station hired its first black woman news director. Sharpton and Jackson were counseling six black Texaco employees who had filed a discrimination lawsuit when a tape was made public of company executives flinging racial epithets. (The suit was quickly settled.) And during the summer of 1996, Sharpton called former mayor Ed Koch and said, "I just want you to know that I've decided I am taking the road of Jesse Jackson, not Minister Farrakhan." Koch said it was "a very significant statement. I believed him and I still do."

Even Don King forgives the preacher. Not long ago the two men, who see each other regularly, met in a New York hotel room and a visitor asked King about the FBI episode. "When they feel threatened by your presence they use these type of devices to cause divisiveness and to snatch whatever credibility one may have from them. This is a semantic game, one of the most sophisticated games in the world." King's eyes grew wide and his voice gained in volume and bombast. "This is masterful, diabolical, deductive thinking. Shifting gears so the discussion leaves the person who's in dire straits, or the issue that has to be confronted, into personal calumniation. It's what they call in psychology 'transferring.' Rather than confront the issue they throw up a subterfuge. This is a game that's played all the time in my country." He paused, then said, "You got to be able to understand. We all make mistakes."

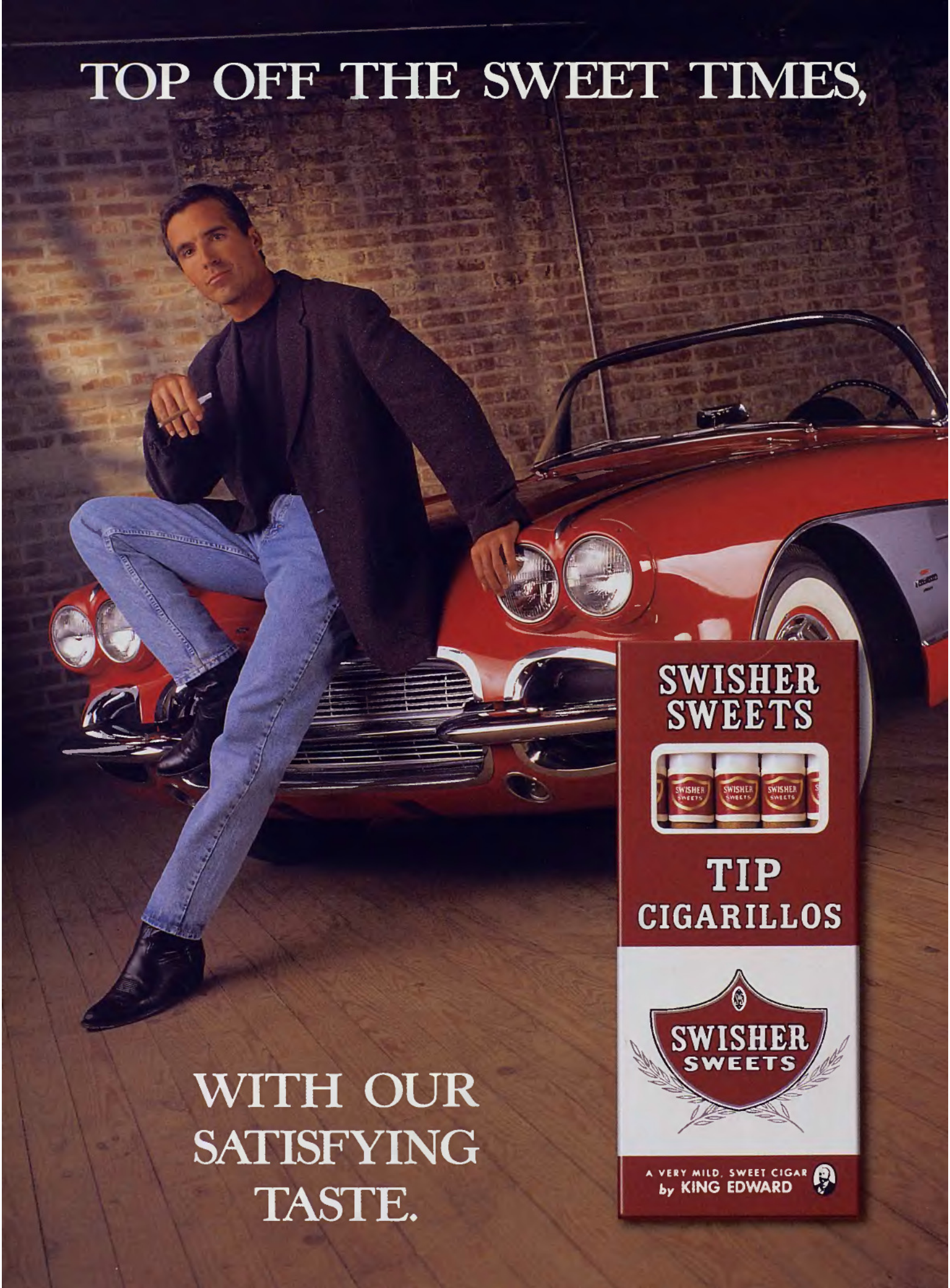
But does Don King trust Al Sharpton? Let King make it perfectly clear again: "I believe in America, and I want to help America," King said. "I think America is bigger than me trustin' or not trustin' Sharpton. I think that's irrelevant and immaterial. The goal we are both trying to seek is a better America. I don't even get into whether I trust or don't trust. I don't trust myself. So how am I gonna get mad if they tell me I don't trust Sharpton? It's probably true."

•

These days Jesse Jackson is one of the most outspoken advocates of Sharpton's candidacy. The two men speak of each other, in public and private, in father-and-son terms. Sharpton introduced Jackson at a recent campaign stop in Harlem and said that if "everything in society told you you wasn't somebody, it was important for somebody to affirm you, that you were somebody." The crowd cheered. Jackson, Sharpton said, "did that for me in my early teens. And is still doing it for me in my early 40s."

Jackson took the podium to a standing ovation. "Al Sharpton is a freedom fighter," he preached in his trademark rhythm, his voice low and calm and heavy with his characteristic Southern accent. "I've known Al since he was a teenager. His heroes were freedom fighters. Pulpiteering, protesting, defying the power structure is all he ever wanted to do." The crowd was silent, their attention rapt. "As a child Al wanted to be a protesting preacher of power. A freedom fighter," Jackson continued, gathering volume and steam. "What makes Al different? He's a full-time freedom fighter. This is all he does! Wakes up every morning and listen to the radio. Who got in trouble last night? Who got abused last night? Who got shot last night? Full-time freedom fighter. This is all he does!" He leaned back from the microphone and became more conversational. "Those who did not have those struggling washing machines cannot appreciate. There was a thing in the washing machine that went up and down, called the agitator." He placed his fists in front of him and began pumping them aggressively. "And it shook the dirt out of things. And agitators shake the dirt out of things. Shake the injustice out of things and shake up oppressors!" He began to yell. "Al Sharpton is an agitator!"

"Pardon me, but you look like someone who may be interested in a little casual, yet hilarious, safe sex."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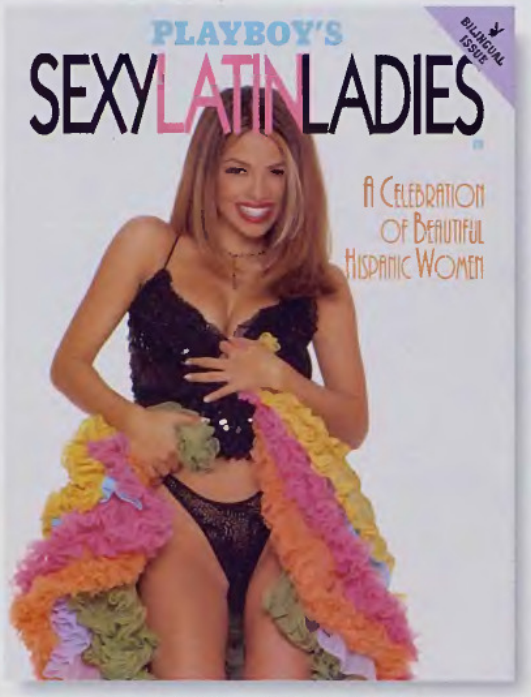

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

"Teach!" someone in the crowd yelled back.

"What does he do? Al disturbs the comfortable and comforts the disturbed!" Jackson paused dramatically, then added in a crisp, hushed voice, "Dr. King wouldn't argue."

Sharpton will spend a lot of his campaign time in New York pulpits. Are New York voters ready for black preaching? "In the black church," said Michael Eric Dyson, a professor of communication studies at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and an ordained Baptist minister, "how you say it is just as important as what you say. Now, people take that to mean, even if you ain't saying nothing just make it sound pretty. No, what it means is that style is an agent of substance, not a substitute for substance. Style becomes the vehicle through which substance is born."

Will Sharpton have enough substance to attract whites and sufficient style to satisfy blacks? Can he make his case on issues such as housing, education and police conduct without becoming an Outrageous Nigger or a Good Negro?

Jackson's influence may make the difference. "Jesse always tries to encourage me to be more than somebody reacting," Sharpton said later. "Jesse's thing is, you're not speaking to tomorrow's paper, you're speaking to history. Being young and hardheaded, sometimes I just shoot back. A guy like me learned, growing up, how to survive off natural instinct. Sometimes you gotta learn how to discipline your instinct. And that's always been the struggle with me and Jesse. You know the old story of the two bulls on the hill? One run down the hill and screw a cow. The other walk down and screw 'em all. You just learn how to deal with things differently."

Sharpton was right at home at the Brown Memorial Baptist Church in Brooklyn early one Sunday morning not long ago. He wore an ankle-length white robe with brick-red trim. Sharpton began his sermon slowly, with a benign weariness. "We meet this mornin' knowing the challenges on us are as pervasive as they've ever been."

A baby began crying, then screaming. "We live in a time where black women will starve four-year-old children!" Sharpton boomed.

"Aw Lord," the congregation answered.

"And we sittin' up talkin' about we don't know what to do. We're in the church, but we're not bringing the church into the community."

"That's right!"

"God didn't save you for a personal thrill," he said.

The congregation fell silent. Sharpton seemed angry. The baby screamed.

"You supposed to come here and get the fuel to go out into the world and make a difference. Church is like a fillin' station. You supposed to get your gas

here so you can go and run somewhere. You don't go to the gas station and sit with a full tank and just keep runnin' your motor."

He flew through the story of Samson and Delilah, mentioned a Mike Tyson fight and jabbed at Giuliani. Soon, he cruised into the home stretch singing God's praises, the organist coming right behind him, filling the spaces in his rhythm while the congregation clapped and shouted.

"And God has all the strength you need!" he said, singing "God" and "need," as the organ played lightly behind him.

"He can look into the darkness and say, 'Let there be light,'" he sang in his gritty, raw baritone, sang as much as James Brown can be said to sing.

"Some people, when they get in trouble," he sang, and the organ answered, in a sloppy, staccato burst of sound: *Buuh-lah-oww!*

"They look for some hotshot lawyer."

And the organ answered twice, *Buuh-lah-oww! Buuh-lah-oww!*

"But my black brother I saaay."

Buuh-lah-oww!

"I know where my strength comes from!"

Buuh-lah-oww! Buuh-lah-oww!

"I have——"

Buuh-lah-oww!

"Not come from City Hall."

Buuh-lah-oww! Buuh-lah-oww!

"I have——"

Buuh-lah-oww!

"Not come from the White House!"

Buuh-lah-oww! Buuh-lah-oww!

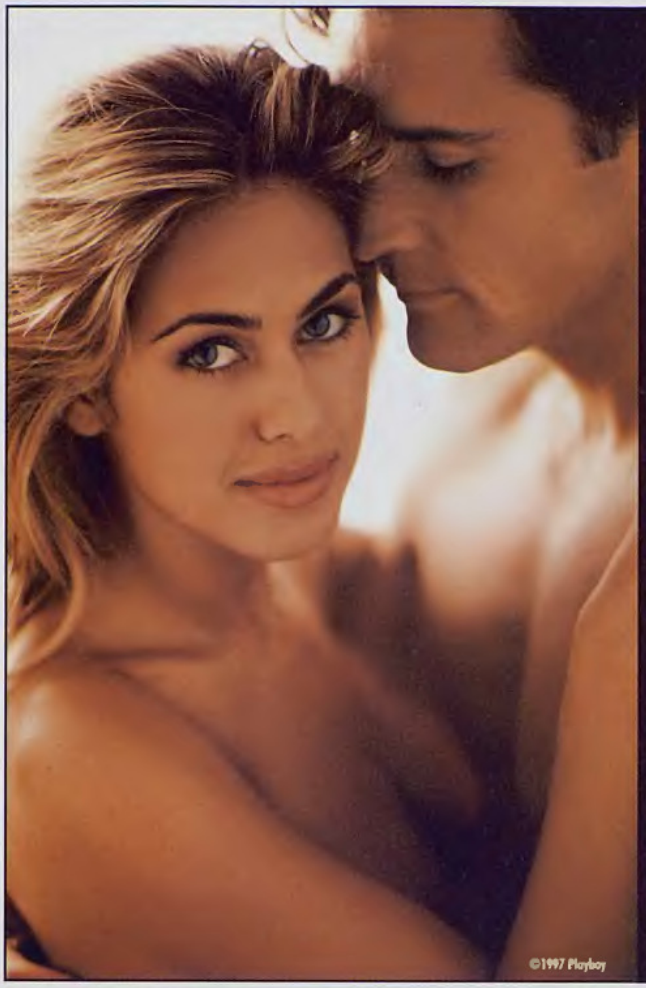
"I have——"

Buuh-lah-oww!

"Come from the Lord!"

Buuh-lah-oww! Buuh-lah-oww!

"Yes!" And the drummer came in behind the organ and they gained altitude, and Sharpton's eyes were large and bright and he rocked up and down from heel to toe with the rhythm, as if he might just leap on up and touch the ceiling in another moment. He had taken flight, he had transcended English and was pulling the congregation right up with him, floating not on words but on the strength of the preaching form itself. The people applauded and screamed and smiled and hollered and flew alongside him until finally, after nearly an hour of preaching, with the congregation breathless, Reverend Sharpton stepped down from the pulpit. He hugged Brown Memorial's pastor, Reverend Samuel Austin, and disappeared into the backrooms of the church. The congregation began slowly sitting back down. With the organ playing sweetly behind him, Reverend Austin stepped up and leaned into the microphone. "God bless you, Reverend," Austin said. "Didn't he preach?"



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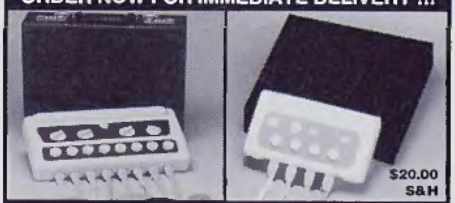

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PLAYMATE NEWS

VIRTUAL RABBITS

The Playboy Cyber Club is open for business, with new pages devoted exclusively to the Playmate of the Year. You can browse pages for every Playmate, and you can also hear the Real Audio interview with 1996 Playmate of the Year Stacy Sanches. She is the first subject of our Playmate Audio Interview series. Future guests will include Miss September 1996, Jennifer Allan, and Miss April 1997, Kelly Monaco. Two other new Cyber Club features let you keep track of the Playmates. On Page 2, part of the Playmate Home Page, the ladies update fans on their public appearances and personal activities. The Cyber Club Start pages allow you to assemble a page that will link you up to the home pages of your favorite Playmates. For all of this and much more, be sure to check out cyber.playboy.com.

Visit Hef: Have you always wanted to hobnob with Hef's guests? You can go to the paysite, click on Playboy Mansion (technology provided by the Palace, Inc.), select and dress an icon and chat online in the grotta, on the front lawn or in Hef's bedroom.

ANN PENNINGTON:
"My dad had a nightclub across the street from the old New York Playboy Club. When I was in first grade, he brought home Bunny cuffs, ears and a tail. I wore them to school and said someday I would be a Bunny."

HARDCOVER PLAYBOY

Thousands and counting: *The Playboy Book* is currently in its third printing, with 220,000 copies sold worldwide. *The Playmate Book* is in a second printing, with 187,000 copies sold to date. It's not too late to buy your own copy, either at a bookstore or through the Playboy catalog (800-423-9494).

FAN MAIL

While thumbing through some old issues, I came across a pictorial that has me convinced PLAYBOY created the Where's *Your* Mustache? campaign 18 years ago. The picture of April 1979 Playmate Missy Cleveland appears to have inspired an adman to pitch the campaign, and the rest is history.—Robert Frcek, frcek@aol.com

I think Playmates are chosen for their attitudes as much as for their looks. Since many of these ladies become, in a sense, PLAYBOY spokesmodels, they must also be good communicators. This may sound like a Seventies cliché, but personality and sex appeal are as important as physical beauty. Of course, being an 11 doesn't hurt, either.—David Reeves, REEVES@ener.gov.ab.ca

All this talk about cloning has made me think about a Playmate clone. Would the clone be more popular than the original? Would PLAYBOY still pull pictures from the vault, or recreate them? Then a friend added:

PLAYBOY 101: PHOTOGRAPHER FACTS

Arny Freytag has photographed the most Playmates: 86.
Bunny Yeager gave Hef the idea for a Playboy Mansion.
Bruno Bernard sired his own Playmate, Miss December 1966, Susan Bernard.
Lawrence Schiller ghostwrote O.J.'s book and wrote *American Tragedy*, about the criminal trial.
Russ Meyer became a movie director.
Pompeo Posar talked a potential Playmate he met crossing a Chicago street into posing for test shots.

Yeager in action

Miss November 1992, Stephanie Adams (left), displayed some of Playboy's licensed art products at a party in New York for Art Expo. Croatia or bust: Above, from left to right, Playmates Carrie Westcott and Lisa Marie Scott, Director of Playmate Promotions Bjaye Turner and 40th Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard went to Croatia to launch a foreign edition.

PLAYMATE NEWS

Can you imagine this letter from PLAYBOY? "Because of the unprecedented response, we are sorry to inform you that your Lisa Matthews clone is still on back order." It's certainly food for thought.—Claus Hjorting, chjot@greennet.gl

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JUNE

Shae Marks—Miss May 1994 will be 25 on June 1.

Denise Michele—Miss April 1976 will be 44 on June 12.

Janet Pilgrim—Miss July 1955 will be 63 on June 13.

Melinda Windsor—Miss February 1966 will be 53 on June 25.

Devin Reneé De Vasquez—Miss June 1985 will be 34 on June 25.

The photo of Brigitte Bardot in the March *Playboy Gallery* brings back so many memories of earlier Bardot pictorials. I showed it to one of my buddies, and he just stared at it. I didn't ask him to explain it, because there are some things guys don't want to talk about.—Mark Tomlonson, TOMLONSON@wmich.edu

THE BEAUTIFUL 40S

Playmate of the Year 1976 Lillian Müller is now in her mid-40s and a parent, too, but neither age nor motherhood has slowed her. In Lillian's book *Feel Great, Be Beautiful Over 40* (General Publishing), Müller and writer John Coleman offer diet, exercise and beauty advice with a commonsense approach. *Feel Great* includes menus, shopping guides and yoga and workout tips. Using herself as proof of her expertise in these matters, Müller might have suggestions your own playmate will like.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

I'm single and I'm working hard. My Showtime series, *Sherman Oaks*, is up and running, and I did another series in Europe called *L.A. Heat*. I've had a bunch of guest roles on TV shows, too. Acting class has definitely helped me, but PLAYBOY opened the doors. Now I'd like to make action movies. I'm lifting weights and working out to get ready.—RENEÉ TENISON, Miss November 1989; PMOY 1990

In the days when I traveled for PLAYBOY, a lot of feminists were out there protesting. Sometimes they picketed the hotels where I stayed. It was ludicrous. I was with PLAYBOY because I chose to be, not because anyone forced me. Posing made me feel good about being a woman. It was a positive experience all the way.—CANDY LOVING, Miss January 1979; 25th Anniversary Playmate

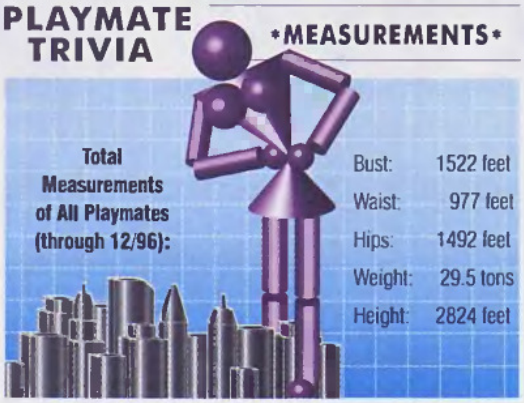
JOYCE NIZZARI:
"When my son was eight, he found some PLAYBOYs in a park in Hawaii. He said, 'Would you ever do anything like this?' I said, 'I just did.' It was no big deal to him."

DATA SHEET LORE

Every Playmate since Miss October 1959 has filled out a Data Sheet, all of which are now stored in a temperature-controlled vault. Besides turn-ons and turnoffs (which were once called "pet peeves"), the Data Sheets contain the measurements and tastes for each Playmate. Originally designed to provide a writer with background material for the pictorial text, the questionnaires were filed away until 1977, when Hef decided that they should be in the magazine. In July of that year, Sondra Theodore's Data Sheet became the first to appear in PLAYBOY.

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

MEASUREMENTS



CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss April 1966, **Karla Conway**, who goes by the name **Sachi**, is a watercolorist. She displayed her figure studies at the April Glamourcon in Los Angeles. . . .

Julie Cialini, Miss February 1994 and the 1995 PMOY, has formed a fan club with exclusive access to her autographed photos, cards, posters and calendars. For more info, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to her at P.O. Box 5504, Culver City, California 90231. . . . **Nadine Chanz**, Miss October 1996, is appearing in two TV series in Germany. . . . Miss August 1994, **Maria Checa**, is hosting Playboy TV in South America. . . . **Dianne Chandler**, Miss September 1966, is a travel agent in Atlanta. During the Olympic Games last year, she worked for the chairman of Sportsworld International, which gave her an in on tickets. . . . Miss December 1992, **Barbara Moore**, can be seen on *Baywatch* and in the erotic thriller *Temptress*. . . . Our Miss June 1993, **Alesha Oreskovich**, ran into **Arnold**

Schwarzenegger at the opening of Nashville's Planet Hollywood. . . . In the 1970 Playmate calendar, Miss October 1967, **Reagan Wilson**, traveled into space on *Apollo 12*. Now she has an antique and rug business in Topanga Canyon, California. Magic carpets and spaceships. . . . Miss June 1969, **Helena Antonaccio**, is an artist and an astrologer. She sells her mystic services on her Web page. . . . *Playmate News* has hired Miss May 1976, **Patricia McClain**, to research new and interesting facts for these pages. Unlike her former employer, we're delighted to trumpet her association with us.

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Prenuptial Agreement

From the Law Offices of
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To all to whom this may come to affect or may concern, know ye that it is understood that on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, that **Jim Morrissey** (hereafter known as the **First Party**) and **Jeanne Fulton** (hereafter known as the **Second Party**) are entering the contract of wedlock.

The following constitutes a full, legal and binding arrangement of said properties set before this date. This agreement shall be executed in multiple copies.

It is also to be understood that both the **First Party** and the **Second Party** are in complete agreement regarding the contents of this document and have stated so by signature and by witness on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five. This agreement cannot be changed orally.

The following below is a full, detailed breakdown of said agreement regarding all properties of consequence shared by the **First Party** and the **Second Party**.

HIS

Season Tickets
Crown Royal

HERS

Everything else

If any provision of this Agreement shall later be found void or invalid in whole or in part, the remainder of this Agreement, and the remainder of that part of this Agreement not found void or invalid, shall remain in full force and effect.

In Witness Whereof, we the undersigned, on this date, the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, are in complete agreement with the above arrangement and will abide by the contents of the document from the day of inception to the day the contract has been nullified by a court of law.

First Party

Signature Jim Morrissey Date 2/4/95

Second Party

Signature Jeanne Fulton Date 2/4/95

Notary Public Barbara McDaid Date 2/4/95

Notary Public
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

DIGITAL SHARPSHOOTERS

If playing photo editor, art director and multimedia mogul sounds like fun, get yourself a digital still camera. This prized tool of techno nerds is now available from at least a dozen manufacturers, with features that make it easier—and more affordable—to process photos on your own, or add them to computer documents, e-mail or personal Web pages. Unlike traditional film, which is restricted to 24- and 36-shot rolls, digital shooters store lots more images on memory chips or PCMCIA cards that can be reused indefinitely. Because there's no film, the photographs you take will be for your eyes only. And thanks to easy-to-use software such as Adobe Photo Deluxe and Microsoft Picture It, you can manipulate and retouch your work to your hard drive's content.

RICHARD IZUI

Four Mac- and PC-compatible digital shooters with LCD view screens (clockwise from top left): Sony's DSC-F1 stores 108 images in memory and features a pivoting 35mm lens and flash, plus wireless PC connectivity ($850). Nikon's Coolpix 100, with flash, 6.2mm lens and variable shutter speeds, captures 42 images on a PCMCIA card ($530). The Olympus D-300L has an f2.8 wide-angle lens, auto flash and a storage capacity of 120 images ($1125). Sanyo's DSC-1, with an f2.8 lens and 60-image memory, connects directly to a computer or TV (about $800).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

GRAPEVINE

If They Could See Me Now

Before *The Nanny*, whining was for tired two-year-olds. Now FRAN DRESCHER has made it an art form. With her weekly visit to the small screen and last winter's *The Beautician and the Beast*, Drescher spells Noo Yawk any way she wants to.

© MIREK TOWSKI/DMI

© LUCIANO VITI

Peace, Love and Carlos

For 30 years, CARLOS SANTANA has been a force. And he can play a guitar. Last year Santana received *Billboard*'s distinguished creative achievement award. Check out his recent *Brothers*.

From a Whisper to a Shout

TONI BRAXTON sings like an angel. The critics say so, and the 4 million fans who bought *Secrets* obviously agree. You can sneak a peek at *Toni*.

JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD

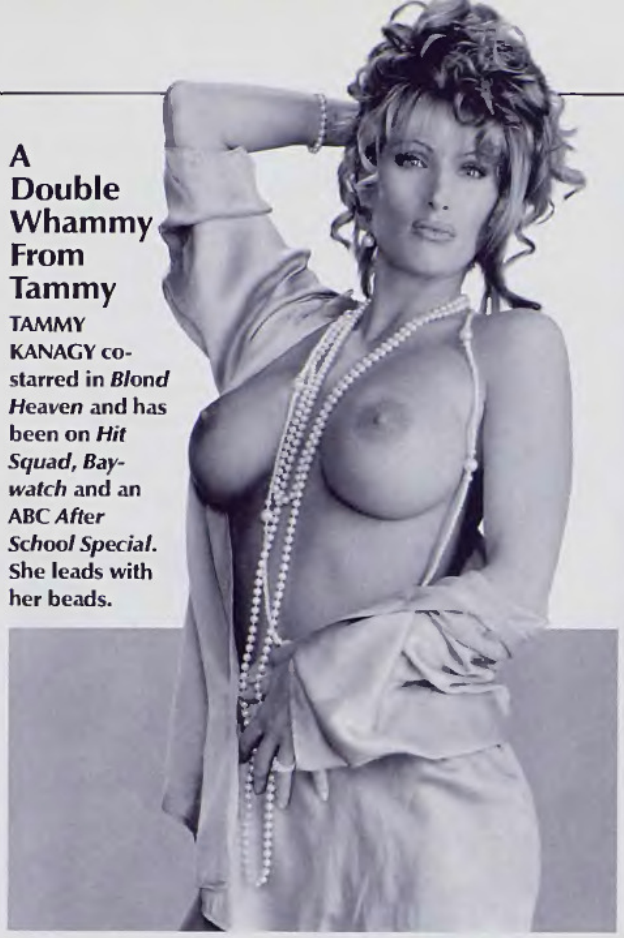
April in June

APRIL GLUECKERT has modeled for Bacardi rum, for Miller beer and, on the runway, for Harley-Davidson motorcycle attire. But nothing beats nothing at all.

© DOUGLAS STEIGLEITER

A Double Whammy From Tammy

TAMMY KANAGY co-starred in *Blond Heaven* and has been on *Hit Squad*, *Baywatch* and an ABC *After School Special*. She leads with her beads.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

Nothing but Net

MEREDITH ASHBY attends college in Hawaii. In the past few years, she has appeared in 14 beauty pageants. One look at her photo will tell you why.

© RANDALL TANAKA

NICK WALL/RETNA LTD.

The Fresh Prince

After conquering CDs and TV, WILL SMITH has put together an action-film career. Look for him in *Men in Black* with Tommy Lee Jones and in *Bad Boys II*. A lead in John Singleton's baseball drama, *Brushback*, is in the works. He's bigger than Bel Air now.

IT SURE BEATS CHEAP DETERGENT

Next time your girlfriend suggests you get between the sheets or have a romp in the hay, she might not be hinting at what you think. Those are just two examples of Sheet Scents, a new line of fragrances that you spray on your linens. Between the Sheets has a musky aroma, and A Romp in the Hay smells like its freshly mown namesake. There are also Angel's Caress (vanilla), Harvest Moon (pumpkin pie), Together as One (citrus), Cheek to Cheek (baby powder) and Pillowtalk (lavender). Price: $20 for each 1.7-ounce bottle. Call 888-214-9389.

TO SHOCK A THIEF

Don't worry about parking your Porsche on a dark side street. With the Auto Taser locked on the steering wheel, anyone who tries to steal the car will be zapped with a disabling but nonlethal 5900-milliwatt electron pulse. We've been assured that the device doesn't cause permanent injuries but merely shocks the thief long enough to foil the crime. Air Taser, Inc. sells the Auto Taser for $180. Call 800-978-2737 for more information.

A NOT-SO-TRIVIAL PURSUIT

What percentage of the earth's surface is covered by land? What's the world's fastest-growing source of air pollution? If you know the answers to these questions, you might ace Enviro Challenge, a new board game that tries to "entertain, educate and encourage preservation," according to its creator, Michael Kashouty. Players choose game pieces and make a bid for the office of the International Secretary of the Environment by answering questions about climate, natural resources and threats to the environment. The most environmentally savvy player wins. A percentage of the game's proceeds goes to environmental organizations. Price: $40. Call 888-978-8800 to order or for more info.

SCOTLAND FOREVER

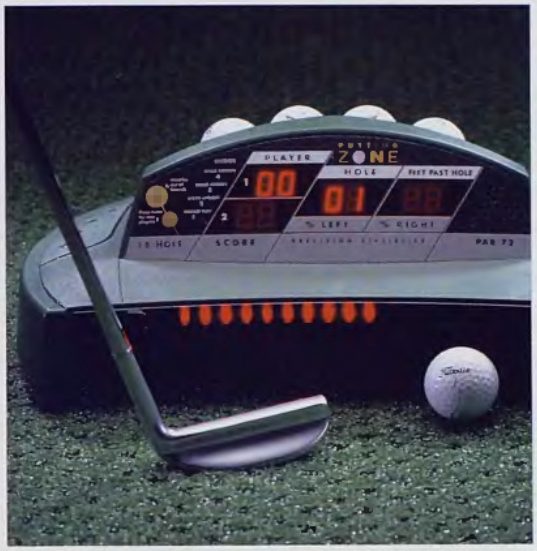
Tradition dictates that Scottish men have lairs—places where they can relax alone or entertain male friends. In honor of this custom (and in celebration of the brand's 100th anniversary), Famous Grouse scotch has published *The Man's Lair*, a 12-page color portfolio depicting guys in lairs with a wee dram close at hand. Merchandise in the photos is for sale. For a free brochure, write Dunwoodie Communications, 386 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

OFF WITH ITS HEAD

Considering the burgeoning interest in cigars, it was only a matter of time before someone transformed France's famous cutting machine into an upscale stogie slicer. This silver-plated guillotine, made by D.W. Dyson of Huddersfield, England, stands 20″ tall (mounted on a marble base) and works just like the real thing. Price: $1400 plus shipping. An equally handsome version in solid brass goes for $950, but those on the cutting edge will opt for the $8000 solid silver model. To order, call 011-44-1-484-607331. While on the phone, ask about DWD's other unusual smoking goodies.

STRUT YOUR PUTT

A miniature-golf course is a good place to practice putting, but we've found something a bit more sophisticated. The Putting Zone is a portable electronic device that claims to improve putting accuracy by simulating a par 72 course on which each of the 18 holes is different. Besides an automatic ball return and sensors that record ball speed and position, there's a synthesized human voice that relays your score and shouts ten phrases, including "Nice putt!" and "Quiet, please!" Price: $150. Call 800-532-1999.



JOE CARDELLO

VIVA COCA-COLA

To compete with the flashy attractions on the Strip in Las Vegas, Coca-Cola had to build something that would catch a tourist's eye. Its creation? The world's largest Coke bottle, made of 7000 panels of sculptured glass. Inside the 100-foot bottle are two glass elevators that take visitors to the World of Coca-Cola's interactive exhibits, a two-story retail store and a soda fountain featuring Coke products from many countries. Look for it next door to the MGM Grand Hotel.

STOGIE SOUNDTRACK

Smokin' Jazz, a new CD from Smokin' Records, will appeal to aficionados who want a little mood music with their cigars. The CD features ten classic cuts to smoke to, including *Take Five* (Dave Brubeck), *Satin Doll* (Duke Ellington), *Mack the Knife* (Louis Armstrong), *Lazy River* (Pete Fountain) and *One O'Clock Jump* (Count Basie). Call 310-289-7279 to order the $16 CD, then play it while puffing on a Playboy cigar.

GET BOMBED

When you finish drinking Bomber's Pin-up beer from Global Specialty Imports, be sure to save the cans—they are quickly becoming collector's items. The German-exported cans, which are shaped like bottles and have ceramic flip-top lids, feature World War Two and Korean War B-52 fighter planes as well as gorgeous wartime pin-up girls. Inside is 16.9 ounces of hearty bock-style beer. (Empty cans are available for collectors who don't imbibe.) Price: $5 to $6 per can. To order, call 800-833-8601.

DOUG SMOCK

NEXT MONTH

FARRAH

THIRTIES SEX

DON'T ASK

LA DJ

FOREVER FARRAH—BECAUSE WE CARE, AN ENCORE PERFORMANCE BY THE FABULOUS ONE. BEYOND THE HAIR, THE SMILE AND THE BOD, FARRAH DEMONSTRATES HER UNIQUE STYLE OF BODY PAINTING. YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES

ANTHONY EDWARDS—UNMASKED, THE SERIOUS *ER* DOC IS ANYTHING BUT DULL. HEAR ABOUT HANGING WITH GEORGE CLOONEY, ROMANCING MEG RYAN AND BEING CAUGHT BETWEEN LETTERMAN AND LENO IN A BLOODY AMUSING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: THE THIRTIES—DURING THE DEPRESSION, POVERTY RULED BUT SEX SURVIVED. SO DID NIGHTCLUBS, ABORTION DEBATES, THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES AND MAE WEST. PART FOUR IN A SERIES BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU IF YOU HADN'T ASKED—UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA, WELDON HAS FOUND A BEAUTIFUL WIFE TO STEAL. TOO BAD SHE'S CRAZY. FICTION BY **GEORGE SINGLETON**

STACKED LIKE ME—TO **JAN BRESLAUER,** A FORMER PROFESSOR OF ARTS AND FEMINIST STUDIES, A BOOB JOB WAS EMPOWERING. HEAR HOW AND WHY SHE WENT FROM B TO D WITH HER IDEOLOGY INTACT

GEORGE LUCAS—THE CREATOR OF *STAR WARS* AND THE GENIUS BEHIND *AMERICAN GRAFFITI* IS ONCE AGAIN MASTER OF THE FORCE—IN HOLLYWOOD. A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

ASSUME THE POSITION—TO HELP THEM BETTER UNDERSTAND WOMEN, MEN AT A MEN'S SEMINAR ARE ASKED TO ASSUME SEXUAL POSES. FORTUNATELY, EXHIBITIONISTS AND LOVERS OF EROTICA ARE FIGHTING THE BLUENOSES—ARTICLE BY **CAROL QUEEN**

JON LOVITZ—THE FORMER *SNL* LIAR FINALLY TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS NUDE SCENE WITH KIM BASINGER, HIS MARRIAGE TO GWYNETH PALTROW AND LIFE AS A LESBIAN (YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET) IN A CHEEKY 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

THE CONVERTIBLE—SUMMER FUN CARS HAVE MOVED UP IN LUXURY. CHECK OUT THE NEW BREEDS BY MERCEDES, PORSCHE, VOLVO, JAGUAR, FORD AND LAMBORGHINI IN AN AUTOMOTIVE FEATURE BY **KEN GROSS**

PLUS: A SNEAK PEEK AT WHAT DESIGNERS ARE DOING FOR FALL, LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST DJ, THE NEW CROP OF (SUCCESSFUL) PERSONAL DIGITAL ASSISTANTS, TOBACCO ROAD AND OUR DARLING MISS JULY, **DAPHNEE LYNN DUPLAIX**

Europe's classic sports sedans – BMW 328i, Mercedes C280 and Volvo 850 turbo – wield incredible horsepower. The new Subaru 2.5 GT sports sedan, however, not only possesses plenty of horsepower, but amazing superpowers as well. Like the unbelievable traction of full-time All-Wheel Drive. The superior stability of a horizontally opposed engine. And the remarkably smooth ride of an optimally tuned suspension.

[The New 1997 **SUBARU 2.5 GT**]

Together they form the Subaru All-Wheel Driving System. A system that senses whatever dangers lurk ahead, automatically shifting power to the wheels that need it most. So you can hold your ground against a menacing cast of archenemies: rain, snow, sleet and gravel. The available 5-speed Subaru 2.5 GT also packs quite a punch, thanks to its powerful low-end torque. For the expanded version of this action figure's resume, just call 1-800-WANT-AWD, visit our website at http://www.subaru.com or, better yet, drop by your nearest Subaru dealer and take the amazing 2.5 GT for a test-drive. And in no time you'll find yourself doing things you never dreamed humanly possible.

CLINGS TO A SURFACE SO WELL YOU'LL SWEAR YOU HAVE SUPERPOWERS.

SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive®

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